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THE

POETICAL REGISTER,

AND

REPOSITORY

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY,

FOR

1801.

SECOND EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

SINCE the first publication of works something similar in plan to the present, nearly half a century has now elapsed. Whatever merit may be due to the first idea of such a repository, undoubtedly belongs to France. It was not, however, till the year 1765, that a volume of the kind appeared, worthy of preservation. In that year, the *Almanach des Muses* was first established; and it has been continued, sometimes with more, sometimes with less merit, down to the present period. For many years it was adorned by the names of Voltaire, Gresset, Dorat, Bernard, Colardeau, Leonard, De Lille, and other authors scarcely less distinguished, whose productions, though often morally reprehensible, always bore the stamp of genius. When the epoch of the Revolution arrived, it was prostituted to the purposes of those who had a leading share in that Revolution, and became a collection of miserable verses in praise of the most abandoned principles, and their abandoned propagators. To what a state of degradation it was fallen, may be easily

guessed, from the circumstance of its containing several inscriptions and poems in honour of Marat! For the last two or three years, it has been gradually recovering its antient credit.

The plan was next adopted in Germany, but in what year is unknown to the editor of the Poetical Register. Two volumes are still annually published in that country: they are edited by Schiller and Voss. That which is under the care of Schiller is devoted principally, if not entirely, to the compositions of young authors, which receive the corrections of the editor.

It has long been a subject of surprize to the editor, that no collection similar to that of our Gallic neighbours was formed in England. Two volumes have, indeed, been published within the last three years, professedly in imitation of the French work, but, in reality, differing from it very considerably. The volume, which is now submitted to the public, is an enlargement, and, it is hoped, an improvement of the plan on which the *Almanach des Muses* is conducted. That work includes only poetry and criticism; the first nearly, if not all, original, and the latter to a very limited extent. In the Poetical Register, it is purposed to include every subject connected with poetry.

What share of praise is due to the execution of the task imposed on himself by the editor, the public will decide. The difficulty of procuring compositions of poetical excellence, for a first volume, must be sufficiently obvious. One merit he can with justice claim—that of having strenuously endeavoured to render the work not unworthy of that flattering support which it has been promised from all quarters; and which, should this volume be favourably received, will render the next still more worthy of approbation.

The editor has now to perform the pleasing duty of acknowledging his obligations. For the very gratifying and effectual kindness of Thomas Park, Esq. and Dr. R. Anderson, of Edinburgh, he has to return his warmest thanks. Many of the best pieces in the volume were obtained for it by their influence. To S. E. Brydges, Esq. he is also indebted for much valuable assistance. The poems of Miss Brydges and Dr. Beauvoir were furnished by that gentleman, as was also the whole of what is to be found under the title of "Antient Poetry," with the single exception of the poems and biographical notice of Robert Green. How much the volume owes to the contributions of Miss Seward will be readily perceived. The value of the favour

could only be enhanced by the manner in which it was conferred. The other numerous and respectable contributors are requested to accept the sincere acknowledgments of the editor. It may not be improper in this place to observe, that the " Lines (in page 96) on receiving a Chinese MS." are by the author of the beautiful " Epistle from Lady Grange to Edward D——, Esq. written during her confinement in St. Kilda."

For the critical opinions, delivered in this work, unless otherwise specified, the Editor alone must be held responsible.

As it is intended, for the future, to publish the Poetical Register in the month of February, correspondents are desired to transmit their contributions as early as possible to the editor, that sufficient time may be allowed for the arrangement of the materials. It is also desired, that pieces meant for insertion in the " Fugitive Poetry," may be so described. Contributions will be received by Messrs. Rivingtons.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

	Page
To the Nymph of the Fountain of Tears, by the late Sir Grey Cooper, Bart. — — —	3
The Flower o' Annan, by Hector Macneill, Esq. —	7
To a Lady, on her Birth-day, by the Rev. W. Beloe —	10
Exile, by Miss Bannerman — — — —	12
Canzonet, by Mr. R. A. Davenport — — —	14
The Golden Age of Love, by E. Swift, Esq. — —	15
Verses, written to a Friend, by Dr. Ogilvie — —	19
On the future Existence of the Brute Creation, by Miss Seward — — — —	22
The Earl of Buchan to the Duchess of Gordon — —	30
To Miss D. B. by Miss Brydges — — —	32
On a Lady dying of a Consumption, by Mr. Maunde —	34
On seeing some School-Boys, by Miss Brydges —	36
Verses written on the Sea-shore, by Adeline — —	37
To Maria, by Mr. P. L. Courtier — — —	40
Remonstrance to Winter — — — —	41
Canzonet — — — — —	43
The Sigh, by Mr. Maunde — — — —	44
The Shade of Collins, by Mr. J. H. L. Hunt — —	46
The Battle of Alexandria — — — —	51

	Page
Epigram — — — — —	56
Song, by Miss Anna Maria Porter — — —	57
To a Lady, on her Birth-day, by the Rev. W. Beloe —	58
Song, by the late Osmond Beauvoir, LL. D. — —	60
To a young Lady — — — — —	61
To ———, — — — — —	63
Written in Germany in Autumn 1801 — —	66
Ode from the Spanish — — — —	68
Stanzas, by the late Sir Grey Cooper — — —	71
Epitaph on Cowper, by Mr. J. H. L. Hunt — —	78
Serenade, by Mr. R. A. Davenport — — —	79
Anacreon, Ode 9th, by E. Swift, Esq. — —	81
The Hay-Field, by Miss Seward — — —	83
The Sailor's Farewell, by Dr. Ogilvie — —	87
The Lyre — — — — —	90
The Consolation — — — —	94
Lines, written on receiving a Chinese MS. — —	96
Advice to a Friend, by Mr. Maunde — — —	103
The Fair Maniac — — — —	104
The Seraph, an Ode — — — —	106
Ximena and the Cid — — — —	109
Epigram — — — — —	111
Poetical Epistle to Miss K. B. by Miss Brydges —	112
To ———, by Mr. P. L. Courtier — —	114
To Ianthe, by Mr. R. A. Davenport — —	115
On a Fop turned Epicure — — —	116
Ode on Time, by Miss Seward — — —	117
To Chloe angry, by Osmond Beauvoir, LL. D. —	118
On the Death of Dr. Evans — — —	119
Song of the Fairies, by Miss Seward — —	120
To Hope — — — — —	121
Farewell to a Place of Residence — — —	122

	Page
An Elegy on the Death of John Egerton, Esq. by Osmond Beauvoir, LL. D. — — —	125
To my Friend, by J. H. L. Hunt — — —	128
An Epistle to Lieut. Gen. White — — —	130
Song, by Osmond Beauvoir, LL. D. — — —	134
The Petition, by Mr. J. H. L. Hunt — — —	135
Prologue, by E. Swift, Esq. — — —	137
Inscription for the Monument of Mason, by Dr. Darwin	139
A Charm for a Tale of Wonder — — —	140
Sonnet, by S. E. Brydges, Esq. — — —	141
——— at the Sepulchre of Petrarch, from the Italian of Di Morro, by Miss Bannerman — —	142
——— by Mr. R. A. Davenport — — —	143
——— in Spring, by Miss A. M. Porter — —	144
——— by Mr. R. A. Davenport — — —	145
——— to Silence, by the same — — —	146
——— by Miss A. M. Porter — — —	147
——— by Mr. R. A. Davenport — — —	148
——— The Timid Lover, by the same — —	149
——— To ———, by the same — — —	150
Anacreon, Ode XXVIII. by E. Swift, Esq. —	151
——— Ode XXIX. by the same — —	153
Song of a Northern Lover in Winter, by Miss Seward	155
Song, in Imitation of Sir J. Suckling, by Mr. J. H. L. Hunt	156
Stanzas, by Mr. P. L. Courtier — — —	158
Psalm XIX. — — — — —	159
Elegy, by Miss Seward — — — —	161
Solitude, an Ode — — — —	164
Elegy on the Death of Sir Ralph Abercromby, by the Rev. D. W. Davies, B. A. — — —	169
Translation from Horace, by Mr. J. H. L. Hunt — —	175
Epigram, from the Greek — — —	177

	Page
Inscription, by Miss Seward — — —	177
——— by the same — — —	178
Hymn to Harmodius and Aristogeiton — —	179
Inscription, by Miss Seward — — —	180
Epigrams, from the Greek — — —	181
On the Death of Heliodora — — —	182
The Smile, from Chiabrera — — —	183
The Frown, from the same — — —	187

ANCIENT POETRY.

Memoir of Lord Vaux — — — —	195
Of the Mean Estate, by Lord Vaux — — —	196
Try before you trust, by the same — — —	198
Memoir of Vere, Earl of Oxford — — —	200
The Judgment of Desire, by Lord Oxford — —	200
A Lover rejected complaineth, by the same — —	202
Memoir of Francis Kinwelmarsh, — — —	204
A Poem, by F. Kinwelmarsh — — —	204
Memoir of Richard Edwards — — —	207
A Poem, by R. Edwards — — —	207
Respice finem — — — —	210
Memoir of Robert Green — — —	212
An Ode, by R. Green — — —	212
Sonnet, by the same — — — —	214
Memoir of William Habington — — —	215
A Poem, by W. Habington — — —	216
To Castara, by the same — — —	218
Memoir of James Shirley — — —	220
To his Mistress, by J. Shirley — — —	220

Page

Upon his Mistress dancing, by the same — — 222
Memoir of Col. Richard Lovelace — — — 223
Love conquered, by Col. R. Lovelace — — 224
Song, by the same — — — — 225
Memoir of Sir Aston Cockayne — — — 227
Song. Of Women, by Sir A. Cockayne — — 227

FUGITIVE POETRY.

Epitaph on J. M. Lettsom, M.D. by the Rev. T. Maurice 231
The Chaplet, by E. Swift, Esq. — — — 232
Song — — — — — 234
Ode to Hope — — — — 235
The Toast — — — — — 237
To my Soul, by Mr. R. A. Davenport — — 238
To a new-born Infant — — — — 239
Lines, by the Rev. R. Polwhele — — — 240
Translation from Schiller — — — 243
An unfortunate Mother to her Infant — — 247
Stanzas to a Valley — — — — 249
To the Right Hon. H. Dundas — — — 254
From the German of Goëthe — — — 256
The Hour of Love — — — — 257
The Setting Sun, by W. Evans — — — 258
On seeing a lovely but miserable Girl, by Miss A. M. Porter 259
Inscription for a Village Spring — — — 261
Zephyr, by C. Leftley, Esq. — — — 262
Martial, Epigram 35. Book VIII. — — — 263
Inscription for the Monument of George Stevens, Esq. by W. Hayley, Esq. — — — 264

	Page
Lines by Mrs. Opie — — — —	265
Ode to T. Campbell, Esq. by Mr. J. H. L. Hunt —	266
Translation from the Greek Anthologia — —	268
To a Coquette, by Henry Siddons — —	269
Ode to Sleep, by Mr. R. A. Davenport — —	271
To Mrs. Siddons, by Miss Seward — —	272
The Earl of Buchan departing from Dryburgh Abbey —	273
Verses, written for the Anniversary of the Literary Fund, by W. Boscawen, Esq. — — —	275
——————— by J. D'Israeli, Esq.	277
Address of a Felon to his Child, by Mrs. Opie —	281
Epitaph on T. Aylward, Mus. D. by W. Hayley, Esq.	285
Fatherless Fanny, by Mrs. Opie — — —	286
Ode to Winter, by T. Campbell, Esq. — —	288
To the Myrtle — — — —	291
On a young Lady, who died in her 18th Year —	293
To R. Westall, Esq. by the Rev. T. Maurice —	295
Descriptive Lines, by R. Carlyle — — —	299
Prologue to Antonio, by Mrs. C. Smith — —	300
To a Robin Red-Breast — — — —	303
Lines, on visiting a Scene in Argyleshire, by T. Campbell, Esq.	307
Ode to Coquetilla, by Mr. R. A. Davenport — —	309
The Question — — — —	311
To a Friend, by W. Case, jun. — — —	312
Lines, on seeing a Rose, &c. — — —	314
Epigram — — — — —	316
Lines, on visiting an obscure, romantic Hamlet —	317
The Beech Tree's Petition, by T. Campbell, Esq. —	319
Epigram — — — — —	320
Lines on a Miniature — — — —	321
Elegy — — — — —	323
Lines to the Red-Breast — — —	325

	Page
Song — — — — —	326
The Maniac Boy — — — —	328
Julia — — — — —	331
Caroline, by T. Campbell, Esq. — — —	332
To the Evening Star, by the same — — —	334
Sonnet to George Ellis, Esq. by T. Park, Esq. —	336
—— on seeing Mr. Freebairn's Italian Landscapes, by the Rev. Dr. Lettice — — —	337
—— on the Approach of Spring, by Mr. R. A. Davenport	338
—— Perverted Genius — — —	339
—— on the Approach of the Gout — —	340
—— from the 7th Book of the Eneid, by C. Leftly, Esq.	341
—— at Midnight, by Mr. R. A. Davenport —	342
—— to G. Romney, Esq. by the late W. Cowper, Esq.	343
—— Eight, by Mrs. West — —	344 to 351
—— at the Close of Eve, by Mr. J. H. L. Hunt —	352
—— by Adeline — — — —	353
—— to the Fairies, by Mr. R. A. Davenport —	354
—— To a Friend — — — —	355
—— in H—— Church-yard, by Mr. R. A. Davenport	356
—— by Adeline — — — —	357
—— to a fading Flower, by Mr. R. A. Davenport —	358
—— to Catherine — — — —	359
—— to the Month of August, by C. Leftly, Esq. —	360
—— on the Villa of Mrs. Boscawen, by H. J. Pye, Esq.	361
—— The Close of the Century, by W. Evans —	362
—— to Mrs. Herbert Croft, by C. Hereford, Esq. —	363
—— Morwel Down, by W. Evans — —	364
Address to the Swilcar Oak, by Dr. Darwin — —	365
Verses to the Earl of Buchan — — —	367
Song, by Mr. Andrew Mercer — — —	371
On visiting Dundrennan Abbey — — —	373

	Page
To Miss G——, by the Rev. W. Beloe — —	376
The Close of Day — — — —	377
Inscription for the Monument of Edwin and Emma —	379
Verses on Four young Ladies planting a Tree to Friendship	380
Morning — — — —	383
Zerbinette — — — —	386
A Lapland Song, by Mr. Pickering — —	388
The same, by Mr. Bedingfield — —	389
On a Visit to Roslin — — —	390
Stanzas, by Mr. P. L. Courtier — —	394
Loudhon's Attack — — —	395
To Henry — — — —	397
A Farewell to Margate — — —	398
Song — — — — —	400
The Rival Sisters — — —	402
On the Death of Sir R. Abercromby — —	404
Verses, by the Right Hon. R. Fitzpatrick — —	407
Song — — — — —	408
Ode, by Dr. Sewell — — —	409
On the Death of Mrs. Foveaux — —	411
Descriptive Sketch, by W. Case, Jun. — —	412
On the Death of Gen. Knox, by H. J. Pye, Esq. —	419
Anacreontic — — — —	420

CRITICISM.

Poetry — — — —	422
The Drama — — —	456

CATALOGUE. 464

XV

POETICAL BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Mrs. Chapone — — — 469

MISCELLANIES.

Letter from Miss Seward — — — 475
Catalogue of Living Poets — — — 487
Notices of Publications in the Press — — 492

Original Poetry.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE
NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

BY THE LATE SIR GREY COOPER, BART.

The idea of the subject is taken from an Alcaic Fragment, *written by Mr. Gray, and preserved in the Memoirs of his Life and Writings, of which Mr. Mason says, that "no Poet of the "Augustan age produced four more perfect lines, "or which would sooner impose upon the best "critic, as being a genuine ancient composition."*

Vide MEMOIRS, p. 33.

Oh Lachrymarum Fons! tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui ſcatentem
Pectore, Te *pia Nympha!* sensit.

HAIL, pious Nymph! whose guardian power,
The holy Spring of Tears protects,
And each soft drop, and tender shower
From the mysterious source directs;

Not tears, that on th' approach of death
  Down the pale cheeks of tyrants roll,
When Conscience to the latest breath,
  Holds up the mirror to the soul:

Nor such as moisten the dark cells
  Where, whilst the slaves the rack prepare,
The stern Inquisitor compels
  Even godlike virtue to despair.

These bitter waters of distress
  Arise from other springs than thine,
Springs which infernal gnomes possess,
  Dread ministers of wrath divine.

Heaven gives to thee the sacred part
  Of watching the pure streams, that flow
From the soft motions of the heart,
  That learns to feel another's woe;

To raise the head by care depress'd,
  With gentle, delicate relief,
To pour into the wounded breast,
  The balm of sympathetic grief:

Such soothing offices engage
  Thy Sylphs, the messengers of grace,
Sent by thy order to assuage
  The sorrows of the human race.——

To thee belong the gushing rills
  Of sudden joy, and glad surprise,
The rapt soul's transport, that distils
  Glistening in th' expressive eyes.

Let me, thy suppliant, take my part
  In all thy pleasures, all thy pain;
And ne'er, tho' exquisite the smart,
  Of sensibility complain:

Oft let me leave the busy scene,
  Devotion at thy shrine to pay;
Oft taste with thee the calm serene
  Evening of a well-spent day:

And in thy grotto's hallow'd shade
  Gaze at the children of the world,
In Vanity's light barks convey'd,
  With every glittering sail unfurl'd:

Smile at the Great, for what they choose
  In each fond wish, and fickle mood,
And pity them for what they lose,
  The power divine of doing good.

View the mild glory round the Throne
  Love with obedience command:
For others' rights maintain its own,
  And rule to bless a grateful land.——

To cheer me in the vale of years
  Still, pensive Nymph! thy grace impart,
Still let thy spring of tender tears
  Enlarge and purify my heart:

For with those social feelings flow
  The best affections of the mind,
The warmth of friendship, and the glow
  Of charity to all mankind.

THE FLOWER o' ANNAN *.

A BALLAD.

BY HECTOR MACNEILL, ESQ.

" THE flower it blaws!—it fades!—it fa's!
And lies unmarkt by ony!
Nae tolling bell sounds its death knell!
And sae lies my luve Johnnie!

" Nae flower that blaws in shetter'd shaws,
Nae rose that decks the valley,
E'er match'd that face, whare manly grace,
Blent wi' the rose and lily!

" Nae flower sae rare, sae sweet, sae fair,
On *Liffey*'s banks or *Shannon*,
E'er lent perfume, or shed a bloom,
Like the sweet rose o' ANNAN!

* Annandale in the shire of Dumfries.

" He came—we met; unwarn'd by fate,
Soon flew *Luve*'s swiftest arrow!
Alas the while! Luve lent the smile
To close the scene in sorrow!

" The morn that's fair, grieves aye the mair,
(The witless mind believing)
Whan mid-day pours its storms and showers
To prove the fause deceiving!

" War's trumpet blew! my hero flew!
But leil to Luve and Honor,
Wi' parting aith, swore endless faith
To Luve and NANSY CONNOR!

" A rival came, (accurs'd the name!)
I fled the banks o' Shannon;
I fled frae power, and sought the flower,
The shettering pride o' Annan!

" Whare *Kirtle*'s * braes wi' flow'ring slaw,
And hawthorns bloom sae bonie!
There fair to view! it blossom'd true,
The sweetest flower o' ony!

* One of the tributary streams of the river Annan.

" Kirkonnel's vale soon heard the tale,
The tale o' Truth and Honor!
Kirkonnel's vale now hears the wail
O' *Death* and *Nansy Connor!*

" Wha strack the knell whan beauty fell!
Wha met the fae o' Shannon?
In deadly strife wha lost his life!
Wha but the pride o' Annan!

" By Kirtle's flood he drapt in blood!
In Kirtle's stream he's lying!
In Kirtle's bed! his heart's blood red
The chrystal waves deep dying!

" The flower it blaws!—it fades!—it fa's!
And lies unmarkt by ony!
Nae tolling bell sounds its death knell!
And sae lies my loved Johnnie!

" Kirkonnel's vale! record the tale,
Adieu the banks o' Shannon!
In Kirtle's bed, wi' blood dy'd red,
I'll clasp the FLOWER O' ANNAN!"

TO

A LADY

ON HER BIRTH DAY.

BY THE REV. W. BELOE.

YOUTH gives the hope of many a lovely spring,
Of cheerful suns, of skies without a cloud:—
What to the ills of life can solace bring
O'er the torn heart when cares unnumber'd croud?

Elate with joy and smiles we glide along
O'er many a fragrant, many a flowery plain;
Nor heed the Moralist's cold warning song,
Which talks of sorrow, suffering, and pain.

But when the summer of our years is gone,
When ardour chills, and vigour fades away;
Oft must we wander comfortless alone,
And in NOVEMBER—look in vain for MAY.

The nightingale, with breast against a thorn,
  Expiring sings her last melodious strains;
The Muse thus hails MATILDA's natal morn,
  Proud of her friendship long as life remains.

May that kind power who thus auspicious gave
  A mind so gentle to a form so fair;
From every grief and care my favorite save,
  From every breath of Fortune's ruder air.

While some dear youth shall share MATILDA's heart,
  Her cares partake, her tenderness repay;
The Bard shall oft invoke the Muse's art,
  To give these hours the bloom of Love and May.

EXILE.

BY MISS BANNERMAN.

Ye hills of my country, soft fading in blue;
The seats of my childhood, for ever adieu!
Yet not for a brighter, your skies I resign,
When my wandering footsteps revisit the Rhine:
But sacred to me is the roar of the wave,
That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave;
Where the blasts of the trumpets for battle combine,
And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguil'd,
Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild;
For nature is nought to the eye of despair
But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air:
Again ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,
Ye shall bloom to the morn, tho' ye bloom not for me;
Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the stream,
Be the haunt of the lover—to hope—and to dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew
The bowers where the days of my happiness flew;
Where my soul found her partner, and thought to bestow
The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe!
Too faithful recorders of times that are past,
The Eden of Love, that was ever to last!
Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,
And the young and the happy be worshippers still.

To me ye are lost!—but your summits of green
Shall charm thro' the distance of many a scene,
In woe, and in wandering, and deserts, return
Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn!
Ye hills of my country! farewell evermore
As I cleave the dark waves of your rock-rugged shore,
And ask of the hovering gale if it come
From the oak-towering woods on the mountains of home.

CANZONET.

Cypress dark, my garland long,
The hateful emblem of despair,
Now, while I raise the blissful song,
My hands thy sullen foliage tear!

Twine the rose, the myrtle twine!
For these may now my brows adorn,
Since ne'er again shall I repine,
The victim of neglect, or scorn!

Love! no more my tongue reviles
Thy power that prompted many a sigh:
On me the sweet Ianthe smiles;
She smiles, and all my sorrows die.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF LOVE.

BY EDMUND SWIFT, ESQ.

(*The occasion that gave rise to the following Poem, may require explanation.—A Lady had presented to the Author an Emblematical Drawing, accompanied with the following Lines:*

" Tel fut L'Amour au Siecle D'Or—on ne le
" trouve plus, mais on le cherche encore—
" n'offrant qu'un cœur a la Beauté, aussi nud
" que la Verite, sans armes comme L'Inno-
" cence, sans ailes comme la Constance."—)

SOFT as the down descends to deck
The plumage of the cygnet's neck,
Soft as the silent zephyrs breathe,
Nor wake the slumbering wave beneath,
Thy pencil's light and shadowy line
Describes the delicate design:—
Union of taste and skill!—to prove
" *Such in the Golden Age was Love.*"

See where yon infant Cupid stands:—
His arm the subject globe commands;—
There pours his torch the living fire
Of Joy, and Hope, and bold Desire;
Around his altar lies the bow
That lays the strongest warrior low;
And darts of thrilling force, that prove
What "*in the Golden Age was Love.*"

Yet why, where Love in height sublime
Triumphant rules o'er Fate and Time,
Where his full quiver's feathery pride
Proclaims o'er all his empire wide,
Why on his altar's trophied base
Would'st thou the name of *Friendship* * trace?—
Not to this heart can *Friendship* prove
What "*in the Golden Age was Love.*"

Friendship! the cold, reluctant name
Would quench the warmest, tenderest flame:
See, where Love lights his living lamp!
The sacred fire shall *Friendship* damp?
Love's arrow in my breast I feel;
No wound of Love can *Friendship* heal.
Ah never can thy *Friendship* prove
What "*in the Golden Age was Love!*"

* The word *L'Amitie* was inscribed on the Drawing.

And " *cannot Love on earth be found*
" Though sought of all, the world around ?"
Is the bright charm thine hand pourtray'd,
Now vanish'd to an empty shade ?
Ah no !—within this faithful breast
Still reigns the power of Love confest;
And still to thee its truth shall prove
" *Such in the Golden Age was Love.*"

Ah me, methinks I hear thee say,
No hearts the power of Love obey;
No constant Bards his aid invoke;
No bosoms seek his flowery yoke;
Stern Avarice breaks his trampled bow;
The myrtle withers on his brow,
While scarce a leaf remains, to prove
What " *in the Golden Age was Love.*"

I bend to Love's triumphant throne,
" *I give to thee one heart alone.*"
Ah when far hence compell'd to go,
I drag the torturing chain of woe,
Tho' many a fair may seek mine eye,
To thee I'll pour the faithful sigh;
And spite of time and absence, prove
" *Such in the Golden Age was Love.*"

See Love in native beauty rise !
Like " *Truth,*" the God rejects disguise;

Like "*Innocence*," he bears no arms
To shield his breast from vain alarms;
Like "*Constancy*," unwont to stray,
He spreads no wing to speed away.
How well Emilia's hand can prove
What "*in the Golden Age was Love!*"

Oh dare I hope the beauteous maid
Her Alfred's heart had there pourtray'd!
That heart, like "*Truth*," each thought unveil'd,
No wandering wish from her conceal'd,
Like "*Innocence*," unarm'd to bear
The wound her eye inflicted there,
And firm as "*Constancy*," should prove
THIS IS THE GOLDEN AGE OF LOVE!

1800.

VERSES.

WRITTEN TO A FRIEND * 15th Sept. 1801.

BY DOCTOR OGILVIE.

Eheu, fugaces Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni! Hor.

AH Friend, we tread the downward road!
The vale of life extends below,
By Age, with leaden footstep trode,
And sprinkled o'er with locks of snow.

There, Winter's icy sceptre rear'd,
Around, in pale assemblage, stand
The time-worn cheek, the silver beard,
The shrinking limbs, the palsied hand.

* The Reverend William Duff, Minister of Favenan, Aberdeenshire; the ingenious author of an Essay on Original Genius, in two volumes; and the beautiful Oriental Tale, entitled The History of Rhedi, the Hermit of Mount Ararat, &c.

All move in sight; and while they hail
  Our near approach;—within the shade,
Dim lights that glimmer thro' the veil,
  Disclose the mansions of the dead.

When Memory, o'er the busy past
  Rolls back her eye;—what forms are shown?
Young airy shapes, too gay to last;
  A scene of bright illusion,—gone!

The freaks of Innocence, the play
  Of Youth, that with the passing hour
Skims like the bee, from spray to spray;
  And sucks the sweets of every flower:

At these, that tell of former days;
  Trembling with age, and bent with care
We shake our heads;—yet fondly gaze;
  And envy joys we cannot share.

Then, forward let us dart our sight,
  Beyond the forms by Fancy brought;
Nor sink, within the double night
  Of helpless age, and gloomy thought.

Together, let us stem the tide,
  On Hope's light barque, in triumph born;
And mark, rejoicing, as we glide
  Thro' night, th' effulgent rays of morn.

Together let us break the force,
With Hope, our guardian, and our friend,
Of ills combined to check our course;
Or blackening clouds, that veil its end.

With philosophic calm, the fate
Be ours, to meet our final doom;
While SHE expands yon orient gate,
And points at scenes beyond the tomb!

ON THE

FUTURE EXISTENCE

OF THE

BRUTE CREATION.

THE CHARACTER OF THE DOG FROM BUFFON.

BY MISS SEWARD.

"THE Brutes that perish."—Those few words are shown
On the dread pages of INSPIR'D RECŌRD,
By Man, proud Man, as he were doom'd alone
To meet for guiltless pain, supreme reward.

Yet knows he well, that on the LEAVES DIVINE
Oft from the seeming sense we must refrain;
And, lest warm hope consistency resign,
The *letter* wave, the *spirit* to obtain.

For Brutal Life, while reasoning we explore
The text misconstru'd much, it but declares,
That Man's free thoughts, and deeds, import him more,
Since this *his* state of trial is not *theirs*.

To earthly life *he* perishes;—but here
The vast, momentous difference is implied,
He perishes *accountable*, aware
That choice was given, and reason for its guide.

I mark the tones of arrogance exclaim,
" Since they are form'd incapable of sin,
Of innocence instinctive where's the claim?
It well may *be* as it had *never* been."

True, if permitted ills did ne'er oppress;
If certain as their *innocence*, their *peace*,
With the short date of being Brutes possess,
HEAVEN might ordain their consciousness shou'd cease,

Yet not infringe those never-altering laws
Of equity, and mercy, which combin'd
To form the essence of th' ETERNAL CAUSE,
Judge, guardian, friend of all existing Kind.

But since, full oft, the pangs of dire disease,
Labor, and famine, and oppression hard,
From cruel Man, the blameless Victims seize,
Of HEAVENLY JUSTICE they may *claim* reward.

Alas! the dumb, defenceless Numbers, found
The wretched Subjects of a Tyrant's sway,
Who hourly feel his unresisted wound,
And hungry pine thro' many a weary day;

Or those, of lot more barbarously severe,
Who strain their weak, lame limbs beneath a load
Their fainting strength is basely doom'd to bear,
While smites the lash, the steely torments goad.

Has GOD decreed that this poor helpless Train
Shall groaning yield the vital breath he gave,
Unrecompens'd for years of want and pain,
And close on them the portals of the grave?

Ah no! the great RETRIBUTORY MIND
Will recompense, and may perhaps ordain
Some future mode of being, more refin'd
Than ours, less sullied with inherent stain;

Less torn by passion, and less prone to sin;
Their duty easier, trial less severe,
Till their firm faith, and virtue prov'd, may win
The wreaths of Life in yon ETERNAL SPHERE.—

This then may form the much-rewarding doom:—
But O! whate'er the *nature* of the meed,
Theirs it must be;—and let us now presume
Their guiltless cause, on other grounds, to plead.

Suppose permitted ills did *not* oppress,
That certain as their *innocence*, their *peace*,
And thus, that with the being they possess,
Sensation might, without injustice, cease;

Yet still, proud Man, in this scorn'd Tribe below,
Shall *more* than innocence thy pride impede,
Nature, where all the generous ardors glow,
And action, vieing with thy noblest deed.

If strength, if grace, if magnitude of frame
To give the dignifying powers must fail;
If not from *them* proceeds the sacred claim
That lifts the Creature on Creation's scale;

If *mind* shall ever be to *form* preferr'd,
Courage to force, to beauty sentiment,
One Brute, at least, has powers, by HEAVEN conferr'd,
That for a doom oblivious were not lent.

Ah! what but Heaven-born sentiment, corrects,
Refines, adorns, ennobles Being? still
From the contagious taint of Vice protects,
Controuls the appetites, exalts the will?

This should'st thou feel, perforce then shalt thou see
That animal-perfection must depend,
Human, and Brute alike, on the degree
In which the lights of sentiment extend.

In brutal life if exquisite they prove;
If education may increase their force;
If fond, intelligent, and faithful love
Rise in the breast, and strengthen on its course;

If, in a silent servitude to Man,
Energic Friendship burns, with generous strife,
Say, canst thou deem thy DOG's short, vital span
Stopt on the confines of ETERNAL LIFE?

His natural temper, fervent, choleric, fierce,
Nay bloody, see, by sentiment subdu'd;
Subdu'd, for *thee*, to every soft reverse,
For *thee*, in all its native rage renew'd!

When unattach'd, and yet to Man unknown,
Wolfish and wild, the wilderness he roves;
Bays with his horrid howl the silent moon,
And stalks the terror of the desert groves.

Yet mark this heart, of savage enterprise,
Moulded by thee to all that's kind and sweet;
See him approach, with mild imploring eyes,
And lay his strength, and courage at thy feet!

Charm'd to exchange them for the soft delights
Of growing love, his duteous head he lays
Light on thy knee;—his lifted eye invites
The wish'd command, which instant he obeys.

At that known voice, with ardor, up he springs,
And in the joy of usefulness elate,
With gladden'd haste, th' endear'd commission brings,
Or drives intruding Vagrants from thy gate.

Thy wealth, thy person, anxious to protect,
And gentle only to thy frequent Friends,
Nor bribe, nor flattery gain his coy respect,
Useless the flattery, and the bribe offends.

When night broods sullen o'er the drowsy earth,
Tho' faint with mid-day toil, he scorns repose,
Leaves the warm comforts of the ember'd hearth,
To guard thy slumbers, and appal thy Foes.

Watchful, and listening, walks his silent rounds,
Scenting the lurking Stranger from afar.——
Ha!—does he *pass* the interdicted bounds?
The loud, indignant bark proclaims the war.

Or Beast, or Man, is he to spoil devote?
With fangs terrific, and with burning eyes,
Thy brave Protector rushes on his throat,
And low in blood the dark Destroyer lies.

But yet, if fear resign what theft supplied,
He, pitying, from the prostrate Foe recoils.—
Mark then the Victor, great in honest pride,
Content with conquest, rest upon his spoils!

Tho' high in health, the pleas of hunger strong,
In tempting opportunity, arise,
Generously proud he scorns his trust to wrong,
And all untouch'd the prey he rescued, lies!

Vainly while night and secrecy accord,
This sacred sense of honor to controul,
Do human records fairer proof afford
Of all that elevates a thinking soul?

Exempt the nuptial, and the filial ties,
Hast thou one Friend, amongst thy reasoning Kind,
On whom thy secret heart for truth relies,
Thus ardent, noble, constant, and refin'd?

To selfish passions thus superior found,
Whom neither interest sways, nor arts beguile?
To thee, in faith and trust unfaltering bound,
Thy will his law, his happiness thy smile.

Ah Wretch ingrate, to liberal hope unknown!
Does pride incrust thee in so dark a leaven,
To deem this Spirit, purer than thine own,
Sinks, while thou soarest to the light of Heaven?

What, tho' when Reason all her power displays,
Drawn from Philosophy's most copious source,
Too subtle proves Creation's endless maze
For her best skill, too mighty for her force;

Or when she tries the mystery to explain
Of the tremendous EXPIATORY PLAN,
Shows, only shows, how arrogant, how vain
Such needless, daring scrutiny in Man;

Yet, while ALMIGHTY WISDOM thus appears
To human Powers *inscrutably* sublime,
Her gracious form ALMIGHTY JUSTICE rears
Unveil'd, unchanging, thro' the rounds of Time.

Hear, from the centre of th' ETERNAL THRONE,
Her aweful voice the fix'd award disclose,
" If evils over *guiltless* Life are strown,
" The GOD, who gave that Life, will recompence its
" woes."

THE EARL OF BUCHAN

ARRIVING IN SCOTLAND,

TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

THOU beauteous star whose silvery light
Enchanting came upon my youthful sight!
Ah what a blaze has hid thy virgin rays,
Whilst I, in woods retir'd, have past my days!
Now, silver'd o'er by Time's eventful hand,
I greet thy evening beam on Scotia's strand.
CLARA! this image is to picture Thee!
I saw thee rising from th' Atlantic sea,
Thy tresses dropping the Cerulean wave,
From whence Thou, graceful, didst the water lave;
The Graces and the loving Boy were there,
And whilst they braided thy ambrosial hair,
I saw Thee blushing, shrinking from my view,
And thy quick footsteps brushing o'er the dew.
Old Kaimes, like Vulcan, first proclaim'd thy charms,
And blest ALEXIS took THEE to his arms:

Clara! thy charms surpass the Paphian Queen,
Now Pallas' casque upon thy head is seen!
'Tis not our hearts' suffice to grace thy car,
The Muses come at last to close the war.
'Tis fixt; behold the wreath THOU well hast won,
I bear it smiling with my setting sun!
I ask no praise, no sympathetic tear,
Heav'n is my home, I am a Stranger here.

EDINBURGH, FEB. 17, 1802.

TO MISS D. B*.

FEB. 1776.

BY MISS BRYDGES †.

WHILST you for Gaylard's ‡ festive dance
Adorn your lovely face,
With pleasure see each charm advance,
And heighten every grace;

By Marmontel's instructive page
I strive my soul to dress,
In charms that shall defy old age,
And brighten in distress.

When Belisarius, old and blind,
To Fancy's view appears,
Soft pity overflows my mind,
And fills my eyes with tears.

* Afterwards Mrs. M.
† Now Mrs. Lefroy of Hampshire.
‡ A neighbouring family in Kent.

Taught by his fate how vain is power,
How fickle Fortune's smiles,
I learn to prize the peaceful hour,
And scorn Ambition's toils.

Surrounded by the pomp of power
Had I the hero view'd,
Those chiefs attendant on his car,
His valour had subdued,

Compassion for the sufferer's fate
Had o'er my soul prevail'd,
Obscur'd the conqueror's glittering state,
And all his glories veil'd!

Despoil'd of honours, riches, power,
Bent with the weight of years,
Helpless and blind, in sorrow's hour,
How glorious he appears!

Torn from his brow in life's first bloom
The WARRIOR's crown may fade,
Or in the cold and silent tomb
Be wither'd and decay'd:

But round the GOOD MAN's placid brow
Unfading wreaths shall twine;
More fresh by time those laurels grow,
Bestow'd by hands divine.

ON A LADY,

DYING OF A CONSUMPTION.

BY MR. MAUNDE.

VIEW yon pale flower, surcharg'd with dew,
That bends its lonely head to earth,
And seems, in Fancy's eye, to woo
The sod beneath, that gave it birth.

Its stem, which now can scarce sustain
The drops that on its blossom weigh,
Shall soon its wonted strength regain,
Beneath the sun's reviving ray.

But thou, lost maid, whose fading frame
So slowly verges to the tomb,
And seems, in silent woe, to claim
A refuge in its darksome womb,

What sun shall rise thy griefs to chear,
Or o'er thy cloud of sorrow break?
What kindly warmth shall dry the tear
That falls adown thy pallid cheek?

What though thy words will not unfold
  The cause, that prompts thy frequent sigh,
Too well, alas! those looks have told
  That treacherous Love has bid thee die.

Oh! yes, that power that gave thee breath
  Shall view thy woes with pitying eye;
Shall bid each sorrow cease in death,
  And call thee to thy kindred sky.

ON SEEING SOME SCHOOL-BOYS

IN THE GREEN COURT AT CANTERBURY, WITH DRUMS, FIFES, &c.

BY MISS BRYDGES.

Of warriors here a fancied train,
With drums and fifes advance,
While, like their streamers, light and vain,
Their youthful spirits dance!

Perhaps 'mid this fantastic band
Some future Wolfe may tread,
When Time has nerv'd the infant hand,
And Youth its roses shed.

Yon tiny elf, on stilts upborne,
A giant stalks the green,
While by those props that raise his form,
His childish folly's seen:

'Tis thus, when rais'd by wealth or birth,
To fill a lofty sphere,
The idle coxcomb's want of worth,
More plainly must appear!

VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

BY ADELINE.

---

1 LOVE to linger near the leafless wood,
Where cold and shrill the blasts of Winter blow,
Drifting the branches o'er the roaring flood,
And heaving wild yon mountain's robe of snow.

From the drear scene recedes the evening star,
And hides her fair head in the concave high,
As if she fear'd, 'mid crashing Nature's war,
The threaten'd ruin of her shaking sky.

To yonder tower, that frowns upon the steep,
At fall of eve, as village legends tell,
Mysterious forms in shadowy terrors sweep,
To act the orgies of their native hell.

And oft the traveller views the charmed beam
Of livid fire, flash on the haggard crew,
While the lone owl awakes his saddening scream
From the dark foliage of the haunted yew.

On that lone spot, to Superstition dear,
Is seen the sod that wraps the slumberer's breast,
And poor Mortality will drop the tear
Where the lost Suicide found peace and rest.

Within the precincts of yon dreaded tomb
Cold lies the heart that true to feeling heav'd;
There Fate, remorseless, seal'd her martyr's doom,
And wreck'd the soul of every hope bereav'd.

Memory ne'er told him of a parent's care;
Misery, exulting on his cradle, smil'd;
She saw the woes that he was doom'd to bear,
And mark'd the blooming cherub for her child.

Thro' Grief's dark maze she led him to the goal,
Where Guilt awakes the dæmons of despair,
And op'd a passage for his labouring soul,
While Mercy fled the woes she could not share.

On the dark brow of yonder cliff sublime,
Worn by the footsteps of revolving years,
Whose summit seems the altar-stone of Time,
His throne the Genius of Destruction rears.

For oft, when darkness shrouds the light of Heaven,
And the pale moon slumbers on Midnight's breast,
On these wild rocks the tide-worn barks are driven,
And mangled forms sweep o'er the watery waste.

Angels of peace! at this tremendous hour,
When louder still the swelling waters rave,
From worlds more blest, one ray celestial pour,
To guide the sailor o'er the unfathom'd wave.

Disarm the pallid spectre train of death,
That rides the dark wings of the howling storm,
And bind the wild winds, whose blood-freezing breath
Blasts faded Nature's cold convulsing form.

TO MARIA.

BY MR. P. L. COURTIER.

Adieu, Maria! we must part;
Fate's sternest mandate I obey;
Yet, let remembrance touch thy heart,
And think of him who's far away.

Alas! that all which life supplies,
Are transient joys and lasting pain;
Soft hopes, to glad our weary eyes,
And time, to shew those hopes were vain.

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

Ah! why, unfeeling Winter, why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy Season, fly—
And yield the year to Spring.

Spring,—the young cherubim of love,
An exile in disgrace,—
Flits o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,
Nor finds a resting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak,
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds,—and dark and bleak,
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair,
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She wooes her embryo-flowers, in vain,
To rear their infant heads;
—Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green, luxuriant charms;
—Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats,
To charm thy rage away.

Ah! why, usurping Winter, why
Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to Spring!

ALCÆUS.

CANZONET.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLEVAL.

Reclined on beds of fragrant flowers,
Where winds the murmuring stream along,
Alone, I pass the tranquil hours,
And hear the simple woodland song!

So sweet this spot, where comes no care,
I'd not for worlds its charms resign:
But ô Ianthe! dearest fair!
Most gladly for one kiss of thine.

R. A. D.

THE SIGH.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER INTRODUCTION INTO HIGH LIFE.

BY MR. MAUNDE.

On Pleasure's gladsome wing repair
Where varied joys unite to meet thee;
Where high-born Lords, with flattering air,
And tender accents press to greet thee.
Yet if, amidst the splendid scene,
One softer thought should intervene,
One sigh should from thy bosom flee,
Oh! may that sigh be breath'd for me.

Let Fancy's magic power awhile
Transport thy lover to thy view,
Whose constant round of irksome toil
Each morning's light must still renew:
His days with sad suspense o'er-cast,
His nights in restless slumbers past:
Canst thou, my love, this portrait see,
Nor sigh for him, who droops for thee?

Oh! deign those tortures to appease,
That prey upon my aching breast:
Each doubt, each fear shall learn to cease,
If with thy love I still am blest;
Chearful I'll meet the varied pains,
That hard Necessity ordains,
And not a sigh my breast shall flee,
Unless that sigh be breath'd for thee.

My aspect, late so pale and wan,
That wore no dress, but that of sorrow,
Shall bid its cloud of grief be gone,
And from thy smiles new pleasure borrow:
And when my love thou deign'st to meet,
With transport high my heart shall beat,
And should it sigh, its sighs shall be
Of pleasure born and love of thee.

THE SHADE OF COLLINS;

AN ODE.

BY MR. J. H. L. HUNT.

Descende cœlo, et dic age tibia
Regina longum Calliope melos;
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
Seu fidibus, citharâ ve Phœbi.

HOR.

WHO shall awake with magic song
The wildly-throbbing soul?
Who dart the Muses light along,
And bid her thunders roll?
Or who with strain of gentlest note
In low and liquid warblings float,
Soft stealing thro' the silent air,
While Pity breathes her mildest lay,
And from her eye's Aprilian ray,
Slow drops a quiv'ring tear?

Sublimity's enraptur'd child,
Say, whither art thou fled?
Gone to awake with music wild
The slumbers of the dead?

Or dost thou still, O tearful bard,
Lorn Melancholy's wand'rings guard
In some remote and solemn grove;
With dewy garlands deck the grave,
Where Freedom lulls her hapless brave,
Or dress the tomb of Love?

Rude Madness, ideot king of pow'r,
Who from the Muse's breast
Tore him, that in her sacred bow'r
She knew and lov'd the best;
Stare not in gloomy silence more
Rage all thy storms of passion o'er,
And weave the wild'rings of the soul!
Pale Collins dropt his sacred lyre;
He saw thy frenzied orbs of fire,
Thy meteor eyeballs roll!

Lorn tearful bard, whose wild-wove lay
Each thrilling passion sung;
When Music now soft died away,
Now wild and warlike rung;
I see, I see thy solemn shade
Quick starting from yon haunted glade
With tresses tost, and eyes that weep;
High o'er the gulf screams Danger loud,
And Fear on phantoms wrapt in cloud
Howls dreadfully and deep!

Fell Anger with his clenching hand
Rude dashes on the lyre;
Wild throws it on the trembling land,
And grasps his torch of fire!
—Look, look no more!—In murm'ring low
I hear the sigh of anguish flow:
Sad Jealousy, away:—'tis thine!
Thy hollow smile and fitful sob
Too wildly bid my bosom throb!
I do not call thee mine!

Hark! 'Tis Revenge, while thunders peal,
With blast of threat'ning breath,
Calls on the fiends that darkling deal
The hidden point of Death!
Fierce as he winds the stormy strain,
Rise visages that writhe with pain,
And hands the purple steel that grasp;
At each dread pause wild groans Despair,
And dying Pity on the air
Slow heaves a ling'ring gasp!

But sounds arise more soft and sweet,
Melodiously forlorn;
They breathe thro' yonder green retreat
From Melancholy's horn!
Ye glades, repeat the soothing sound,
Ye runnels, steal in warblings round:

From yonder gloom bright visions break!
See Hope her golden tresses wave,
And Joy, whose songs Erato gave,
The smiling Morn awake!

Soul-soothing bard, in what bright sphere
Now breathes thy sacred lyre?
What angel-youths enraptur'd hear?
What heav'nly themes inspire?
Thy hand no more sublimely flings
Empassion'd horror on its strings,
Deep and majestically wild;
Peace breathes thro' ev'ry softer lay,
And Inspiration's gentlest ray
Plays round his warbling child!

Soul-soothing bard, thy shade appears
As smiling as thy Muse;
Thy cheek no longer dew'd with tears,
Thy hair empearl'd with dews!
Hark! Love to Mirth's enraptur'd strain
Trips gaily o'er the laughing plain,
And Zephyr breathes his sweetest tale;
Brisk Chearfulness the note prolongs,
And Echo fills with mingling songs
The bosom of the gale!

Farewel, sweet bard; thy grave around
Shall still with flow'rs be drest,
While Sympathy and Love be found
To warm the human breast!
There Truth and Friendship hand in hand
Shall dew with tears the blooming land,
And scatter wreaths of ev'ry hue!
I tear with grief my Muse away,
Still seem to hear thy thrilling lay,
And weep a last adieu!

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

*** *At Thebes, in ancient Egypt, was erected a statue of Memnon, with an harp in his hand, which is said to have hailed with delightful music the rising sun, and in melancholy tones to have mourned his departure. The introduction of this celebrated lyre on a modern occasion, will be censured as an anachronism by those only, who think that its chords have been touched unskilfully.*

HARP of Memnon! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the Hero's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

As the sun's descending beams,
Glancing o'er thy golden wire,
Kindle every chord, that gleams,
Like a ray of heavenly fire;

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying, while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

Bright as Venus, newly born,
  Blushing at her maiden charms;
Fresh from ocean rose the Morn,
  When the trumpet sang to arms.

O that Time had stay'd his flight,
  Ere that Morning left the main;
Fatal as the Egyptian night,
  When the eldest born were slain!

Lash'd to madness by the wind,
  As the Red-Sea-surges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulph behind,
  And devour the shrinking shore;

Thus with overwhelming pride,
  Gallia's brightest, boldest boast,
In a deep and dreadful tide,
  Roll'd upon the British host.

Dauntless these their station held,
  Though with unextinguished ire,
Gallia's legions, thrice repell'd,
  Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus above the storms of Time,
  Towering to the sacred spheres,
Stand the Pyramids sublime,
  —Rocks amid the flood of years!

Now the veteran chief drew nigh;
  Conquest towering on his crest,
Valour beaming from his eye,
  Pity bleeding in his breast.

Britain saw him thus advance,
  In her Guardian-Angel's form:
But he lower'd on hostile France,
  Like the Dæmon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war,
  High he rode in vengeance dire;
To his friends a leading star,
  To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
  Slaughter feasted on the brave;
'Twas the Carnival of Death;
  'Twas the Vintage of the Grave!

Charg'd with Abercrombie's doom,
  Lightning wing'd a cruel ball:
'Twas the herald of the tomb,
  And the Hero felt the call.

Felt,—and raised his arm on high,
  Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
  And the force of France o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight,
Were the weeping Muse to tell;
O 'twould cleave the womb of night,
And awake the dead that fell!

Gash'd with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie:
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.

Yet shall Memory mourn that day,
When with expectation pale,
Of her soldier far away,
The poor widow hears the tale.

In imagination wild,
She shall wander o'er this plain;
Rave,—and bid her orphan child
Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently from the western deep,
O ye evening breezes rise!
O'er the Lyre of Memnon sweep,
Wake its spirit with your sighs.

Harp of Memnon! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the Hero's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers soft and slow,
  O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying, while they flow
  To the memory of the dead.

None but solemn, tender tones,
  Tremble from thy plaintive wires;
Hark!—the wounded warrior groans!
  Hush thy warbling,—he expires!

Hush!—while sorrow wakes and weeps;
  O'er his relicks cold and pale,
Night her silent vigil keeps,
  In a mournful moonlight veil.

Harp of Memnon! from afar,
  Ere the lark salute the sky,
Watch the rising of the star,
  That proclaims the morning nigh.

Soon the sun's ascending rays,
  In a flood of hallow'd fire,
O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,
  And thy magic soul inspire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
  Let them pierce the Hero's grave:
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
  O how sweetly sleep the brave!

From the dust their laurels bloom,
  High they shoot, and flourish free;
Glory's temple is the tomb!
  Death is immortality!

ALCÆUS.

SHEFFIELD, JUNE 2, 1801.

EPIGRAM.

SOME Men of Books are wond'rous nice
In buying all that's rare or choice;—
Now Mævius, on a different plan,
Buys up the veriest trash he can,
And hoards, with avaricious glee,
His huge waste-paper library
In garrets, sheds, and lofts for hay,
Till tons of learning mould away:—
Mourn ye cook-shops and common sewers,
The loss, alack! is wholly *yours*.

* *

SONG.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

RING on! ring on, ye merry bells,
And be to others, sounds of gladness—
Alas! your silver sweetness swells
To wake my slumbering heart to madness.

Ring on! ring on! for since your chimes
Shall never now my wedding hallow,
O! be the voice of other times,
And rouse their joys, like spectres sallow!

Ah! ring such pensive peals as when
In these tall groves I wander'd sighing,
And listen'd to the best of men,
Who now in yonder grave is lying!

Ah! ring such peals as may recall
Those happy hours, now gone for ever;
And whilst the bitter tear-drops fall,
At once my soul and reason sever!

TO

A LADY

ON HER BIRTH DAY.

BY THE REV. W. BELOE.

KEEN blows the wind, and biting rains descend;
Boy! let the cheerful log improve the fire:
Here too, invite my fair, my lovely friend;
Meanwhile, from yon sear aspin bring the lyre.

Oh, lyre belov'd! I touch thy strings in vain;
Fancy, with all her flattering dreams, is fled,
Which once, with Hope and Pleasure in her train,
Twined her gay wreaths around my youthful head.

Yet once, once more assist the Poet's art,
When Friendship calls on MARY's natal morn;
Once more, thy stronger, sweeter sounds impart,
For then, were Grace and Truth and Pity born.

Hark! Or does aught beguile the listening ear?
Or does the lyre assist the Poet's art?
A softer minstrelsy I seem to hear,
Strains, not unworthy ev'n of MARY's heart.

Whilst Grace and Truth and Pity's self are dear,
Which shine in MARY's form, and MARY's breast,
The Muse shall own, in each revolving year,
The kindred sounds by Friendship's voice exprest.

Boy! hang my lyre on yon sear branch again;
Youth may be gone, but Fancy is not dead!
MARY attends, nor disapproves the strain;
One myrtle sprig shall yet adorn my head.

SONG.

NOV. 22, 1743.

BY THE LATE OSMOND BEAUVOIR, LL.D.

WHO DIED JULY 1, 1789*.

WHEN by Stour's gentle current I breath'd the soft flute
To Chloe's sweet accents, Attention sat mute;
How charming its tone, as I swell'd the soft strain
To her voice, or return'd it in echoes again!
Little Cupid beat time, and the Graces around
Taught with even divisions to vary the sound.

From my Chloe remov'd when I bid it complain,
And warble sweet numbers to soothe love-sick pain,
How unmeaning its tone, as the rising notes grow!
And the soft-falling measures insipidly flow!
I will play then no more; for 'tis her voice alone,
Fills with raptures my soul, and enlivens the tone!

* See Gent. Mag. Vol. LIX. p. 672, 761.

TO A YOUNG LADY *.

And have I then planted the briars of Care
Where the roses of Pleasure should flourish alone?
Ah sure, when I wounded a bosom so fair,
Each tenderer feeling had fled from my own!

——No—they had not indeed—for I vow, I protest,
By the shrine of those beauties so nearly divine,
That the tortures I heedlessly gave to *her* breast,
Pierc'd deeper, and sharper, and keener to *mine*.

How I started—when tears filled her soft flowing eyes
Like diamonds of dew, on the forehead of day.
And oh! how I wish'd that my amorous sighs,
Like the panting of Zephyr, could kiss them away.

Yet she could not be angry—she could not, I know,
Did she see how forlorn, how dejected I lie;
How round me the night breezes chillily blow,
How fast fall the dews from the comfortless sky!

* Whom the author had offended by the accidental revival of some melancholy recollections.

And, I'm sure, could she guess half the sorrow I felt,
Not a shade of resentment could tincture her mind.
But her bosom would learn in compassion to melt,
And pardon offence, which I never design'd.

And I'm sure that a being so soft and so pure,
Could forgive in a moment, though vex'd for awhile.
And I'm sure—no, I'm not—but I wish I were sure,
That my song will be paid—by a sweet little smile!

P****.

TO ——.

WHILE thus my thoughts their softest sense express,
And strive to make the tedious hours seem less;
Say, shall these lines the name I hide impart,
And point their author to my Cynthia's heart?
Will she by correspondent friendship own,
A verse the muse directs to her alone?
Dear object of a care, whose fond excess
No studied forms of language can express!
How vain those arts, which vulgar cares controul,
To banish thy remembrance from my soul,
Which fixt and constant to its favourite theme,
In spite of time and distance, is the same:
Still feels thy absence equally severe,
Nor tastes, without thee, a delight sincere.
Now cold Aquarius rules the frozen sky,
And, with pale horrors, strikes the chearless eye:
Sooth'd by the melancholy gloom, I rove,
With lonely footsteps, through the silent grove,
While sullen clouds the face of heav'n invest,
And, in rude murmurs, howls the bleak north-east.

Ev'n there thy image rises to my sight,
And gilds the shade with momentary light:
Its magic power transforms the wintry scene,
And, gay as Eden, blooms the faded plain.
From solitude to busy crowds I fly,
And there each wild amusement idly try;
Where laughing Folly sports in various play,
And leads the chorus of the young and gay.
But here the Fancy only takes a part,
The giddy Mirth ne'er penetrates my heart,
Which cold, unmov'd by all I hear or see,
Steals from the circle to converse with thee.
To calm philosophy I next retire,
And seek the joys her sacred arts inspire;
Renounce the frolicks of unthinking youth
To court the more engaging charms of truth.
With Plato, soar on Contemplation's wing,
And trace perfection to th' eternal spring:
Observe the vital emanation flow,
That animates each fair degree below,
Whence order, elegance, and beauty move
Each finer sense, that tunes the mind to love;
Whence all that harmony and fire that join
To form a temper, and a soul like thine.
Thee, through each different track my thoughts pursue,
Thy lov'd idea ever meets my view;
Of every joy, of every wish, a part,
And rules each varying motion of my heart.

May angels guard thee with distinguish'd care
And every blessing be my Cynthia's share.
Through flowery paths may she securely tread,
By Fortune follow'd, and by Virtue led:
While health and ease in every look express
The glow of beauty, and the calm of peace.
Let one bright sun-shine form life's vernal day,
And clear and smiling be its evening ray.
Late may she feel the softest pangs of death,
As roses droop beneath a Zephyr's breath;
Thus gently fading, peaceful rest in earth
'Till the glad spring of Nature's second birth,
Then quit the transient winter of the tomb
To rise, and flourish in immortal bloom.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY

IN AUTUMN, 1801.

HAIL, deadly Autumn, and thy fading leaf,
I love thee drear and gloomy as thou art;
Not joyful Spring, like thee, can soften grief,
Nor gaudy Summer soothe the aching heart,
But in thy cheerless solitary bower,
Beneath the varied shade, I love to lie,
When dusky Evening's melancholy hour,
With boding clouds, obscures the low'ring sky,
And tuneless birds and fading flowers appear,
In grief to hang their heads, and mourn the parting year.

'Tis not the gloomy sky, the parting year;
'Tis not the Winter's dreary reign I mourn,
But absent friends—and *one* than life more dear,
And joys departed never to return!
O gentle Hope, that 'mid Siberia's snows,
Can cheer the wretched exile's lingering year,
And where the sun on cursed Oppression glows,
Can check the sigh, and wipe the falling tear,
Thy gentle care—thy succour I implore,
O raise thy heavenly voice, and bid me weep no more.

Thou hear'st my prayer—I feel thy holy flame—
And future joys in bright succession rise,
And mutual love and friendship—sacred name!
And home and all the blessings that I prize.
Thou, Memory, lendst thy aid, and to my view
Each friend I love, and every scene most dear,
In forms more bright than ever painter drew,
Fresh from thy pencil's magic tint appear.
Roll on, ye lingering hours, that lie between,
'Till Truth shall realize, and Virtue bless the scene.

R.

ODE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF LUIS DE RIACHAELO.

TO INÉS DE GUETE.

DEAREST, would'st thou but believe
A heart that knows not to deceive,
Alas, nor longer free:
That faithful heart should truly tell
The secret charm, the tender spell,
That bound it first to thee!

'Tis not, that cradled in thine eyes
The baby Love, for ever lies
On couches dipt in dew.
'Tis not because those eyes have won
Their temper'd light from April's sun,
From Heav'n—their tints of blue!

'Tis not that o'er a bank of snow
Thy parted tresses lightly flow
In bands of braided gold;
Nor yet because the hand of Grace
Has form'd that dear enchanting face
In Beauty's happier mould.

No—dearest, no—but, from my soul,
It was a little smile that stole
The cherish'd sweets of rest.
And, ever since, from morn till night,
That little smile still haunts my sight
In dimples gaily drest.

E'en now, by Fancy's eyes are seen
The polish'd rows that break between
Two lips that breathe of May.
E'en now—but oh—by Passion taught,
Young Fancy forms too bold a thought
For timid love to say.

Yet, dearest, would'st thou but believe
A heart that knows not to deceive,
Alas, nor longer free;
'Twould tell thee thou could'st ne'er impart
A smile of thine to cheer a heart
More truly bound to thee!

'Twould beg, with a beseeching sigh,
One glance from Pity's meaning eye
Its every pang to pay.
'Twould hint, perchance, at happier hours,
When Hope may strew her fairy flowers
O'er Life's bewildered way.

Yet—should my days in sorrow flow,
Nor Fortune's loitering hand bestow
A single boon to me,
The frowns of Care I'd bravely meet,
And never deem my woes complete
'Till banish'd far from thee!

P * * * *.

The best account of Riachaelo, and his far-famed mistress, is to be found in the 2d edition of his works, printed at Madrid, in 4to. 1601, pag. 22—37.

STANZAS,

BY THE LATE SIR GREY COOPER.

PART THE FIRST.

The subject of the first part of the following stanzas is taken from an unfinished Latin poem, De Principiis Cogitandi.—*The fragments of this sublime and elegant composition are preserved in* The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray.

——PROPTER AMOREM
QUOD TE IMITARI AVEO.——

SAGE LOCKE! thy spirit I invoke,
Deep searcher of the human mind;
The last best oracle that spoke
Reason and truth to all mankind.

Teach me to understand the laws
Which form, and keep in just controul,
(Directed by the Great First Cause,)
The Body's union with the Soul.

Thro' Nature's complicated frame,
  Tell, how the thrilling Nerves convey
Perception's animating flame,
  To light the tenement of clay *:

How the five Ministers of sense,
  With power distinct and separate train,
Approach the Mind's high residence,
  Within the fortress of the brain:

How when the least alarm they feel,
  Quick notice passes to the throne,
How to the Judgment they appeal †,
  Each by an influence of his own:

The TOUCH all-tremblingly awake
  Pervades and agitates the whole;
The EAR sends eloquence to shake,
  And harmony to sooth, the soul.

VISION, great commanding power,
  Beauty presents, and grace displays;
SMELL incense draws from every flower;
  TASTE its delicious homage pays.

* ——O'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
DRYDEN's Absalom and Achitophel.

† The senses improvable by the judgment.

As from far-distant mountains' sides
  Rivers descend, and thro' the plain
Winding their way, with different tides
  All rush into the mighty main;

The once obsequious, courtly SEINE,
  Mournful and sullen passes by
The walls, where wildest factions reign,
  And hold their power by anarchy:

The VISTULA indignant runs,
  Her foaming cataracts, as they fall,
Deplore the fate of POLAND'S sons,
  And loud on Heaven for justice call:

From regions near the rising day,
  GANGES, *no longer Indian* *, rolls;
Proud of CORNWALLIS, and the sway
  Of BRITISH laws, of BRITISH souls:

THAMES, rising from the purest spring,
  To rule the commerce of the sea,
Views, as he flows, A PATRIOT KING,
  A HAPPY REALM, a PEOPLE FREE.

* Where TIBER, now no longer ROMAN, rolls,
Proud of ITALIAN arts, ITALIAN souls.

DUNCIAD, 4th Book.

The Sovereign, who the trident bears,
  Receives them all with gracious mein;
Each tribute takes, each murmur hears,
  Reclin'd in majesty serene:

So the Ideas, from their source,
  By different ways and channels, find
The destin'd object of their course,
  The great Sensorium of the Mind.

STANZAS.

PART THE SECOND.

ONCE more, great Priest of Truth divine!
I come with reverential awe
To view, unfolded at thy shrine,
The mysteries of Nature's law:

The Mind's recesses to explore,
The secrets of the heart to scan,
And, led by metaphysic lore,
Survey the inward state of Man:

To learn how, when the body sleeps,
And motionless each fibre seems;
Fancy within her revels keeps,
And the dark chamber paints with dreams:

When Judgment nods upon his throne,
And Conscience even retires to rest;
When every sense has lost its tone,
And all discerning powers suppress;

Save that by fits, the watchful Nerves
  Start at the visions as they pass,
And Memory some faint forms preserves,
  Group'd in disorder on her glass.

Thus, when from heaven the sun declines,
  And twilight lingeringly expires,
The glow-worm in the valley shines,
  And shows its ineffectual fires.

Close in her prison-house immur'd,
  Does then the Soul in sleep repose;
And, her ethereal light obscur'd,
  The *energy of thinking lose?*

Yet pause—and, checking her career,
  Let Science stop, where *Reason* ends,
To all beyond * that nice barrier,
  The higher power of *Faith* extends.

Enough to know, that thro' this life,
  The Spirit, doom'd her load to bear,
Must, after all their mutual strife,
  The fate of her associate share.

* 'Twixt that and Reason what a nice barrier,
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near.

ESSAY on MAN, 1st Book.

If with fair Temperance she dwell,
Where Virtue purifies the blood,
Where no bold passions dare rebel,
Nor guilt invade the calm abode;

Then the bright essence of the Mind,
Thro' every limb divinely wrought,
And all the outward form refin'd,
The *body seems inspir'd with thought:*

But, to the gross material frame
Shou'd Vice her influence impart;
Shou'd sensual lusts extinguish shame,
And habit blunt the conscious heart;

Th' immortal part infected grows,
The Soul *imbodies and imbrutes* *,
Till the degraded Being lose
All her celestial attributes.

Yet when life's hard probation's o'er,
And nature has her trial stood;
When minds and bodies change no more,
The pure in heart shall see their God.

* From MILTON's Mask of Comus.

And yon proud impious band, combin'd
From Heaven the thunderbolt to wrest,
May, when their crimes are finish'd, find
That *death is not eternal rest* *.

* The Jacobins proposed a decree, that *death is only eternal sleep.*

EPITAPH ON COWPER.

HERE, where thought no more devours,
Rests the Poet and the Man;
Life, with all its subtle powers,
Ending where it first began.

Stranger, if thou lov'st a tear,
Weep thee o'er his death awhile:
If thine eye would still be clear,
Think upon his life and smile.

J. H. L. HUNT.

SERENADE.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

THE gale breathes soft, the moon's pale beam,
Light-trembles on the murmuring stream;
And while her vigils Silence keeps,
From sorrow free, tired Labour sleeps;
Even the poor vagrant finds repose,
Nor thinks till morning-dawn of woes;
But I, alas! the sad night long
Awake the lute, and plaintive song.

No more I strive by hardy deed
To win immortal Glory's meed—
While others snatch the palm of praise
I waste in grief the lingering days;
With pallid cheek, and sunken eye,
From all that once was lovely fly;
Tell my deep anguish to the air,
And cherish in my breast despair.

But thou, for whom in life's fair bloom,
I sink untimely to the tomb,
Thou sleep'st, my love, still be thy breast
With soft and balmy slumbers blest.
Sleep on my Clara! I must feel,
Awhile, those pains no art can heal;
But near their end in death I see,
Nor murmur, since I die for thee!

ANACREON.

ODE 9th.

TRANSLATED BY EDMUND SWIFT, ESQ.

TELL me, little darling Dove,
Whence, and whither dost thou rove?—
Whither, sprent with sweet perfume,
Speedest thou thine hasty plume?—
Tell me whom thy wings obey—
Tell me, little Dove, I pray!—

To his dear, his favorite minion,
Teia's Bard directs my pinion;—
To the Boy whose beauties fill us
All with love, the boy Bathyllus;—
Venus, on a lucky time,
Sold me to him for a rhime,
And e'er since my duty bears
All the Poet's love-affairs:—
Wafted now on ready wing,
These his billet-doux I bring,
And he gives his word that He
Soon will set his servant free.—

Yet, though he had loos'd my chain,
Would I still his Slave remain;—
Why should I desert my home,
O'er the fields, the hills to roam,
On the spreading bough to perch,
And for country victual search,
While, by kind Anacreon fed,
From his hand I peck the bread?—
While his favour bids me sip
From the cup that cheers his lip?—
When I drink, I'll dance and sing,
Shade him with my grateful wing,
And when feast and frolic tire,
Rest reposing on his Lyre.——
Now my story all you know;—
Louder than the chattering crow
Thou hast made me stretch the Lay:—
Hence depart, oh Man, I pray!—

1794.

THE HAY-FIELD,

A MORNING SCENE:

BY MISS SEWARD.

THY joys, gay Spirit of the social plain,
And useful labors, renovate my strain;
Rising, it vibrates to thy oaten reed,
And sings the artless pleasures of the mead.
No frown the Muse from Truth and Nature fears,
Tho' pale Refinement sicken as she hears.
Now is it June's bright morn, and Beauty twines
The glowing wreaths that deck her thousand shrines.
On the Lark's wing sweet music hails the day,
And o'er the sun-beam pours her liquid lay;
While the blithe Spirit of the social plain,
Leads health, and love, and gladness, in his train.
Crown'd with her pail, light rocking as she steps,
Along the fresh, moist path young Lucy trips;
The rustic vest is from her ancle drawn,
Yet catches many a dew-drop of the lawn.
Warm on her downy cheek health's deepest glow,
While from her eyes its lavish lustres flow,

And in her voice its wildly-warbled song
Floats, and returns, the echoing glades among.
Her nut-brown tresses wanton on the gale;
Her breath perfumes afresh the blossom'd vale.
Nine blooming Maidens meet her in the grove,
And ask, and tell the tender tale of love.
With their prone fork a mystic scroll they frame,
Tracing on sand the heart-recorded name.
O'er each bar'd shoulder hangs the idle rake,
And busy fancy paints the coming wake.
But from the lip th' unfinish'd periods break,
And Joy's warm blushes deeper tinge the cheek;
For see th' expected Youths, in vigor's pride,
Stoutly are striding down the mountain's side;
O'er the swift brook, at once, they lightly bound,
And gay good-morrows thro' the fields resound.
  And now is Labor busy in the dale;
The cow stands duteous by the cleanly pail,
Where the rich milk descends in eddying tides,
Pure as the virgin hands thro' which it glides.
  The Youths, with short'ning arm, and bending head,
Sweep their bright scythes along the shiver'd mead.
Three blithesome Maids the grassy plunder shake;
Three draw, with gentle hand, the thrifty rake,
And three, mid carol sweet, and jocund tale,
Scatter the breathing verdure to the gale.
  Where yonder cottages' ascending smoke,
In spiral columns, wreaths the sun-gilt oak,

The careful Parents of the Village dwell,
And mix the savory pottage in the cell.
Their little rosy girls, and boys, prepare
The steaming breakfast thro' the vale to bear.
  See, with pleas'd looks, gay Ceres' happy Train
Watch their young Donors, loaded on the plain;
Inhale the grateful fumes, that round them rise,
Mark their slow, heedful step, and earnest eyes;
The chubby hands, that grasp the earthen rim,
Where health's warm viand rises to the brim.
  Light on the new-shorn bank recline the Band,
And take the present from the willing hand.
With eager appetite, and poignant taste,
Thank the kind Bearers, and enjoy the feast.
  Yon tall, white spire, that rises 'mid the trees,
Courting, with gilded vane, the passing breeze,
A peal, far heard, sends merry down the dale,
The notes triumphant tell a bridal tale.
Its hallow'd green-sod the swift river laves,
Dark alders trembling o'er the sunny waves.
The ripling flood receives each measur'd round,
Mellowing the shrillness of the silver sound.
  Our youthful Lovers hail the jocund noise,
And Hope anticipates *their* bridal joys;
Pours all her magic influence o'er the scene,
Laughs in their eyes, and animates their mien.
Sportive their little friends around them rove,
And all is frolic, innocence, and love.

May equal joys the varying year adorn,
And gild the labors of each future morn;
Whether the wanton Hours, that lead the Spring,
Catch the translucent rain-drops from her wing;
Or zoneless Summer, flaunting o'er the meads,
Consummate bloom, and richest fragrance sheds;
Or auburn Autumn, from her full lap, throws
The mellow fruit upon the bending boughs;
Or Winter, with his dark relentless train,
Wind, snow, and sleet, shall desolate the plain,
Howl round the hill, and, as the river raves,
In drear stagnation warp th' arrested waves.
O may the days of bloom, and ripeness, find
Such joys the meed of each untainted mind;
And, in the rage of the severer hours,
May balmy Comfort, with assuasive powers,
Present the stores, by former toil amass'd,
Pile the warm hearth, and spread the neat repast:
Bid sport, and song, prepare the gladsome rite;
Then smooth the pillow thro' the stormy night.
Thus Health and Love the varying year shall crown,
While Truth and Nature smile, tho' pale Refinement frown.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWEL.

BY DR. OGILVIE.

HARK! the holla that calls us away!
Tom, fill up a bumper in haste:
While the ship lies unmoor'd in the bay,
Let us drink to the days that are past.

Let us drink, jolly boys, ere we part,
To our mates that carouse on the shore;
To the Friend, whom we lodge in our heart;
To the Nymph whom we prize as our store.

Adieu to the hut in the vale,
To the secret recess of the grove;
To old Ned, with October so stale;
To Molly the maid of my love;

To the joys of the feast, and the glass,
Where Beauty displays all her charms;
To the song, and the buxom young lass
That melts at the sound in your arms.

See the mainsail that floats on the wind,
Hark! they heave up the anchor!—Gee ho!
Our friends stand assembled behind;
While the shores all re-echo—hillo!

Let the heart of each Briton rejoice,
At the shouts that resound from the main;
'Tis the Spirit of England, brave boys,
That swells in the slow-rolling strain.

Farewel to our dear native home,
And our sweet little pastimes of yore;
O'er the wide-spreading ocean we roam,
And may see the old hamlet no more.

Yet the heart of a sailor can feel
For his friend's, for his country's repose;
To these it presents the smooth peel,
And the rough oak beneath,—to their foes.

Free Lords of the Ocean we steer,
In commerce supreme, as in war;
To the Nations we speak without fear,
Let the Monsieurs contend—if they dare.

We'll bring, with your monkeys so gay,
In frolic akin, as in face,
Some spruce little Frenchman to play,
And give each—*the fraternal embrace!*

Ye breezes, blow fair from the land!
—Thou Power on all nature impress'd,
Who holdst the wild winds in thine hand;
O smooth the rough billows to rest!

They fill the loose sails as they glide:
The landscape recedes from the view:
In our broad wake, we furrow the tide.
—Ye shores of Old England, adieu!

THE LYRE.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd,
Down the green, retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn ALCÆUS wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale:
Hopeless sorrow o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And stamp'd on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Coldly, carelessly he flung;
And, in spirit deep dejected,
Thus the pensive poet sung;
While at midnight's solemn noon
Sweetly shone the smiling moon,
And all the stars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

" Lyre! O, Lyre! my chosen treasure,
" Solace of my bleeding heart;
" Lyre! O, Lyre! my only pleasure,
" We must now for ever part:

" 'Tis in vain thy poet sings,
" Wooes in vain thine heavenly strings,
" The muse's wretched sons are born
" To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

" That which ALEXANDER sigh'd for,
" That which CÆSAR's soul possess'd,
" That which Heroes, Kings have died for,
" Glory!—animates my breast:
" Hark! the charging trumpets' throats
" Pour their death-defying notes;
" To arms!" they call; to arms I fly,
" Like WOLFE to conquer—and like WOLFE to die!

" Soft!—the blood of murder'd legions
" Summons vengeance from the skies;
" Flaming towns, and ravaged regions,
" All in awful judgement rise!
—" O then, innocently brave,
" I will wrestle with the wave;
" Lo! commerce spreads the daring sail,
" And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

" Blow, ye breezes!—gently blowing,
" Waft me to that happy shore,
" Where, from fountains ever flowing,
" Indian realms their treasures pour;
" Thence returning, poor in health,
" Rich in honesty and wealth,

" O'er thee, my dear paternal soil!
" I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil."

" Then shall Misery's sons and daughters,
" In their lowly dwellings sing;
—" Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
" Undiscover'd as their spring,
" I will scatter, o'er the land,
" Blessings with a secret hand;
—" For such angelic tasks design'd,
" I give my Lyre and sorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary
Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
Sigh'd, and told the simple story
Of the patriarch of trees;
High in air his harp he hung,
Now no more to rapture strung;
Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Hark!—the Lyre enchants the wind;
Fond ALCÆUS listens, lingers,
—Lingering, listening, looks behind!
Now the music mounts on high,
Sweetly swelling through the sky;
To every tone, with tender heat,
His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
Soft in ecstacies expire;
Gods! with what romantic feeling
Poor ALCÆUS grasps the lyre!
Lo! his furious hand he flings,
In a tempest, o'er the strings;
He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
'Tis JOVE that scatters lightning from a cloud!

"Lyre! O, Lyre! my chosen treasure,
"Solace of my bleeding heart;
"Lyre! O, Lyre! my only pleasure,
—"We will never, never part!
"Glory, Commerce, now in vain,
"Tempt me to the field, the main;
"The muse's sons are blest, though born
"To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"What, if all the world neglect me,
"Shall my haughty soul repine?
"And shall poverty deject me
"While this hallow'd lyre is mine?
"Heaven—that o'er my helpless head,
"Many a wrathful vial shed,
—"Heaven gave this lyre!—and thus decreed,
"Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken*, reed!"

ALCÆUS.

MARCH 3, 1801.

THE CONSOLATION.

BY A SUBALTERN IN THE ARMY.

When the silver-clad Empress of night
In the ether suspended is seen,
The swift-footed Fairies delight
To revel and dance on the green.

So lightly they pass and repass—
They scarcely disturb as they tread
The dew that bespangles the grass,
And beams on the Primroses head.

But of pleasure, how short is the stay—
Like a shadow it comes and it goes:
And the light-hearted Fairies by day
In the cups of the Cowslip repose.

There, screen'd from the Sun's garish light,
They sleep undisturb'd and unseen;
But the Owlet shall wake them at night,
And again they shall dance on the green.

Tho' transient their *pleasure* may seem—
'Tis still unattended with care!
But Man's, is no more than a dream—
And his hope is the child of despair.

Grief smitten alas! and forlorn
He thinks of himself with a sigh,
And seems as if purposely born
To sorrow, alone, and to die.

Awhile in submission to fate
He bows to the rude blowing blast;
Then sinks from this turbulent state—
Forgetful of all that is past—

And is there no World of repose
For such as may suffer in *This*,—
Where freed from the pressure of woes
They may smile in the fulness of bliss?

Yes, yes, there are regions we know
By Saints and by Seraphs possest,
Where the *broken* in spirit shall go
And the *Weary* be welcom'd to rest!

LINES,

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF THE WORKS OF A CHINESE AUTHOR.

No—Time's o'erwhelming tide bears no controul,
But rules the varying world from pole to pole.
The humble cottage, and the princely pile,
The warrior's glory, and the sage's toil,
Feel the cold tyrant's desolating power,
Their beauties moulder, fade, and are no more.

Nor Time alone usurps despotic sway,
Change but the scene, our triumph fades away.
On Chili's coast, the savage heir of fame
Feels no warm transport wait on Shakespeare's name;
Tho' flattering bards successful guilt would crown,
And millions bled to swell his proud renown;
How few, how very few, have learn'd to trace
Imperial Cæsar's course in glory's race:
And Newton's name on Tenglio's frozen bound,
Dies on the ear—an unregarded sound.

Haply on China's shore the studious sage,
Whose learned labour wrought that figur'd page,
Big with the hopes of triumph and applause,
Saw distant nations listen to his laws,
Proud to embrace the lessons of his school,
His works their wisdom, and his life their rule;
And heard (in Fancy's dream) his favour'd name,
To all mankind proclaim'd by partial fame.
Vain hope! his volumes grace a foreign coast,
Their beauties veil'd—his anxious labour lost,
His fame embraces (Hope's delusions flown)
A petty province, or a nameless town.

Fain would my eye, did Fate permit, explore
The magic labours of thy mystic lore.
Perhaps thy mind, remote from human storms,
Pursu'd the soul thro' all her varying forms;
Taught with resistless force the mighty theme
How mind, first issuing from the great Supreme,
In varied forms, in earth, in sea, and sky,
As Nature wills—fulfils her destiny.
Now in the ambient element of air,
That purer essence which immortals share,
High on the circle of the watery bow
She marks the pictur'd universe below:
What mingling tints the lessening plains adorn
As twilight softens, or reveals the morn;

What deepening shade the mass of mountains forms
As wave the forests to the winter storms.
Then thro' the circuit of the worlds of light,
Thro' fields unfathom'd by material sight,
She sees afar the blazing Comet climb
His wandering orbit of unmeasur'd time;
O'er half Creation spread his lucid tire,
And zone the planets with a chain of fire.
Now, in another form, she cleaves the main,
To view the wonders of its tyrant reign;
Complacent sees, within the coral cave,
Diamonds and gold, the sport of every wave;
Riches, to glut the Miser's sordid mind,
Here left to rest—in mercy to mankind.

But lo! another state awaits her still,
A mingled scene, compos'd of good and ill—
Here Pain prepares to throw her poison'd dart;
There Pleasure waits to shield the suffering heart;
Here lurks Disease to taint the springs of life;
There rosy Health maintains the doubtful strife;
Here tyrant Man condemns to hopeless gloom,
A dungeon's darkness, and a ling'ring doom,
Him, whom Humanity is proud to own,
The bold defender of her injur'd throne;—
Yet mild Benevolence, with angel eye,
Enters these haunts of want and misery,

Eager the hopes of comfort to reveal,
And ease the wound, that she can never heal.

Her changeful wanderings, and her conflicts past,
The happy Spirit rests in bliss at last—
Freed from the chain of Misery's baneful band,
Her prospects brighten, and her views expand,
Until by Pain from guilt and vice refin'd,
At length absorb'd in that eternal Mind
Whose essence spread the sea, the air, the earth,
And call'd the wondering universe to birth,
Her term complete, she joins the mighty whole,
Commingled with the Universal Soul.

Or did thy toilsome labours, injur'd Sage,
Paint the bold heroes of a former age;
The hosts, that foremost for their country stood,
And seal'd her liberties with willing blood?
Or did thy penetrating glance survey
The rise of empires, and their swift decay?
Or with congenial labour learn to scan
That little troubled world—the heart of man,
Trace the fine springs whence Pain and Pleasure flow,
The source of Mirth, of Transport, and of Woe?
O sacred Sage! whate'er thy studious aim
Hath wrought for general good, or private fame,
Fain would my mind thy generous toil explore,
And draw instruction even from China's shore;

But vain the wish—for dark Oblivion's gloom
Invades thy page where countless charms may bloom,
Fancy a dream of brilliant hues may feign,
But Curiosity must sigh in vain.—

So when at eve, fair Regent of the night!
On G——rs banks I shar'd thy silver light,
Imagination, on excursive wing,
Would paint the raptures of thy fancied spring;
Would see what forms thy pensile orb possess;
What spotless spirits, heirs of endless bliss!
Till Fancy griev'd to change the angelic themes
For earthly passions and terrestrial dreams.

If cold Oblivion wrap each honour'd bust,
If Fate thus lay our proudest hopes in dust,
Is Fame the phrenzy of the maniac's brain?
Has Bacon thought? Has Hampden bled in vain?
Must man, the insect of a summer's day,
But look around the world—then sink away?
Not such the mandate of his birth was given,
" Go—meet the storms of life by Passion driven;
" By Hope beguil'd, and wrung by rancorous hate,
" (Such was the mandate of eternal Fate)
" But not unaided to the strife you go,
" For Reason's buckler shields you from the foe:
" As down the stream of Happiness you glide,
" Truth is your friend, Philanthropy your guide.

" Then let not self absorb the soul sublime,
" Dart the keen glance on every future time.
" Man acts not for himself—his every deed
" Draws the long chain of actions that succeed:
" As o'er the lake the widening rings expand,
" When drops the pebble from the infant's hand,
" Even so thro' every clime, thro' every age,
" His virtues bloom, his vice protracts its rage;
" On every side, with undiminish'd force,
" The impulse of his actions bursts its course.

" So, if a random spark should hovering pass
" Where hush'd in slumber rests the nitrous mass,
" From grain to grain the madd'ning tempest springs,
" Dire Devastation claps her iron wings;
" Soon the infuriate thunder spurns controul,
" And spires, and fanes, and towers in ruin roll."

Then let not Reason droop, tho' cold decay
May seize the toil of many an anxious day;
Even from the wandering themes of thoughtless youth
Some noble mind may catch the spark of truth;
Some straggling beam may wake the pensive mind
To grace the world, and dignify mankind—
And if, misled by love of vulgar praise,
My feet should tread Ambition's thorny ways,
Straight thy neglected page I shall explore,
Recal thy fate, and dream of fame no more;

But learn to draw, from Reason's warning voice,
A purer motive, and a nobler choice.—

Haste then, blest Sage! on airy pinions move,
And bear these tidings to D———d grove.
Say, tho' a dusky veil the treasures hide,
Which many an hour of holy toil supplied,
That even the mystic darkness scatter'd round,
Shall Fancy hallow as thrice-sacred ground.
Shed Inspiration o'er the haunted bowers,
Then wing thy way to join thy kindred powers.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

BY MR. MAUNDE.

GAZE not, my friend, on Celia's eye,
Where thousand loves in ambush wait;
Now, while thou can'st, the danger fly,
Nor dare, like me, to tempt thy fate.

Those charms I view'd in luckless hour,
Awe struck, as Persians at the sun;
My bosom own'd their instant power,
I did but look, and was undone.

So through the air with winged force
And deadly aim the bullet flies;
Although unseen its trackless course,
The warrior feels it, and he dies.

THE FAIR MANIAC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PEASANT'S FATE."

ALACK! my sweet ladies*! your anguish I see:
O dry up that tear!—Did you shed it for me?—
D'ye miss the carnation, that bloom'd on my cheek?
The ringlet, that play'd on my shoulder so sleek?—
The blue-bell, that flourish'd so fair in my eye;
And dimples, where Rapture and Innocence lie?
Fear not! tho' my fond heart now flutters and burns;
All *these* will return when my lover returns.

For, you know, I've a lover—but far, far away;
Vast seas roll between us, and wild tempests sway!
Alone, in the wilderness, thoughtful he roves,
Or plucks the gilt citron in India's gay groves:—
O spare him, ye tigers, that crouch in the shade!
Ye serpents, that hiss in the untrodden glade!
He ne'er will prove faithless, wherever he be;
His affections are fix'd—he has fix'd them on me.

* These stanzas were occasioned by a visit of some of the author's female friends to an unfortunate and beautiful young lady in Bedlam.

Then why did he wander, and leave me behind?—
Inconstant and fickle, as ocean or wind!
Indeed it was cruel to cause me to mourn:—
Why—why should my parents forbid his return?
But softly!—His promise he'll never forget,
When he bade me farewel in the garden so sweet—
Yes—yes! he'll return, and he'll crown me his queen,
With a garland of myrtle and jessamine green.

O, dear! I'm so pale that you know me not now;
The roses are faded that wav'd on my brow,
While the lily alone on my cheek is display'd,
And my heart sinks adown with its sorrows o'erweigh'd!
But ah! I forgot!—Did you ask me my name?
I've *chang'd* it—'Tis LOVELY—now call me the same.
Poor LOVELY!—Mind that, in the moment of glee,
And check your gay pastimes to think upon me!

Yet when shall I see your sweet faces again?—
Your LOVELY will shortly be rid of her pain;
Again the carnation shall bloom on her cheek;
The ringlet shall play on her shoulder so sleek;
The blue-bell shall flourish afresh in her eye,
Which tears of young rapture shall amply supply;
And, though her fond bosom now flutters and burns,
You'll all wish her joy when her lover returns!

THE SERAPH.

AN ODE.

WHEN Nature bursts the gelid spell,
Prepar'd in Winter's polar dell,
Where shades unblest for ever moan
Around the tyrant's ice-pil'd throne,
To the pure spirit of the Spring
I ope the portals of the skies,
While, from her sun-illumin'd wing
She waves the gales of Paradise;
Her beaming eye, of azure hue,
Shines thro' the dim receding storm,
While clouds, fill'd with ambrosial dew,
Serenely float around her form!

My breath expands the new-sprung flowers
That scent the breeze in myrtle bowers,
As wide I spread my guardian wing
To shield the infancy of Spring.
In blushing wreaths, for Nature's brow,
The olive and the rose I weave;
While, on each zephyr-shaken bough,
The moon beam lights the tears of eve.

I guide thro' the etherial maze,
From spheres of pure eternal light,
Yon star, whose trembling lustre plays
Thro' the dim shadowy form of night.

I hover o'er the twilight dell,
Near Contemplation's mossy cell,
To pour upon the rising winds
The hymns that charm seraphic minds.
When Genius sheds her kindling beam,
To wake the ardent soul of fire,
I aid the young enthusiast's dream,
Lur'd from above by Fancy's lyre.
While Hope for him unfolds her bower,
My warblings fill the blest abode;
Pure as the transports of the hour,
When infant spirits hail their God.

I guard the hallow'd turf-built dome,
The cottager's sequester'd home;
Where pure Religion holds her reign,
Nor dreams of Superstition's chain.
When grateful vespers float on high,
Rais'd o'er the altar of the Even,
I smite my harp in ecstasy,
To hear on earth the songs of heaven.
When artless bosoms own the fire,
That burns on rapt Devotion's shrine,
I list, while Mercy's golden lyre
Awakes the energies divine.

Borne on the pinions of the gale,
That breath'd delight thro' Eden's vale,
I watch'd at eve the sacred grove,
Far from my seraph throne above:
  But when the reign of terror came,
Shrieking I fled the scenes below,
  While Nature, thro' her mighty frame,
Trembled in convulsive woe.
  And when the erring wanderers fled
O'er many a tempest-shaken hill,
  I pour'd my wild notes o'er their head,
They smil'd and thought it Eden still.

But now, while storm-vext surges roar,
And dash their proud heads on the shore,
As ruthless demons madly tear
The chaplet from the ripening year;
  From earth I wing my rapid flight
O'er Ruin's time-defying tower,
  To bask in silver rays of light,
O'ershaded by some lunar bower.
  And there I sweep the trembling string,
Responsive to the songs sublime,
  My kindred spirits love to sing,
Soothing the aged breast of Time.

ADELINE.

XIMENA AND THE CID.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN,

Ximena is melted in tears;
Sad and silent the beautiful stands;
Her lord must away to the wars,
The danger his presence demands.

Ximena she dar'd not oppose;
His duty, she knew, was his guide—
Yet 'twas early the lover to lose,
Who so lately had call'd her his bride.

Her anguish she strove to constrain,
But her anguish it would have its way,
And thus it broke forth in a vein
Of the truest and wildest dismay.

" Oh! why was I nobly descended?
" And why am I nobly allied?
" The peasant, by wars unoffended,
" Is a stranger to fear and to pride.

" How happy the wife of the swain!
" Whose husband ne'er glitters in arms!
" Though he toils all the day in the plain,
" Yet at night he returns to her arms.

" Then how tranquil the slumber she knows!
" Frightful dreams never trouble her rest,
" Or if any thing breaks her repose,
" 'Tis the infant that clings to her breast.

" Sweet babe! she can silence his cries
" With the nurture her bosom affords,
" And can reconcile sleep to his eyes
" With her kisses and soft-sounding words!

" Then what joys does the sabbath prepare!
" How neat is her Sunday array!
" How lively and light is her air,
" As she follows the church path to pray!

" And many a neighbour she meets,
" And converses with age and with youth:
" Much she hears, and in turn she repeats
" Her Colin's affection and truth."

The Cid, who with anguish had heard
His Ximena thus wildly complain,
Now swore by the cross on his sword
That he soon would be with her again.

Believe me, Ximena, our hearts
With mutual anxiety burn;
For the battle thy lover departs,
To conquer! and then to return!

V. D'A.

EPIGRAM.

A HAMPER I receiv'd, of wine,
As good, Dick says, as e'er was tasted—
And Dick may be suppos'd to know,
For he contriv'd his matters so,
As every day with me to dine
Much longer than the liquor lasted:—
If such are presents—while I live
Oh! let me not *receive*—but *give*.

* *

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO MISS K. B.

AUG. 1776.

BY MISS BRYDGES.

FROM rural scenes, where peace and quiet dwell,
Where no beaux flatter, and where shines no belle,
Where books and work our harmless hours employ,
And a calm ramble is our highest joy;
What can my friend expect? I strive in vain:
No lively thoughts can all my efforts gain.
Yet still one truth these stupid lines may prove,
How much my Kitty shares her Anna's love!
When musing o'er the lonely scenes I stray,
Or to fair Denton bend my pensive way;
The mirthful scenes, that lately charm'd our eyes,
Lovely and gay at Fancy's call arise;
Again I weave the dance to music's sound;
Again I gaily trip the giddy round:
Thoughtless and blythe I join the jocund train,
Or smiling listen to soft flattery's strain.
While in my mind these gay ideas rise,
Some melancholy object strikes my eyes;

Or in the vale Devotion's humble shrine *
Recalls my thoughts, and points at truths divine;
This world's vain glory fades before my sight,
And my thoughts rise to realms of purer light.
  Yet still the chosen few my mind approves,
Whom my fond soul with utmost ardour loves,
Cling round my heart:—with them I trace the plains,
Or rise to scenes, where endless pleasure reigns.
Amid this band my Kitty's form appears,
Artless and innocent as infant years.
Oh! may no pangs that gentle breast e'er rend!
Still as thyself sincere be every friend!
Far, far from thee be keen Misfortune's dart;
And no sharp sorrow ever touch thy heart!
  Oft, as returning at the close of day,
By some lone cot I take my silent way,
Where 'midst the frowns of want, disgrace, and pain,
Calm-ey'd Content maintains her peaceful reign;
Where cheerful Age enjoys the balmy air;
Or some fond mother tends her infant care;
More bright to me these humble forms appear,
Than Pleasure's votaries in their mad career!
  Farewell, my friend, to every virtue dear!
May thy joys brighten with each added year!
Mayst thou on earth with heaven's best gifts be blest;
Then full of days and honours sink to rest!

* Denton Church.

TO ——.

BY MR. P. L. COURTIER.

SAY not, lady, that those smiles
  Do not far thy thoughts outrun:
Too, too many, by such wiles
  Captive taken, are undone.

Either thou art masked, and so
  Sportest oft with others pain;
Or, inconscious, dost not know
  Thousands by thy bright eyes slain.

Ah, if all thy sweet looks say
  Were the language of thy heart!—
But, be still presumptuous lay,
  Nor tell the transport they impart.

TO IANTHE.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

BELOV'D, each anxious fear repel;
Think not that aught our hearts can sever:
Heaven knows I love thee passing well;
And knows I less can love thee never.

My soul a transient flame shall scorn:
To thee I've sworn no short-lived duty,
Like theirs whose passion beauty-born,
Still sickens and expires with beauty.

Sorrow and Pain those locks may rend
That round thy brows so graceful cluster;
Dark hues may with thy lilies blend;
And dim thine eye's expressive lustre.

Alas! 'tis true that I may see
Their rugged hands thy graces ruin,
And sad indeed, my soul will be,
With sighs their fatal progress viewing!

But thou no altered love shalt find,
Though every outward charm be flying:
More bright will shine thy angel-mind,
The powers of Pain and Grief defying!

ON A FOP TURNED EPICURE.

Saving, you say, Jack Selfish grows,
Because he's seen in shabbier clothes,
But you mistake I tell ye:—
A selfish spendthrift still is Jack,
And that which lately vamp'd his *back*,
Now goes to gorge his *belly*.

* *.

ODE ON TIME.

BY MISS SEWARD.

O'ER him, by health and fortune crown'd,
Time steals with step so fleet,
Scarce are his faint impressions found
On the gay forehead's open round,
Or shining orb of sight.

Smooth as the young Camilla, borne
With printless step and fleet
O'er plenteous fields of ripen'd corn,
Whose bending stalks the gales of morn
Bow on the passing feet.

But o'er the dim Form, press'd by woes,
He treads with heavy pace,
Sweeps his broad scythe, and as he goes
Down falls the summer pride, and shows
Worn Nature's furrow'd face.

TO CHLOE ANGRY.

BY OSMUND BEAUVOIR, LL.D.

NOV. 8, 1742.

FORGIVE, injur'd fair, this attempt to remove
The disdain, which so cruelly reigns in your breast:
What caus'd my offence was unheeding rash love;
But reason forbids, while you're angry, my rest.
Wit or beauty alone, oft compel us, in spite
Of our wisdom, to reason to quit our pretences;
But when Stella and Flavia in one Fair unite,
How the devil can any man keep in his senses?

Did you know with what sorrow, with sighs how sincere
I've lamented my crime, you would sure be more tender.
Ah! Chloe, that judge must be thought too severe
Who condemns for chance-medley th' unhappy offender.
Yet alas! such my judge, and so hard are her laws;
Must I ne'er then behold the fair charmer again?
Ne'er gaze on those eyes, and ne'er hang on that voice?
Would to God I had ne'er known the use of a pen!

Did you e'er the quick whirlwind of passions endure,
That distracts parting lovers, you'd quit that disdain!
Had your breast ever felt what I feel, you would sure
What you blame in my conduct indulge to my pain!
To misconstrue an error thus into abuse,
Oh Chloe, is sure something more than unkind;
For the slips lovers make may well plead for excuse,
Since the God, who directs all their actions, is blind.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. EVANS
OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

EVANS, of worm-destroying note
With little folks who breed 'em,
Has all his life been *pois'ning worms*,
And now's consign'd to *feed* 'em.

Thus, 'twixt our Doctor and his foes,
Accounts are pretty trim—
For many years he liv'd *by those*,
And now they live *on him*.

* *.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES

TO THE SEA-NYMPHS.

BY MISS SEWARD.

HASTEN from your coral caves
Every Nymph, that sportive laves
In the green sea's oozy wells,
And gilds the fins, and spots the shells!
Hasten, and our morrice join,
Ere the gaudy morning shine!

Rising from the foamy wave,
Instantly your aid we crave.
Come, and trip, like our gay band,
Traceless on the amber sand.
Haste, or we must hence away,
Yet an hour, and all is day!

At your bidding, from our feet
Shall the ocean monsters fleet;
Sea-nettle and sting-fish glide
Back, upon the refluent tide.
Haste, the dawn has streak'd the cloud,
Hark the village cock has crow'd!

See, the clouds of night retire,
Hesper gleams with languid fire;
Quickly then our revel join,
The blush of morn is on the brine.
Loiterers! we must hence away,
Yonder breaks the orb of day!

TO HOPE.

Ah, woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow:
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say
"Be calm, thine ills will end to-morrow."

The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm disease or grief relieving!
And am I ever doomed to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving!

Yet, false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusions will I cherish:
I cannot, dare not with thee part,
Since *I*, alas! with *thee* must perish.

R. A. D.

FAREWELL

TO A PLACE OF RESIDENCE IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

Ah ! hills beloved, as o'er your barren sides,
My trembling eye with pensive sorrow glides ;
Too busy fancy paints the dreaded day,
That calls me mournful from your scenes away !
What lurking charm can give so keen a smart
From scenes, ungenial to my soul, to part ?
No waters murmur down your white cliffs steep ;
No fructive streamlets through the vallies creep.
But scowling tempests on the hill-tops stand,
And angry demons wait their dread command :
Terrific nature, robed in Horror's vest,
Affrights the softer passions from the breast.
Yet, wand'ring oft along these mountains wild,
Of every pang my heart has been beguiled ;
Sweet soothing converse gives to ev'ry scene,
Delightful prospects and a pleasing mien.
Ye busy scenes, where giddy pleasures rove,
Your haunts are barren of the bliss I love.

Farewell to Friendship and its peaceful joys,
If the mind riot in those gaudy toys
Which the gay worldling in his routs enjoys;
Far other charms assuage the widow's grief,
To other helps she looks for sure relief.
Far other charms assuage the keener woe,
" Which lovers tender hearts are doomed to know."
Deep in the shade of some embowering wood
They find a shelter from the whelming flood.
And now whilst sorrows in my bosom reign,
Which festive pleasures strive to heal in vain;
Sick'ning and sad, I leave the sportive road,
Where mirth and laughter fix their mad abode;
Wand'ring alone, whilst Cynthia rules on high,
I pour my sad notes to the midnight sky.
To you, my friends, whose bosoms ever heave,
With sighs of sympathy, when others grieve;
The plaintive strains of weeping elegy,
A source of real happiness supply.
To fling the notes of rapture from my lyre,
Whilst wond'ring nations listen and admire,
A tardy fancy and an unfledged muse,
To all my hopes and diligence refuse.
Yet friends regard the motive which commands
This simple tribute from my willing hands;
Nor in the poet's faults forget to view
A mind to ev'ry grateful feeling true.
Tho' Camus' sons invite me to his shore,
Where genius rambles and where sages pore;

With unfeigned grief I turn my tearful eyes
To where yon hills in sullen grandeur rise.
Oft in the farthest wilds by man untrod
Sweet violets flourish, and tall cedars nod.
Nor is the shepherd's hut, the woodman's cot,
By bounteous nature in her gifts forgot.
The ruddy hue, which decks Maria's face,
Her bliss declares, and heightens every grace.
Far from the tainted air of cities born,
She daily rises with the blushing morn,
In sweet domestic cares, in innocence and peace,
Each flitting moment sees her bliss increase.
No cankering care corrodes her simple breast,
No sad reflections haunt her hours of rest.
Sweet state of nature! O, most envied bliss!
Why from your placid joys a friend dismiss?
When in the busy scenes of life I roam,
Where syren pleasures find a welcome home;
O, may my devious feet be ever led,
Still in the paths of happiness to tread,
Nor ever wander from that tranquil road,
Which through the vale of peace ascends to God!

AN ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF JOHN EGERTON, ESQ. †

WRITTEN 22 FEB. 1741.

BY OSMUND BEAUVOIR, LL.D.

PERMIT, blest shade, the pious Muse to pay
This humble tribute of the mournful lay;
With artless grief thy hapless fate to mourn,
With widow'd cypress shade thy hallow'd urn;
With short-liv'd flowers to deck thy verdent grave!
What more can she bestow, or you receive?
Dark and perplex'd with many a various maze
Are heaven's decrees, and intricate its ways.
The gleam of hope, that dawns within the breast,
Soon is o'ercast; the rising joy supprest.
Superior virtue, like the comet's fires,
Breaks on the world, is gaz'd at, and retires.

† Grandson of the Hon. Thomas Egerton, of Tatton Park, in Cheshire; he died Nov. 1740, Æt. 17.

'Twas thus amaz'd we saw the wondrous youth
Array'd with native innocence and truth,
Rise to revive fall'n Virtue's purer state;
And hail'd the omen of an happier fate.
'Twas thus amaz'd we saw the fatal dart
Baffle the pride of youth and power of art;
And snatch him ere the callow down began
His blooming cheeks to shade, and speak the man.
Had Heaven indulg'd a parent's fond desires,
Check'd the fierce fever, and recall'd its fires;
Till ripening time, with deepest knowlege fraught,
Had infant wisdom to perfection brought;
Albion with equal gladness and surprise
Had seen in him another ELLESMERE rise;
Seen him all-glorious in his country's cause
Direct her counsels, and defend her laws;
While sable crowds had on each accent hung,
And caught the precepts falling from his tongue!
When on the banks of Lethe's baleful flood,
Rome's future sons in mystic order stood,
A fate like this bade tender sorrows rise,
And tears prophetic veil'd Anchises' eyes:
The father's shade bewail'd Marcellus' doom,
And wept the loss of Cæsar, and of Rome.
See breathless there, a senseless lump of earth,
That life of humour, and that soul of mirth!
Where's now the wit, which flowing with such ease
Could with just thought, and without satire, please?

Where is that chearful innocence? Where now
The smile that sat and play'd around that brow?
See there that form so pleasing once, so gay,
A loathsome heap of monumental clay!
'Tis this alone, blest youth, remains of thee;
'Tis this is all, the great, the good shall be.
Meanwhile the soul, exulting, unconfin'd,
" Bright emanation of th' all-knowing mind,"
Pure from the dregs of earth directs its flight,
And seeks the regions of eternal light;
Her powers enlarg'd, and faculties improv'd,
With holy wonder and amazement mov'd,
Creation's ample field expatiates o'er,
Sees what dim reason shadow'd out before;
Orbs rise o'er orbs, and system system join,
To form th' Almighty's unexplor'd design!
Struck with the aweful scene, to him she pays
The grateful homage of unfeigned praise!

TO MY FRIEND,

ON HIS RETURN FROM THE COUNTRY.

AUGUST 24, 1801.

BY MR. J. H. L. HUNT.

While thousand Muses incense bring,
From lawn, and hill, and winding vale,
To Summer's bright and glowing king,
On ev'ry balmy breathing gale;
To Thee a poor but faithful lay
By soft and smiling Friendship borne
One simple Muse has stol'n away,
To hail her Fred'rick's lov'd return.

Thy lov'd return!—and ah, what charm
More sweet could raptur'd Fancy see,
Than such a season smiling warm,
And such a faithful friend as Thee!
Thus, home whene'er thy footsteps bend,
The rural landscape seen no more,
Each blest return may smiles attend,
And Friendship lift the peaceful door.

And when the lyre, whose rural sound
So oft has pleas'd thy willing ear,
Shall vain beneath the silent ground
Woo sullen Death it's strains to hear!
Perhaps thine heart may kindly turn
On his cold clay who sleeps below;
One plaintive sigh thy Poet mourn,
One soft and tender tear-drop flow!

AN EPISTLE

TO LIEUT. GEN. WHITE.

BY A SUBALTERN IN THE ARMY.

THERE are, who know me and have known me long,
Who, but for me, had wanted many a song.
There are, and truth records it with a sigh,
Who look on Genius with a low'ring eye;
Blast ere it blows, the little bud of fame;
And nought retain of candor—but the name.
Had these the gift they studiously despise,
That heav'n imparted, and I dearly prize;
Had they been tutor'd by the tuneful Nine—
To frame the nervous, yet mellifluent line;
What thundering epics might the world have seen,
Pour'd through the medium of some magazine!

Could I to spotless purity lay claim;
Did not a shadow's shade pursue my name;
Stood I as perfect as my God design'd,
Faultless alike in body and in mind;
Still would the Envious, with malignant joy,
The little sunshine of my breast destroy;—

Some nice exception to my conduct frame,
And blame me, merely 'cause they love to blame.
Does then the censure or applause of man—
Extend or lessen life's contracted span?
Live we a longer or a shorter date,
If wise men praise us, or if blockheads hate?
No—but the greetings of the good impart
Peculiar transports to the feeling heart!
Cheer the dull prospect of this earthly state,
And reconcile us to imperious fate!
  Not so with censure, *that*, deserv'd or not,
Marks the mind's tablet with a lasting blot;
Makes it distrustful of its own high pow'r,
And dread the dawn of each succeeding hour.
Since then the mind's tranquillity depends
On foes condemning and applauding friends;
Since to ourselves the impartial hand of heaven,
Such slender means of happiness has given—
That no one, independent of the rest,
Can pass thro' life, and be completely blest;
Our bliss—whate'er that bliss may be—must spring
From all, and each, the Cobler and the King.
  Howe'er by interest, or by passion led,
Whate'er they hope for, or whate'er they dread;
Men from their social qualities 'tis clear,
Were pre-ordain'd to form a compact here:
They blame, are blamed—approve, and are approved,
Love whom they can, and are in turn beloved.

Lives not a wretch, howe'er that wretch offends,
But has his real or his seeming friends:
These he applauds, and their applause receives,
As thieves with honor act towards brother thieves.
Hence, tho' we differ in our different spheres,
Each still to each a just relation bears;
And tho' the wise the foolish may contemn,
Fools in their turn indulge the laugh at them:
And both, whate'er antipathies they feel,
Alike contribute to the general weal.
Should fate, to grant her choicest gifts, incline,
What could I ask that's not already mine?
Mine is that *quantum sufficit* of sense
Ne'er to offend, or tamely brook offence;
To bow obedient to my humble lot,
Thankful if wealth should be conferr'd, or not;
Pleas'd when I can, by any means, impart
The oil of gladness to the wounded heart:
This, this, is all that I can fairly boast,—
And *this* is more than appertains to most:
Of *this* possest, I scorn the cant of schools,
Their quirks, their quibbles, and pedantic rules:
The musty records which the learn'd explore
Serve but to tell what ages knew before;
And all the knowledge they can call their own
Is just to know—how little can be known.
Has wisdom then her utmost limits gain'd,
And is perfection ne'er to be attain'd?

Must we to-morrow with the rising sun
Run the same circuit we to-day have run?
Add nothing to our intellectual store,
But poor in mind, remain for ever poor?
No—nature's book is open to us still,
Who runs may read, and profit if he will;
Sip at a fountain that will never cloy,
And prove his title to eternal joy!
Yet 'midst the vast variety in life,
Where good and evil wage perpetual strife;
Where things are not precisely what they seem,
And all that pleases passes like a dream;—
Man may with heedless gaiety of heart
Outstep discretion, and from truth depart;
In one short moment sully all his fame,
And give to grinning infamy his name.
Since then so much of prudence it requires
To expel, or check inordinate desires;
Since frailty clings so closely to mankind,
That few, or none, possess a blameless mind;—
Let me that mark'd integrity embrace
Which WHYTE hath cherish'd with peculiar grace;
Let me, like him, through every varying state,
Perform my best, nor fear the frowns of fate;
And keep, regardless of Utopian dreams,
A happy medium 'twixt the two extremes.

SWAFFHAM.

SONG,

BY OSMUND BEAUVOIR, LL.D.

JULY 1, 1743.

When all charms as thou art,
Thou first woundedst my heart,
At those lips, at those breasts, when my fancy ran wild,
" I'm convinced," I cried, as I felt deep the dart
" True Love is of Beauty the child."

Now that maxim I own
Was too rashly laid down
Since on fancy's fair canvas those quick piercing eyes
By Memory's frail pencil but faintly are shewn,
Yet for Chloe, tho' absent, I sigh.

If when absent the fire
Of true passion grows higher,
To her name, while th' enraptured glass sparkles high,
We must own Beauty lights but the torch of desire;
'Tis for reason, for sense, that we die.

THE PETITION:

ANACREONTIC.

BY MR. J. H. C. HUNT.

——— Dulce periculum est,
O Lenæe, sequi deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

HOR.

WHEN Bacchus first broke from old Jupiter's thigh,
And rode down triumphant to earth on a cask;
A set of stout fellows, facetious and dry,
Would his Highness's favour and patronage ask:

So they penn'd a petition which ran at this odd rate;—
'We your Godship's petitioners jovial and trusty,
'Can gauge, roar a catch, and have passions so mod'rate,
'That tho' always dry, yet we never were crusty.

'Your Godship's fine stomach, so healthy and round,
'We've endeavour'd to copy at luncheon and feast;
'But so perfect a stomach can never be found;
'And so we've ten thousand times said to the priest.

'However we would on your Godship attend,
'Fill your glass, furnish toasts, and the corkscrew
'keep clean;
'We may hope with your noble example to mend,
'And procure us a stomach that's fit to be seen.'

This Petition when Bacchus had read, from his cask
He nodded sublime;—and with majesty spoke;
'Ye thirsty old spirits, ye born for the flask,
'Oh, sweet shall ye roll midst your flagons of oak.

'Sure Nature has fashion'd those mouths for the bowl;
'Philosophy says, she made nothing in vain;
'And the wine shall your stomachs so neatly console,
'That your feet by your eyes shall no longer be seen.

'But come, my brave boys;—hark, I hear the Brown
Stout!—
'We'll see before morning old Carefulness dead;
'And if cousin Di must her candle put out,
'The flame on our noses shall light us to bed!'

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY EDMUND SWIFT, ESQ.

AT THE OPENING OF LORD TRIMLESTON'S THEATRE, AT ROEBUCK, NEAR DUBLIN, JULY 10, 1795.

FORC'D by Rebellion's more than Gothic rage
From the chaste elegance of Gallia's stage,
This night a Stranger Muse your smile implores,
A suppliant exile from her native shores.—
'Twas there, till Violence usurp'd controul,
Her mild dominion sway'd the willing soul;
Her moving art the moral page refin'd,
And her wide empire stretch'd to half mankind.—
There the full shower of Pity's streaming eye
Wept o'er the scene where Heroes rush'd to die:—
As Virtue bled, or triumph'd o'er her foes,
With honest transport each proud bosom rose;
Or, wak'd to woe, the soft infection ran,
And tears untutor'd dignified the Man.—
There loudly peal'd the comic laugh around,
Mirth rising caught the magic of the sound;

There each known character of knave and fool
Felt his own failings touch'd by ridicule.—
There Wit's true votaries swell'd the regal train,
And blithe Thalia piped, nor piped in vain:—
But ah, how chang'd!—A faithful, loyal band,
For vengeance mark'd by Treason's ruthless hand,
Th' indignant Muse beheld;—then turn'd her head,
Mourn'd o'er her MURDER'D KING, and mourning fled.—
Hibernia's Genius saw:—her Sainted Isle
Welcomes the banish'd stranger with a smile;
And Roebuck's Lord, with hospitable rites,
To this fair seat of Reason's feast invites.—
So wander'd Io, doom'd the world to rove,
As Rage expell'd, and Fate and Fury drove;
Till Egypt's Lord the royal mourner stay'd,
Embrac'd the fugitive, and fix'd the maid.—
But Gallia suffers;—and her anxious Muse
This night with trembling hope for pardon sues;—
Ineloquently pleads her fearful cause,
Your grace implores, but dares not ask applause.—
—Yet why despair?—here no loud Censors sit,
The self-created judges of the Pit;
No damning Critics come, prepar'd to scoff,
Nor Gods in thunder bellow, Off, Off, Off!—
But mild Politeness lifts her silver mien,
To grace the triumphs of our festal Scene;
And kind to Genius, Roebuck's Muses twine
The British laurel with the Gallic vine.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE

MONUMENT OF THE REV. W. MASON.

BY DR. DARWIN.

THESE awful mansions of the laurelled dead,
Oft shall the Muse of Melancholy tread;
The wreck of valour, and of genius mourn,
And point with pallid hand to Mason's urn;
Oft shall she gather from his garden bowers,
Fictitious foliage, and ideal flowers;
Weave the bright wreath, to worth departed just,
And hang the unfading chaplets on his bust:
While pale Elfrida, bending o'er his bier,
Breathes the soft sigh, and sheds the graceful tear,
And stern Caractacus, with brow depressed,
Clasps the cold marble to his mailed breast;
In lucid troops shall choral Virgins throng,
With voice alternate chaunt their Poet's song,
And tune "in golden characters record
Each firm, immutable, eternal word."

A CHARM, OR RECIPE,

FOR A TALE OF WONDER.

Of mortal groans,
And blood, and bones,
Take a vast witch-cauldron measure—
Let shrieks and yells
From gothic hells,
Augment th' infernal treasure:

While fiends down shower
From some fog-spawn'd power.
Torn human limbs for brewis—
And lightnings blue
Gleam forth to view,
The spectre-shop of Lewis.

* *

SONNET.

BY S. E. BRYDGES ESQ.

THE tempest, long collected in the sky,
Now bursting, drives the wave upon the shore,
That breaking throws its clouds of spray on high,
And quick retreats with melancholy roar:
Another and another comes, and each
Yet louder than the last, with growing pride
Seems o'er the cliff's opposing heights to reach;
And o'er the land with uncheck'd fury ride.
With joy sublime, safe in the distant tower
We hear the mingling elements to strive!
But think of those, whom in this aweful hour
On the dread wave the blasts before them drive,
Whose feeble bark, now lifted to the clouds,
Now the deep Ocean's sad abyss enshrouds!

* SONNET.

AT THE SEPULCHRE OF PETRARCH.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF LAZZARINI DI MORRO.

BY MISS BANNERMAN.

What lingering years have fled since first I hung
With youthful rapture o'er thy hallow'd urn:
Yet still I wander where that lyre was strung
Yet still in hoary age to thee I turn.
Even in this time-chill'd heart where no return
Of new-born life shall rouse the expiring flame;
Warm in its pristine youth, nor faint, nor worne,
Glows the first transport which awak'd thy name.
That soul sublime, whose ever-living fires
Shed on my early days their fairy bloom;
Now, on my tottering age, when hope retires
Lends its sweet lustre to beguile the gloom:
O that my spirit, which to thine aspires,
Like thine could live and triumph o'er the tomb.

* From Mr. Walker's Memoir on the Italian Tragedy.

SONNET.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

SWEET Birds, who dwell beneath this Grove's thick shade,
I come, depressed and weighed to earth by wrong,
Unheard by all the sickening, soul-less throng,
To mourn vain hopes, and love but ill repaid.
Blithe minstrels, now no guileful feet invade
Your haunts, then fly not as I rove along,
But rather kindly strive, with charmful song
To give my throbbing heart some little aid!
Sing on, sweet Birds, nor fear from me annoy;
Your nests I harm not, nor your offspring steal:
Not mine the gloomy pleasure to destroy.
He who, by change of giddy Fortune's wheel,
Has seen himself of many a cherished joy
Rudely bereft, for all that lives can feel.

SONNET.

IN SPRING.

BY MISS A. M. PORTER.

Whilst fresh and green, the trees around me sway,
And chearful Zephyr pipes, their glades among;
Whilst the bright Moon like bashful Bride of day,
With silver feet, walketh the heavens along—
O Nightingale! thy melancholy song
I hear, and wonder why so sad a lay,
Still waits not, on the passing year's decay,
When scatter'd leaves the lonely valleys throng.—
Why, gentle Bird! in April's spangled woods,
On primrose banks, pour'st thou melodious tears,
When beds of faded boughs, and wither'd buds,
Neglected Autumn's cold and moist hand rears?
She o'er thy heavy griefs would weep in floods,
Whilst the gay Spring, insulting them appears.

SONNET.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

WEARY and faint, methought the cooling air
Of fragrant Eve I breathed in silent spot,
When, lo! to sight appeared the fatal fair
Now long unseen, but never yet forgot.
Timid her steps, her looks forgiveness prayed,
Her heavenly eyes shone through repentant tears;
And, "O my friend!" with tenderest voice she said,
"Still must resentment gloom Life's fairest years?
"Ah! think how oft are mortals snared by guile;
"Perfection dwells but in the realms of bliss."
Blushing she bent, and, with an angel's smile,
Sealed on my lips the reconciling kiss.
I pressed her to my heart with joy supreme—
And waked, alas! to mourn my bliss a dream.

SONNET.

TO SILENCE.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

MOTHER of Thought, by many an empty noise
  Though exiled oft, I own thy mild controul:
O ill exchanged art thou for their rude joys
  Who drain diseases from the mantling bowl!
Thanks to thy influence, unobtrusive Power,
  Fled from the vain and trifling throng, I feel
As lone I sit, at Midnight's solemn hour,
  A sacred calmness o'er my bosom steal.
For then, while all Earth's pageants disappear,
Rapt in high musings, from this lower sphere
  My freed and active spirit seems to soar:
Looks far beyond the narrow bounds of Time,
And sees in prospect that immortal clime,
  Where sickness, pain and sorrow are no more.

SONNET.

BY MISS A. M. PORTER.

Now gleam the clouded host of stars! and now,
The vestal Dian, with her lamp of light
Veiled in mists; above the mountain's brow
Glides thro' the shadowy sky, and gilds the night:—
Here, where the desart moor, the water still,
In deepest gloom are stretch'd; and dim and far,
The hamlet rests in sleep; what fancies fill
This lonely heart, and heavenly musings mar!—
Ah! now perhaps, amid yon peaceful scene,
Death's noiseless scythe some blooming youth destroys!
Or Sorrow, o'er wan embers, weeps past joys!
Or houseless Hunger faints and groans between;
Or Murder, o'er some corpse, with bloody hands,
Heark'ning its last dread cry, tremendous stands!

SONNET.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

GREYBEARDS they tell me, with a scornful smile,
That my bright hopes to find unshaken truth,
Friends ever firm, and love devoid of guile,
Are idle all—the baseless dreams of youth.
They say too, and in silent grief I hear,
That kindness oft shall be with wrong repaid;
That, as I toil through life, each mournful year
Shall see some fondly-cherish'd vision fade;
That I must learn to scan with eyes severe
Man's every act, or be by man betray'd!
O! if their tale be true, Delusions sweet,
If coming days but this cold prospect give;
Yet, for a few short hours, my fancy cheat—
And when ye vanish, let me cease to live.

SONNET.

THE TIMID LOVER.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

YES, it is true, I uttered not my tale;
But, didst thou never hear the bitter sighs
That swelled my breast, ne'er see what deadly pale
Stole o'er my cheek, how often to mine eyes,
Spite of myself, the grief-wrung tears would rise,
When, by thy side, some youth than me more bold,
More blest in all those charms that wealth supplies,
With ready tongue his artful story told?
Hast thou not seen my passion, ill-controuled,
For thee in thousand nameless actions shewn?
Seen that in others nought could I behold?
That still I spoke, moved, breathed for thee alone?
And might not these have taught thee, far above
The feeble power of words, my matchless love?

SONNET.

TO ———.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

THOU say'st, my friend, some deem it wondrous strange,
When nought of ill, or insult meets mine ear,
To see, while mute my tongue, my features change,
Now smile in high disdain, now frown severe.
O can I chuse but smile to see the throng
Of fluttering things that Folly's triumph swells,
Each by some strange delirium whirled along,
Self-worshipped, glorying in his cap and bells?
And I must frown, to think that many a time
Drones bask and fatten in the sunny ray:
That many a reptile, foul with darkest crime,
Braves with unblushing front the gaze of day:
While scorned its claims, and damped its noble fires,
Insulted Worth indignantly retires.

ANACREON.

ODE XXVIII.

TRANSLATED BY EDMUND SWIFT, ESQ.

BEST master of the Rhodian art,
Come paint the fair one of my heart;
Though absent from my view she be,
Paint her as I describe to thee:—
First, be her waving curls pourtray'd,
That softly darken to a shade;
And if the wax such power assume,
Depict them breathing rich perfume.
Above her cheek, of swelling grace,
The forehead's matchless ivory trace,
Whose lily mountain glitters, set
Beneath her locks of violet.
Nor strongly mark'd, nor all unseen,
Depict the space her brows between,
That scarcely part, yet scarcely meet,
Just like the lovely maid complete:

Below each stately arch design
The silken lashe's shadowy line.
Now, bright as that which decks the dame,
Aspire to paint her eye of flame,
Like Pallas', bright with piercing blue,
Like Venus', soft and trembling too.
On her ambrosial cheek disclose
The milky bath that steeps the rose.
Paint Suada's lip of love, and kisses
That melt the soul to living blisses.
Her well-turn'd chin display below;
And round the neck, whose polish'd snow
Not Parian marble can outvie,
Let all th' attendant Graces fly.
Now in a robe of purple light,
Her nameless beauties veil from sight;
Yet through the mantle some should shine,
To tell each hidden charm divine.—
'Tis done—perhaps the wax will prove
Inspir'd to speak, to live, to love.

1794.

ANACREON.

ODE XXIX.

TRANSLATED BY EDMUND SWIFT, ESQ.

PAINTER come, with faithful hand,
Paint my boy as I command!—
First pourtray his tresses shining,
Bright, yet to a shade declining.
Hanging loose, with careless care,
Spread his neat and glossy hair;
With sublimely azure bow,
Arch his soft and dewy brow;
Fierce and darkling be his eye,
Temper'd with serenity.
Let him that from Mars inherit,
This from Venus' milder spirit,
Thus whoever meets their fire,
Fear may chill, and Hope inspire.
Ruddier than the apple's streak,
Deeply tint his downy cheek;

And, if thou canst give it place,
Breathe a blush of modest grace.
  But his lip, where softness swells,
And Persuasion pouting dwells,
Never can by me be shewn,
While untasted by mine own.
Now through all the portrait give
Silent speech, and looks that live.
Fairer than did Adon' deck,
Picture then his ivory neck,
And his bosom swelling free,
With the hands of Mercury.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

  Why should I describe his feet?
Take thy price, the work's complete—
Driving Phœbus from his shrine,
There display the toil divine,
And when you my boy behold,
Cast Apollo in his mold.

1794.

SONG

OF A NORTHERN LOVER IN WINTER.

BY MISS SEWARD.

THE dark winds are blowing around the rude hill,
And the ice of the evening has crusted the rill.
Thy waves, O Loch Lomond! can glitter no more,
But, in dim stony fragments, encumber the shore.

And now for the moon, looking mild on the brook,
Swift lights of the north thro' the zenith are struck;
Those flashes, pale-streaming, shall guide my lone way,
And the steps of a Lover in safety convey.

Then louder the wings of the winter may sound,
And the frost's cutting arrows dart keener around,
So the white shrouding flakes of the * *snow* are withheld
From the mine of the heath, and the lake of the field!

* Snow covering mines, pits, and slightly frozen pools, in mountainous countries, where there are no turnpike roads, is imminently dangerous.

SONG

IN IMITATION OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

BY MR. J. H. L. HUNT.

THROW the gaudy roses from thee,
Dash the cup to earth:
Little, heedless youth, become thee
Wreaths, and wine, and mirth!
Dash the cup to earth.

Care beneath those flow'rs will sting thee;
Roses hide but thorns;
Stings to pain and woe will bring thee;
Pain no life adorns.
Roses hide but thorns.

Pr'ythee, cease thy frantic revel;
Pr'ythee, hush thy noise;
Happy lives tread light and level,
Hate such clam'rous joys.
Pr'ythee, hush thy noise.

Touch the lyre in gentle measure;
Peace is all our heav'n;
Bliss is an immortal's treasure;
Nor to man is giv'n.
Peace is all our heav'n.

Bowls they break, and wreaths they wither;
Virtue ne'er can fade;
Here her roses bloom, (O, hither!)
An immortal shade!
Virtue ne'er can fade.

STANZAS.

BY MR. P. L. COURTIER.

O! lay me where my child is laid,
And bind his turf upon my breast;
Here, let me join his parted shade,
And gently sink with him to rest!

When peace and joy no more remain,
And gathering glooms the scene o'ercast;
When hope is heard, alas! in vain;
The bitterness of death is past!

O! lay me where my child is laid,
And bind his turf upon my breast;
Here, let me join his parted shade,
And gently sink with him to rest!

PSALM XIX.

THE heav'ns, and all their beauteous host,
In space, immeasurable, lost;
The vast expanse, and glorious frame,
Their great Creator's power proclaim:
Day unto day his wisdom tells,
And night to night the same reveals:
By speech, or language, unconfin'd,
They strike conviction on the mind;
And thro' the regions of the earth,
Declare the wonders of their birth.
Upheld by this Almighty source,
The sun, rejoicing, runs his course,
Unwearied, each revolving year,
To execute his swift career.
To distant climes his race extends,
The world, his circuit comprehends,
And, where he shines, he still displays
An emblem of his Maker's praise.

The law of God, a perfect whole,
And undefil'd, converts the soul;—

His precepts are divinely pure,
His testimony firm and sure;
The fear of God corrects the will,
And guards the soul from ev'ry ill;
His judgments ever righteous prove,
And claim our confidence and love:
Better than gold, howe'er refin'd,
Or honey of the choicest kind;
They heal the weak, confirm the wise,
And point to realms beyond the skies:—
But who his inmost heart can rein,
And all his *wand'ring thoughts* restrain?
Oh! purify my soul within,
Destroy each careless, secret sin;
And keep me from presumptuous pride,
To deep ingratitude allied;
That, guiltless from the great offence,
Thy law may be my best defence.
Let all the words my mouth conceives,
And all the thoughts my heart perceives,
(From vice and irreligion free)
Be acceptable, Lord, to thee;
My strength, Redeemer—holy, just—
The rock on which I build my trust.

I. B.

ELEGY,

ADDRESSED TO CORNET V— (NOW GENERAL V—) IN THE YEAR 1765 *.

BY MISS SEWARD.

ERE yet thou seek'st Ierne's jocund shore,
Pensive I weave this tributary lay;
Confess thy Julia must the fate deplore,
That soon shall lead thee o'er the watry way.

Ting'd with no blush, she boasts herself thy friend,
That gentle name, from dangerous wishes free!
Yet will no merit from the boast pretend,
For who, *who* would not be the friend of *thee*?

* This, and the HAY-FIELD, were written in their Author's early youth. A Friend lately told her, that she saw the ensuing Elegy in a Worcester news-paper, some time back, and that it was there given as the composition of a Miss T——e, then residing in that town. Its real Author recollects having permitted Miss T——'s mother to take a copy of these stanzas. It is thus that the permission of transcript is often abused. 1802.

While youth, and bloom, and dignity combine,
All that can polish, all that can adorn,
To manly grace attempering softness join,
Life's noon-tide lustres in her orient morn;

While glows thy mind with Sense, and Fancy's boon,
While general praise selects thee for its theme,
Desert so high the coldest breast may own
Awakes and justifies its *ow'd* esteem.

Love's fairy visions, for a while, are gay,
" A *little, little* while, when they are *new*;"
But soon the soft enchantment fades away,
Transient as summer morn's exhaling dew.

Then follow a long train of secret woes,
To faithless hope the varied pang succeeds;
The thorny pillow banishes repose;
The wounded heart inevitably bleeds.

Yes, bleed it must, and bleed at every vein,
When the pale brood, of disappointment born,
Attendants oft on Love's tyrannic reign,
Leave the lost Maid her living death to mourn.

If my presaging soul aright divine,
Such the sad lot I am ordain'd to prove,
Shou'd I, rash votary at that dangerous shrine,
Assume the rose-deck'd chains of guileful LOVE.

No wreaths of amaranth he twines for me,
Then guarded rise my gay, and youthful hours!
Calm be my thoughts, my artless bosom free,
From the sharp thorns of transitory flowers!

But, happier amity, pervade my breast,
With tranquil empire thro' these vernal years,
While, in Horatio's trusting friendship blest,
Mine his prosperity, and mine his cares!

This sympathizing heart implores the task,
To sooth thee, drooping in thy native clime,
Give then the precious confidence I ask,
The * tender records of the vanish'd time!

My pitying spirit shall partake thy pains,
And grief divided loses power to blight,
Watch the lone sigh, that steals to Gallia's plains,
Where Beauty mourns thy much-unwilling flight.

* The Author had heard, and believed, that her Friend was attached (at the time this little poem was written) to a young Lady at Angiers.

SOLITUDE,

AN ODE.

BY ADELINE.

BANISHED the glittering portals of the dome
Where Pleasure's votary delights to dwell,
O sweet Recluse! to thee the wretch shall come,
And at thy altar bid the world farewell.
The starry halo on the brow of night,
Shall guide the mourner to the lonely shrine
Where Peace descending, crowned with lunar light,
Hails thee mild priestess of her rites divine;
And rosy Hope awakes her sky notes wild,
As her warm breast restores her storm-beat child.

When the keen glance of Pride's contemptuous eye,
Mocks the fierce anguish that she never knew;
Whose callous heart ne'er heav'd the generous sigh,
At trembling Feeling's holy altar due;
Indignant Worth, whose swelling breast contains
Some early sorrow, a long cherished guest,
Flies the polluted scene where Folly reigns,
Chilling fair Virtue in the youthful breast;

Where weeping Genius views her luckless child,
Wreck peace and fame in Pleasure's vortex wild.

Virtue oppressed, that stoops not to repine,
Whose brow appears th' unshaken throne of Truth;
Around whose heart is wove in many a twine
The fond affections of his early youth,
Treads the lone scenes, sweet haunt of happier days,
While Nature weeps in Memory's glowing dream,
And the gay forms that meet his mournful gaze,
To him the sons of other regions seem;
At his approach no cheek with rapture glows,
Or wears the tear of pity for his woes.

Alas! on him no eye with transport beams,
And fond Solicitude ne'er sooths to rest
The darken'd soul that wild with anguish deems
The unconscious maniac, free from memory blest;
While the light heart prompts the unmeaning smile,
Tho' Frenzy's fire burns in the tearless eye,
Her visions wild the cheerless hours beguile,
And sorrow glitters in the rainbow's dye;
While conscious Woe, poor misanthrope, retires
To waste in solitude his noblest fires.

Angels of mercy! hallowed sons of light!
Amid the roseate arbours of the blest
Ye pause, in music's bold inspiring flight,
To soothe the sorrows of a mortal breast;

Ye fly eternity, where bliss sublime
Smiles amid groves where living fountains flow,
To still the storms that shake the darkened clime,
Where virtue struggles on the tide of woe;
That joyless clime where youth's warm generous soul
Sees Hope expire at Disappointment's goal.

Oh as ye fly, some bright refulgent star,
When the dread Spirit of the silent night
O'er heaven's blue vault drives his resplendent car,
His coursers glowing in ethereal light;
Oh as o'er midnight's azure dome ye sweep,
Your harpstrings glittering in the moon's pure beam,
In Slumber's dew the eye of Sorrow steep,
And banish Care in Fancy's golden dream;
While your bright wings wave o'er the sacred dell
Where Grief and Solitude delight to dwell.

With Care's deep lines traced on his pallid brow,
And Beauty's image pictured on his brain,
Hark weeping Love to Sorrow pays his vow,
At Virtue's grave, beneath thy midnight reign;
On the cold sod, moist with nocturnal dew,
That shrouds his *Ellen* in impervious gloom,
His dark soul hails the solitary yew,
That bends its branches o'er her lonely tomb;
And Fancy hovering o'er the humid mound,
Still hears the dust on her cold bosom sound.

Ah still he views her lovely fragile form,
The beauteous victim of disease, consume,
As the fair floweret blasted by the storm,
Bows to the wind that tears its withering bloom:
While Death's dark scenes meet frenzied Memory's view,
Starting, he seems to hear the heart-wrung sigh,
Convulsive mingled with the faint adieu,
As Love's last beam shone in the closing eye;
Ere the pure spirit fled its dark abode,
And soared exulting to the throne of God.

Vain is the hope that Pleasure's dazzling blaze
Will chase the shades of Grief's nocturnal hour;
Vain is the gay delusion that betrays
The child of sorrow to her magic bower!
True, she will gleam and glitter on the sight,
And even the brow of pallid Woe illume,
As the wild meteor of the wintry night
Lures the lost wanderer thro' the deepening gloom;
Till faint it dies on the dark river's wave,
In whose cold breast the pilgrim finds a grave.

To thee, oh Solitude, the breaking heart
That shivering withers in the grasp of Care,
May all the story of its woe impart,
And breath the grief-taught accents of Despair;
Till softer sighs th' unburthen'd bosom breathes,
Soothed by the silence of thy hallowed grove,

Soft as the gales that fan immortal wreaths,
  Binding the brow of infant shades above;
Who fled in terror from the frowns of Time,
And sought Eternity's congenial clime.

Oh could I find thee in some hermit cell,
  Reared amid cliffs, where foamy torrents rave,
While far below the fallen waters swell,
  Dashing the craggs of Echo's hoary cave;
Amid the silence of thy dwelling drear,
  Its mossy dome moist with the tears of Even,
Fancy would love to wing her wild career
  Where Nature wears the majesty of Heaven!
Throned on the summit of the cliff sublime,
Which rose majestic at the birth of time.

Oh I would scale the rugged steep with thee,
  Mid whose wild columns waves the twisting thorn,
When Night, pale spectre! from the misty sea
  Mounts her dim cloud, and fleets before the morn:
And when the glorious majesty of light
  Waves his receding banners o'er the world,
And the pure star that binds the zone of Night,
  Gilds angel-pinions o'er her throne unfurled!
Mid scenes like these, Faith o'er Life's ocean soars,
And breasts the tide that laves eternal shores.

ELEGY,

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY, K.B.

BY THE REV. D. W. DAVIES, B.A.

LATE, where yon rugged cliff in towering pride
Defies unmov'd the fury of the storm,—
Her eyes quick darting o'er th' expanded tide,—
A Maid appear'd of more than human form.

Her azure robe, her ægis, and her spear,
Proclaim'd her Guardian-Angel of our isle:
Her stedfast look express'd nor grief, nor fear,
Nor yet was mark'd with Joy's exulting smile:

Deep-felt solicitude appear'd impress'd
On every feature, as on every thought,
While she revolv'd within her anxious breast
The fate of those who for her glory fought.

'O waft' (she cried) 'in haste, ye favoring gales,
'Some joyful tidings to their native shore
'Of that heroic band which late my sails
'Hence to Ægyptus' torrid region bore.

'Extend thine arm, Great Ruler of the skies,
'From every ill my faithful sons to shield:
'At thy behest impending danger flies;
'To thy dread power the mightiest foe must yield.

'O may their chief, in valourous feats renown'd,
'Safe from the din of battle's dire alarms
'Return with laureate wreaths of conquest crown'd,
'In glorious triumph to these longing arms!

'But ah! sad Memory points to former years,
'And prompts anew the pensive sigh to rise;
'Tells how admiring Gratitude in tears
'Stream'd unresisted from a nation's eyes—

'What time the Gallic foe was put to flight
'By Wolfe, whose soul with patriot zeal was fir'd;
'When at Quebec, on Abraham's arduous height,
'In Victory's arms the glorious youth expir'd.

'Invidious Death! when, 'midst the well-fought field,
'Heroes, like Wolfe, thy blood-drench'd shafts
'destroy—
'What tho' to *mine*, all hostile forces yield?—
'The dear-bought conquest loses all its joy.

'But whilst, Great God of Victory! I implore
'That Abercromby too a conqueror prove—
'O safe restore him to this anxious shore,
'Long to enjoy a grateful country's love.'

She ceas'd:—when from aloft in azure air
Was heard a shrill reverberated sound;
And soon a winged form, divinely fair,
Appear'd, with radiant splendor circled round.

Her wide-spread pinions and her eagle flight,
Her clarion glittering in the blaze of day,
Bespoke her Fame.—Britannia with delight
Hail'd the bright goddess on her airy way.

Then, like approaching thunder, from the skies
Fame's trump emitted an augmented sound;
And, as a lustrous meteor instant flies,
Herself in dazzling radiance sought the ground.

'Welcome, Britannia, to my fond embrace;
'Behold imprinted on my roll,' said Fame,
'Among the noblest of thy noble race
'Thine Abercromby's never-dying name.'

'O, say, bless'd Fame,' Britannia raptur'd cries,
'Say that all-safe his country's pride returns
'To glad these ardently-expecting eyes;
'In haste to greet him all my bosom burns.'

But now suspended long in awful pause,
No more the voice of exultation spoke:
When Britain's Genius, fearful of the cause,
Thus first the woe-portending silence broke:

'My Hero's fate announce: delay not, Fame:
'Complete my sorrow,—or dismiss my fear:'—
—The Goddess bending o'er th' illustrious name,
Bedew'd her own memorial with a tear!

That tear, alas! with powerful voice declar'd,
Hero of heroes, thy lamented fate,
Britannia now nor grief, nor anguish spar'd;
And Fame herself no longer seem'd elate.

'Ah! what avails,' Britannia cried, 'the boast
'Of splendid conquest;—what the laureate meed;
'If, ere I triumph o'er the bravest host,
'Heroes like thee, my Abercromby, bleed?

'Invidious War! that could thy life destroy—
'What are its spoils, its glories all to me—
'While those whose hearts should glow with every joy,
'Find every sorrow in the loss of thee?—

'Alas! since not to me the pow'r is giv'n
'To' afford the widow's heart complete relief,—
'O aid my wishes, Thou all-powerful Heav'n,
'And all thy comforts mix with all her grief!'

She ceas'd:—when Fame, wing'd messenger of fate,
Eager to sooth her anguish, 'gan to tell
How, in his country's cause, the brave, the great,
And e'er-lamented Abercromby fell.

'Awhile, Britannia, this thy grief restrain;'—
She said,—'nor longer view with tearful eye
'The great, illustrious conquest, which to gain,
'Thy patriot hero gloried e'en to die.

'What time at Abercromby's envied life
'Relentless War had aim'd the fatal blow,—
'How,—whilst I hover'd o'er th' impetuous strife,
'How did this breast with admiration glow,

'When I beheld him wounded 'midst his band,
'Scorning to France, or e'en to Death to yield:
'Struggling with both, he ceas'd not to command,
'Nor, ere he conquer'd, deign'd to quit the field!

'All-glorious moment! when the boasted pride
'Of France, by her *Invincible* believ'd,
'Wav'd from his hands in life's last ebbing tide,
'Proclaim'd the victory which those hands achiev'd.

'Illustrious Spirit! while the historic page
'Shall glory to record thy deathless name,—
'How will each hero's breast, thro' every age,
'Aspire to rival thy exalted fame!

'And oft the Briton, mindful of thy doom,
'From eyes with tears of admiration fraught,
'Shall drop the grateful tribute on thy tomb,
'For deeds thy wisdom plann'd, thy prowess wrought.

'And still those deeds on British hearts impress'd,
'Shall there thy patriot energy inspire:
'Tho' dead,—thou liv'st in every valiant breast,
'Imparting still some portion of thy fire.

'Say, then, while blood like thine with fervent glow
'Unceasing circulates thro' British veins—
'Say, what invidious, or what treacherous foe
'Shall madly dare to' invade thy native plains?

'O cease, Britannia, cease,—nor longer mourn:
'Suppress the pensive sigh, the sorrowing tear:
'Say, was thy much-lov'd hero from thee torn,
'Ere he had fully run his bright career

'Of earthly glory?—When no greater height
'Remain'd, to which his ardent worth could rise,—
'Then—nor till then—his spirit wing'd its flight
'To more transcendent glories 'bove the skies.'

WARWICK, FEB. 8, 1802.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE'S ODE

DESCENDE CŒLO,' &c.—A FRAGMENT.

DESCEND, cœlestial Queen of Song,
The long majestic strain inspire;
Wake the shrill raptures of thy tongue,
Or sweep the Master's lyre!
Hark! do I hear? Or does a dream
Of transport thrill my trembling frame?
I seem to hear, and wond'ring stray
Thro' blest Elysium's sacred ground;
Streams glide in murmurs down my way,
And Zephyrs warble round.

Once, as on Vultur's mount I lay
Stol'n from the sweet fatigue of play,
Romantic doves green myrtles shed
Upon my young unconscious head;
And all the neighb'ring swains who rove
Along their shady Bantine grove,
And they, for whom first dawns the light
On Acherontia's airy height,
And rich Terentum's pleasant vale
Admir'd the strange and artless tale,
That the black snake and prowling bear
Should from my sleep unseen be driv'n,

And laurels shade the fearless care
Of providential Heav'n!

Thine am I, thine, ye Muses, still,
Or rising on my Sabine hill,
Or shiv'ring in Præneste's arms;
Or as I bend my wand'ring feet
Thro' sloping Tibur's soft retreat,
Or Baiæ's wat'ry charms.

Philippi's red and mournful fate,
The hated oak's o'erwhelming weight,
Stern Palinurus' stormy wave,
Have threaten'd him, the bard, in vain,
To whom the Muse her fountains gave,
Her dance, and lively strain.

With you I'd dare the stormy waves
Where dark-eyed Bospor wildly raves,
Or tread the hot Assyrian coast
Amid the sandy whirlwinds tost;
With you I'd fearless scorn to bow
Beneath the Briton's giant brow
Inhospitably stern;
With you, sweet smiling at my side,
Bold to the fierce Cantabrian turn
Drunk with the courser's noble blood;
Or winds, or billowy storm deride,
And stem the Scythian flood!

J. H. L. HUNT.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE GREEK.

His shafts, the terror of the skies,
No more the God of Love discover;
Now from fair Anna's azure eyes
With surer aim they wound the lover.

For Venus he mistook the maid,
And laughing ran his arms to give her:
The bow she bent; her skill essay'd;
And empty'd at my heart the quiver.

††

INSCRIBED,

IN THE YEAR 1801,

On the Back of a Landscape, drawn by the Rev. William Bree, *of Coleshill in Warwickshire.*

BY MISS SEWARD.

Here, from the hand of Genius, meets your eye
The tangled foliage of a shadowy dell;
Meets it, in Nature's truth;—and see, the brook
Thro' yon wild thicket bursts its way oblique,
Hurrying and dashing thro' the lonely wood.

INSCRIBED

On the Back of the Companion Landscape.

BY MISS SEWARD.

FROM the same vivid pencil now appear
The social comforts. Love them, as they rise
On the soft confines of a scene sublime!
Look up the right-hand Glade, it surely leads
To the embosom'd Village. Snowy white
The raiments see, which cleanliness prepares
Against the Sabbath-Morn. The good, old horse,
Mark him, he drags, with weary neck, the cart,
Bearing to yonder mill the bags, well fill'd
With life's best nutriment. The mill-house mark,
Standing on the steep verge of the same brook,
Which late we saw laborious work its way
Over rough stones, and craggs, and roots of trees,
Roaming the wood-wild solitude;—but now
Bright it emerges to the haunts of Men,
To light, to usefulness!—Observe yon mill
Dash the white waters from the clattering wheel;
Hark! thro' the *eye* we *hear* it!—Cheering din,
Thou break'st the mountain silence merrily!

HYMN

TO HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

With myrtle will I braid my sword,
Such as the brave Harmodius bore;
When Athens hailed her rights restored,
And proud Hipparchus was no more:

Nor art thou, dear Harmodius, dead!
Thine are the islands of the blest,
Where Heroes old, stout Diomed,
And the swift son of Peleus rest.

My sword with myrtle will I braid,
Such as Aristogeiton bore;
When, at Minerva's shrine, the blade
Dropped with the victim-tyrants gore.

Dear patriot pair! your fame shall bloom
Immortal in the poet's strain;
Who, by the Tyrant's righteous doom,
Bade Athens flourish free again.

INSCRIBED

ON THE BACK OF A LANDSCAPE FROM GLOVER,

PAINTED BY MISS FLEMMING OF LICHFIELD.

BY MISS SEWARD.

It is a golden view, the sunny glow
Sleeps on the water. Of unnumber'd tints
Gorgeous, this bordering wood, with its proud oak,
That lords it on the bank, have now put on
The burnish'd livery of autumnal suns
Ere yet their fires grow pale. Pure, glassy stream,
The forest, skirting to thine utmost verge,
Curtains thee amply; while the far-off hill
Lifts its grey, barren summit, faintly gleam'd.
  Look on the Herd, how leisurely they pace,
In social line, the narrow shrubby lane
Descending to the flood! Do you not see
A luxury of quiet in their step,
Congenial to the scene?—and, farther on,
In yonder little goats, how calm they sit
Close to the brink, and, with declining head,
Muse on their watry image!—Then the Boy,
Heedfully following the full-udder'd Train

On his staid horse, while up the left-hand glade
Streams the rich setting sun, and on his back,
And shoulders, warmly plays! No child, I ween,
Of Fancy he, for sure his sober eye
Marks little of the beauty he beholds,
Yet we perceive a measureless content
Sit on his sun-burnt cheek.—Dale, to thy charms,
Pays or the Poet's, or the Painter's mind,
A *better* homage?—Tis a right good Boy,
He loves the Brutes he follows; they love him,
And we will own he earns his supper well.

EPIGRAMS.

FROM THE GREEK.

On marble tombs let no rich essence flow,
No chaplet bloom, no lamp suspended glow;
Vain cost! While yet I live, these honours pay:
Wine can but moisten ashes into clay.

Mindful of many a tear, and many a sigh,
My prudent heart from Anna bids me fly.
In vain! too weak my resolution proves:
This prudent heart, that gravely bids me, loves.

ON THE DEATH OF HELIODORA.

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

THESE tears be thine, O lost in early bloom!
(All, all that now affection can bestow.)
Tears wept in anguish: o'er thy honoured tomb
Love, in fond memory, pours the stream of woe.

Yes, my dead Heliodora, ever dear!
Long, long for thee shall Meleager grieve;
Still shall thy shade, while yet he lingers here,
These empty gifts to Acheron receive.

Ah! where is now my lovely blossom?—torn,
By Death untimely torn, in dust to fade.
But this fair flower, which all admired and mourn,
O Earth fold softly in thy bosom laid!

THE SMILE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHIABRERA.

Beauteous Roses, not with Morn
From the thorn
  Scattering sweet but transient pleasures;
You, whom, round the lips display'd,
Love has made
  Guardians of his pearly treasures!

RISO DI B. DONNA.

Belle rose porporine,
Che tra spine
  Sull' Aurora non aprite;
Ma ministre degli Amori
Bei tesori
  Di bei denti custodite:

Dear to Love, sweet Roses! tell,
If I dwell
  Fondly those bright eyes beholding,
As I gaze, and gazing sigh,
Tell me why
  You expand in smiles unfolding?

Conscious, I could ill sustain
Your disdain,
  Seek you thus my life to cherish?
Is it, that you feel delight
In the sight
  Of the pangs by which I perish?

Dite, rose preziose,
Amorose;
  Dite, ond'è, che s'io m'affiso
Nel bel guardo vivo ardente,
Voi repente,
  Disciogliete un bel sorriso?

E ciò forse per aita
Di mia vita,
  Che non regge alle vostro ire?
O pur è perchè voi siete
Tutte liete,
  Me mirando in sul morire?

Beauteous Roses, be your joy
To destroy
  Or to save, since thus you show it,
Still will I in novel lays
Sing your praise,
  But ô smile upon your Poet!

If, at day-spring as we pass,
Through the grass,
  Murmur rills and whisper breezes;
If, with flowers the mead looks gay,
Sooth'd we say,
  How the smiling Landscape pleases!

Belle rose, o feritate,
O pietate
  Del sì far la cagion sia,
Io vó dire in nuovi modi
Vostre lodi,
  Ma ridete tuttavia.

Se bel rio, se bell' auretta
Tra l'erbetta
  Sul mattin mormorando erra;
Se di fiori un praticello
Si fa bello,
  Noi diciam: ride la Terra.

When his foot blythe Zephyr laves
In the waves,
  That with gently-gliding motion
Hardly rippling on the sand,
Kiss the strand;
  See we cry, how smiles old Ocean!

Veil'd in gold, and round her hair
Lilies there,
  Here each blushing blossom piling,
If, on wheels of sapphire drawn,
Mounts the Dawn;
  Lo! we say, the Sky how smiling!

Quando avvien, che un zefiretto
Per diletto
  Bagni il piè nell' onde chiare,
Sicchè l'acqua in sull' arena
Scherzi appena,
  Noi diciam, che ride il Mare.

Se giammai tra fior vermigli,
Se tra gigli
  Veste l'Alba un' aureo velo;
E su rote di zaffiro
Move in giro,
  Noi diciam, che ride il Cielo.

True, in mighty Nature's mirth,
Heaven and Earth
  Deck with smiles their jocund faces:
True, they smile; but smiling, so
Cannot show
  Half your soul-enchanting graces!

Ben è ver quando è giocondo
Ride il Mondo,
  Ride il Ciel quando è giojoso,
Ben è ver; ma non san poi
Come voi
  Fare un riso grazioso.

THE FROWN.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN, with soft and winning air
Comes my fair,
  By her guard of Loves surrounded;
And a smile, benignly bright,
Beams delight
  On the heart which they have wounded;

DOLCE SDEGNO DI B. DONNA.

Se il mio Sol vien, che dimori
Tra gli Amori,
  Sol per lei soavi arcieri;
E riponga un cor anciso
Con bel riso
  Sulla cima de' piaceri;

Such the charms which she displays,
All who gaze
  Wish her ever thus alluring;
Nor again dare hope to meet
Sight so sweet,
  Spite of Love himself assuring.

But the pearls, whose lucid hue
Wonder drew,
  If in serious mood she closes;
And the look, that gaily glanc'd,
As entranc'd
  In reflected thought, composes;

Tale appar, che chi la mira
La desira
  Ad ognor si giojosetta;
E non sa viste sperare
Così care,
  Benchè Amor glie le prometta.

Ma se poi chiude le perle,
Che a vederle
  Ne porgean tal meraviglia;
E del guardo i raggi ardenti
Tiene intenti
  Qual chi seco si consiglia.

Suddenly behold we now
On her brow
  Pride enthroned in awful beauty.
Pride? ah no!—but where my Muse,
Wilt thou chuse
  Words to satisfy thy duty?

When abroad on orient wings
Eurus springs
  O'er the summer seas to revel;
And his feet in rapid race
Print their trace,
  Where he skims the watery level;

Allor subito si vede,
Che la siede
  Sul bel viso un bell' orgoglio
Non orgoglio; ah chi poria,
Lingua mia,
  Farti dar ciò, che dir voglio?

Se avvien, ch' Euro dolcemente
D'Oriente
  Spieghe piume peregrine;
E cò pie vestigio imprima
Sulla cima
  Delle piane onde marine.

Curling waves with murmuring sound
Foam around:
  Yet no storm of wrath collected
Speaks that sound; the sign but shows,
Ocean knows
  How to make his power respected!

Thus we on that brow discern,
Sweetly stern,
  Terrors which no pain occasion:
'Tis not anger that is shown;
'Tis alone
  Beauty daunting bold invasion;

Ben sonando il mare ondeggia
E biancheggia,
  Ma nel sen non sveglia l'ire!
Quel sonar non è disdegno,
Sol fa segno,
  Ch' ei può farsi riverire.

Tal diviene il dolce aspetto,
Rigidetto
  Ei non dà pene, o tormento;
Quel rigor non è fierezza,
E' bellezza,
  Che minaccia l'ardimento.

And that gentle look severe
Charms endear
  So transporting to the lover,
Not one thought he more employs
On the joys,
  Which her beauteous smiles discover!

E l' asprezza mansueta
E' si lieta,
  In sull aria del bel viso,
Che ne mette ogni desio
In obblio
  La letizia del bel riso.

Ancient Poetry.

ANCIENT POETRY.

LORD VAUX

It seems now to be believed was Thomas Lord Vaux, who was summoned to parliament 22 Hen. viii. In 24 Hen. viii. he waited on the King to Calais, and thence to Bulogne, and 25 Hen. viii. upon the coronation of Q. Anne Bulleyne was one of the Knights of the Bath then made for the honour of that solemnity. He was Captain of the isle of Jersey, but 28 Hen. viii. surrendered that trust. By Elizabeth his wife, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Cheney of Istlingburgh in Northamptonshire he had his son and heir William, summoned to Parliament 4 and 5 Ph. and Mary; who died 1595, and whom *I suspect* to have been the poet rather than his father Lord Thomas. Lord *Nicholas* the grandfather is now allowed to have lived at too early a period for these poems. See Warton's Hist. Po. iii. 44. Theatr. Poet. Angl. 49. Percy's Ballads ii. 49. There is an ease and elegance in his manner, which deserves much praise. His poems discover the air of a man of fashion, and a certain reality and sincerity of sentiment which generally results from a long intercourse and disgust with the world.

OF THE MEAN ESTATE.

BY LORD VAUX.

[FROM THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVISES, 1576.]

The higher that the cedar tree
  Under the heavens do grow,
The more in danger is the top
  When sturdy winds 'gin blow.
Who judges then in princely throne
  To be devoid of hate,
Doth not yet know what heaps of ill
  Lie hid in such estate.
Such dangers great, such gripes of mind,
  Such toils do they sustain,
That oftentimes of God they wish
  To be unking'd again.

For as the huge and mighty rocks
  Withstand the raging seas,
So kingdoms in subjection be,
  Whereas Dame Fortune please;

Of brittle joy, of smiling chear,
  Of honey mix'd with gall,
Allotted is to every prince
  In freedom to be thrall.
What watches long, what steps unsure,
  What griefs and cares of mind;
What bitter broils, what endless toils,
  To kingdoms be assign'd!

The subject then may well compare
  To prince for pleasant days;
Whose silent night brings quiet rest;
  Whose might no storm bewrays:
How much be we then bound to God,
  Who such provision makes
To lay our cares upon the prince;
  Thus doth he for our sakes:
To him therefore let us lift up
  Our hearts, and pray amain,
That every prince, that he hath plac'd,
  May long in quiet reign!

TRY BEFORE YOU TRUST.

BY THE SAME.

[FROM THE SAME.]

To counsel my estate,
  Abandon'd to the spoil
Of forged friends, whose grossest fraud
  Is set with finest foil;
To verify true dealing wights
  Whose trust no treason dreads;
And all too dear th' acquaintance be
  Of such most harmful heads;
I am advised thus,
  Whoso doth friend, friend so,
As though to morrow next he fear'd
  For to become a foe.

To have a feigned friend,
  No peril like I find;
Oft flering face may mantle best
  A mischief in the mind:

A pair of angel's ears oft-times
  Doth hide a serpent's heart,
Under whose gripes whoso doth come,
  Too late complains the smart.
Wherefore I do advise
  Whoso doth friend, friend so,
As though to-morrow next he should
  Become a mortal foe.

Refuse respecting friends
  That courtly know to feign;
For gold that wins, for gold shall lose
  The self-same friend again.
The quail needs never fear
  In fowler's nets to fall,
If he would never bend his ear
  To listen to his call.
Therefore trust not too soon;
  But when you friend, friend so,
As though to morrow next ye fear'd
  For to become a foe.

EDWARD VERE,

17th Earl of Oxford, succeeded his father 1562, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was distinguished for his valour, as well as his wit, and was a true ornament to those days of chivalry. He married a daughter of the great Lord Burleigh, who having offended him by refusing his intercession for his friend the Duke of Norfolk, he is said to have dissipated his estate out of revenge—a strange kind of retribution!—He died an old man 24 June 1604. Dr. Percy says that "perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity." Ballads, ii. 178.—I cannot agree with Dr. Percy. See Theatr. Poet. Angl. 86.

THE JUDGMENT OF DESIRE.

BY EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

[FROM THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVISES, 1576.]

The lively lark did stretch her wing,
The messenger of morning bright:
And with her chearful voice did sing
The day's approach, discharging night,

When that Aurora blushing red
Descried the guilt of Thetis' bed.
  Laradon tan tan, Tetriton teight.

I went abroad to take the air,
  And in the meads I met a knight,
Clad in carnation colour fair:
  I did salute the youthful wight,
Of him I did his name enquire;
He sighed and said, I am Desire.
  Laradon tan tan, Tetriton teight.

Desire I did desire to stay;
  Awhile with him I craved talk:
The courteous wight said me no nay,
  But hand in hand with me did walk.
Then in desire I asked again
What thing did please, and what did pain.
  Laradon tan tan.

He smil'd, and thus he answer'd me;
  Desire can have no greater pain
Than for to see another man
  The thing desired to obtain.
No joy, no greater too, than this,
Than to enjoy what others miss.
  Laradon tan tan.

A LOVER REJECTED COMPLAINETH.

BY THE SAME.

[FROM THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVISES, 1576.]

The trickling tears that falls along my cheeks,
The secret sighs, that shows my inward grief,
The present pains perforce that love aye seeks,
Bids me renew my cares without relief;
In woeful song in dole display
My pensive heart for to bewray.

Bewray thy grief, thou woeful heart, with speed;
Resign thy voice to her that caus'd thy woe:
With irksome cries bewail thy late-done deed;
For she thou lov'st is sure thy mortal foe.
And help for thee there is none sure;
For still in pain thou must endure.

The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound;
The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame;
The strongest tower the cannon lays on ground;
The wisest wit, that ever had the fame

Was thrall to Love, by Cupid's sleights.
Then weigh my case with equal weights.

She is my joy; she is my care and woe;
She is my pain, she is my ease therefore:
She is my death; she is my life also;
She is my salve, she is my wounded sore.
In fine she is the hand and knife,
That may both save and end my life.

And shall I live on earth to be her thrall?
And shall I sue, and serve her all in vain?
And kiss the steps, that she lets fall?
And shall I pray the Gods, to keep the pain
From her, that is so cruel still?
No, no; on her work all your will!

And let her feel the power of all your might;
And let her have her most desire with speed:
And let her pine away both day and night;
And let her moan, and none lament her need:
And let all those, that shall her see,
Despise her state, and pity me!

FRANCIS KYNWELMARSH

Was an Essex Gentleman and a member of Gray's Inn. He was a friend of Gascoigne, with whom he was concerned in a translation of the Tragedy of Jocasta from Euripides. He and his brother Anthony had the credit of being noted poets of their time. In the translation of the Ode to Concord by our author there is great elegance of expression and versification. Theatr. Poet. Angl. 90, 96, 98.

A POEM.

BY FRANCIS KYNWELMARSH.

* FROM THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVISES, 1576.

ALTHOUGH the purple morning brags
In brightness of the Sun,
As though he had of chased Night
A glorious conquest won,

* This piece has been printed in Headley's Select Beauties of Antient English Poetry, but is reprinted here, as that work is now growing scarce.

The Time by day gives place again
To force of drowsy Night,
And every creature is constrain'd
To change his lusty plight *.
Of pleasant all that here we taste
We feel the contrary at last.

In spring though pleasant Zephyrus
Hath fruitful earth inspir'd,
And Nature hath each bush, each branch,
With blossoms brave attir'd,
Yet fruits and flowers, as buds and blooms,
Full quickly wither'd be,
When stormy Winter comes to kill
The Summer's jollity.
By Time are got, by Time are lost
All things wherein we pleasure most.

Although the seas so calmly glide,
As dangers none appear,
And doubt of storms in sky is none,
King Phœbus shines so clear;
Yet when the boisterous winds break out,
And raging waves do swell,
The silly bark now heaves to heaven,
Now sinks again to hell.

* The eight first lines of every stanza form only four in the original, but are here divided, according to the example of Dr. Percy, as more suitable to a modern ear.

Thus change in every thing we see,
And nothing constant seems to be.

Who floweth most in worldly wealth,
  Of wealth is most unsure,
And he that chiefly tastes of joy
  Doth sometimes woe endure;
Who vaunteth most of number'd friends
  Forgoe them all he must,
The fairest flesh and liveliest blood
  Is turn'd at length to dust.
Experience gives a certain ground
That certain here is nothing found.

Then trust to that, which aye remains,
  The bliss of heavens above,
Which time, nor fate, nor wind nor storm
  Is able to remove;
Trust to that sure celestial rock
  That rests in glorious throne,
That hath been, is, and must be still,
  Our anchor-hold alone.
The world is but a vanity,
  In heaven seek we our surety.

RICHARD EDWARDS

Was a native of Somersetshire, born 1523, and educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In his early years he had some employment at Court. He wrote "Damon and Pythias," a comedy, first printed 1570, or perhaps 1565, and Palamon and Arcyte 1566. He is mentioned by Puttenham, as gaining the prize for comedy and interlude; and was a contriver of masques, and a composer of poetry for pageants. He was a principal contributor, and probably editor of the Paradise of Dainty Devises, London 1576. See Theatr. Poet. Angl. 80.

A POEM.

BY RICHARD EDWARDS.

[FROM THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVISES, 1576.]

He requesteth some kindly comfort, affirming his constancy.

The mountains high, whose lofty tops
  Do meet the haughty sky;
The craggy rock that to the sea
  Free passage doth deny;

The aged oak that doth resist
  The force of blustring blast;
The pleasant herb that every where
  A fragrant smell doth cast;
The lion's force, whose courage stout
  Declares a princely might;
The eagle, that for worthiness
  Is borne of kings in fight;
The serpent eke, whose poison'd ways
  Doth belch out venom vile,
The loathsome toad, that shunneth light,
  And liveth in exile:
These, these, I say, and thousands more
  By tract of time decay;
And like to time do quite consume,
  And vade from time to clay.
But my true heart, and service vow'd
  Shall last time out of mind,
And still remain as thine by doom,
  As Cupid hath assign'd.
My faith, lo! here I vow to thee,
  My troth thou know'st right well;
My goods, my friends, my life is thine:
  What need I more to tell?
I am not mine; but thine I vow;
  Thy hests I will obey;
And serve thee, as a servant ought,
  In pleasing, if I may.

And sith I have no flying wings,
  To see thee as I wish;
No fins to cut the silver streams,
  As doth the gliding fish;
Wherefore leave now forgetfulness,
  And send again to me;
And strain thy azur'd veins to write,
  That I may greeting see!
And thus farewell more dear to me,
  Than chiefest friend I have,
Whose love in heart I mind to shrine
  Till death his fee do crave!

RESPICE FINEM.

[FROM THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVISES, 1576.]

To be as wise as Cato was,
And rich as Crœsus in his life;
To have the strength of Hercules,
Which did subdue by force or strife;
What helpeth it, when Death doth call?
The happy end exceedeth all.

The rich may well the poor relieve;
The rulers may redress each wrong:
The learned may good counsel give;
But mark the end of this my song:
Who doth these things, happy they call;
The happy end exceedeth all.

The happiest end in these our days,
That all do seek, both small and great,
Is either for fame, or else for praise;
Or who may sit in highest seat,
But of these things, hap what hap shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

A good beginning oft we see,
But seldom standing at one stay:
For few do like the mean degree,
Then praise at parting some men say
The thing whereto each wight is thrall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The mean estate, that happy life,
Which liveth under governance:
Who seeks no hate, nor breeds no strife,
But takes in worth his happy chance;
If contentation him befall,
His happy end exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire,
The more offence doth daily grow:
The greater pain it doth require,
Except the judge some mercy shew.
Wherefore I think, and ever shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

Finis, D. S.

ROBERT GREEN

Was born at Norwich, about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was educated at Cambridge, and on leaving that university made the tour of Europe. In this tour he is said to have learned that debauchery which characterized the greater part of his life, and imbittered his latter days. After having resided some years in London, he took his degree in arts at Cambridge, and was incorporated at Oxford in the year 1588. He was married to a very amiable woman, by whom he had one son. But this lady he quitted in the year 1586, being offended at her having given him good advice. He then lived with a prostitute, wrote obscene pamphlets for his support, and fully exemplified by his manners, the doctrines that he taught. Towards the latter end of his life, however, he appears to have repented sincerely. A letter, which he addressed to his wife, discovers a great degree of contrition. He died in the year 1592 of a surfeit, occasioned by eating pickled herrings and drinking rhenish wine. The pamphlets of Green are numerous, but now very scarce. He is said to have been the first author who wrote for bread.

AN ODE,

[FROM GREEN'S NEVER TOO LATE. 1st. PART.]

DOWNE the valley gan he tracke,
Bagge and bottle at his backe,
In a surcoate all of gray,
Such were Palmers on the way;

When with scrip and staffe they see,
Jesus grave on Calverie;
A hat of straw like a swaine,
Shelter for the sun and raine,
With a scallop shell before:
Sandals on his feete he wore:
Legs were bare, armes vnclad:
Such attire the Palmer had.
His face faire like Titans shine,
Gray and buxome were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearles of sorrow,
Such sweet teares love doth borrow,
When in outward dewes he plaines
Harts distresse that lovers paines:
Rubie lips, cherrie cheekes,
Such rare mixture Venus seekes,
When to keepe her damsels quiet,
Beautie sets them downe their diet.
Adon was not thought more faire;
Curled locks of amber haire:
Locks where Love did sit and twine
Nets, to snare the gazers eine:
Such a Palmer ne'er was seene,
'Lesse Love himself had Palmer beene.
Yet for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint.
Midst the riches of his face,
Griefe deciphred high disgrace;

Every step strained a teare,
Suddaine sighes shewed his feare:
And yet his feare by his sight,
Ended in a strange delight:
That his passions did approve,
Weedes and sorrow were for Love.

SONNET.

[GREEN'S GROATSWORTH OF WIT.]

WHAT meant the Poets in invective verse
To sing Medeas shame, and Scyllas pride,
Calipsoes charms, by which so many dide?
Onely for this, their verses they rehearse,
That curious wits, which in the world converse,
May shun the dangers and entising showes
Of such false Sirens, those home breeding foes,
That from their eyes their venom doe disperse.
So soon kils not the basiliske with sight,
The vipers tooth is not so venomous,
The adders tongue not halfe so dangerous,
As they that beare the shadow of delight,
Who chaine blind youths in trammels of their hayre,
Till waste brings woe, and sorrow hastes despaire.

WILLIAM HABINGTON,

Son of Thomas Habington, of Hindlip, in Worcestershire, by Mary, sister to William Parker, Lord Monteagle, was born at Hindlip, 4 Nov. 1605, educated at St. Omer's and Paris, and after his return, instructed in history by his father, who was a learned and ingenious man. In 1635 he published his poems under the title of "Castara," the name by which he celebrated the lady, whom he afterwards married—Lucia, daughter of William Herbert, Lord Powis. He was author also of the Queen of Arragon, a Tragi-comedy—of Observations on History, Lond. 1641. 8vo.—and of the History of Edw. IV. King of England. Lond. 1640. fol. which the critics thought written in a stile too florid, rather becoming a poetical than historical subject. Wood accuses Habington of running with the times, and courting Cromwell. He died 30 Nov. 1654. See Wood's Ath. II. III. and Nash's Worcestershire. Of all the forgotten poets, Habington, whose elegance, imagery, and moral pathos, are often very conspicuous, seems least to have deserved his fate.

A POEM,

BY WILLIAM HABINGTON, ESQ.

[FROM THE THIRD PART OF HIS "CASTARA," ENTITLED "THE HOLY MAN." 1640.

Solum mihi superest sepulchrum.

JOB.

WELCOME, thou safe retreat!
Where th' injur'd man fortify
'Gainst the invasions of the great:
Where the lean slave, who th' oar doth ply,
Soft as his Admiral may lie!

Great Statist! 'tis your doom,
Though your designs swell high, and wide,
To be contracted in a tomb!
And all your happy cares provide
But for your heir authoriz'd pride.

Nor shall your shade delight
I' th' pomp of your proud obsequies.
And should the present flattery write
A glorious epitaph, the wise
Will say, the poet's wit here lies.

How reconcil'd to fate
Will grow the aged villager,
When he shall see your funeral state?
Since death will him as warm inter
As you in your gay sepulchre.

The great decree of God
Makes every path of mortals lead
To this dark common period. *
For what by ways so-ere we tread,
We end our journey 'mong the dead.

E'en I, while humble zeal
Makes fancy a sad truth indite,
Insensible away do steal:
And when I'm lost in death's cold night,
Who will remember, now I write?

* The paths of glory lead but to the grave. GRAY.

TO CASTARA.

BY WILLIAM HABINGTON.

[FROM HIS POEMS, ENTITLED "CASTARA."
3d Edit. 1640.]

THE REWARD OF INNOCENT LOVE.

We saw and woo'd each other's eyes;
  My soul contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
  By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soul is sense,
  Prophane the temple of delight,
And purchase endless penitence
  With the stol'n pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
  The sensual idol of our clay:
For though the Sun do set and rise,
  We joy one everlasting day;

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
  While each of us shine innocent.
The troubled stream is still impure:
  With virtue flies away content.

And though opinion often err,
  We'll court the modest smile of fame;
For sin's black danger circles her,
  Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one dark silent room
  Death shall our loving coffins thrust;
Fame will build columns on our tomb,
  And add a perfume to our dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY

Was born in London, 1594, and educated at Merchant-Taylors' School, and at Oxford. Thence he removed to Cambridge, and entering into orders, resided at St. Alban's. During his residence here, he changed his religion, left his living, and taught a school. Hence he removed to Gray's-Inn, and became a dramatic writer, and gained by it both a livelihood and much respect from persons of rank. When the Rebellion broke out, he accompanied his patron, the Marquis of Newcastle, in his military employments. But when the King's cause declined, he retired to obscurity in London, and afterwards followed his old trade of keeping a school, in which he educated many who afterwards became eminent. After the Restoration, several of his plays were acted with applause. He suffered much by the fire of London, which drove him from his house to an habitation in St Giles's in the Fields, where, worn out with his affliction and losses, he died, aged 72. His poems were published at London, 1646. 8vo. See a list of his writings in Wood's Ath. II. 376. and Biogr. Dram.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

[FROM POEMS BY JAMES SHIRLEY. 1646.]

I WOULD the God of Love would die,
And give his bow and shafts to me,
I ask no other legacy.

This happy fate I then would prove,
That since thy heart I cannot move,
I'd cure, and kill my own with love.

Yet why should I so cruel be,
To kill myself with loving thee,
And thou a tyrant still to me?

Perhaps couldst thou affection shew
To me, I should not love thee so,
And that would be my medicine too.

Then choose to love me, or deny,
I will not be so fond to die
A martyr to thy cruelty:

If thou be'st weary of me, when
Thou art so wise to love again,
Command, and I'll forsake thee then.

UPON HIS MISTRESS DANCING.

BY THE SAME.

I STOOD, and saw my mistress dance,
Silent, and with so fix'd an eye,
Some might suppose me in a trance,
But being asked why,
By one that knew I was in love,
I could not but impart
My wonder, to behold her move
So nimbly with a marble heart.

COL. RICHARD LOVELACE,

Son of Sir Richard Lovelace, of Bethersden, in Kent, was born 1618, and educated at the Charter-house, and at Oxford, from whence he attended the Court. The beauty of his person and elegance of his manners made him a great favourite of the ladies. He afterwards retired to his seat in the country, whence he was deputed to carry the Kentish Petition to the House of Commons, for which he was committed to the Gate-house, at Westminster. Here he wrote his famous song "Stone-walls do not a prison make." After Oxford garrison surrendered 1646, he formed a regiment for the service of the French King, and was wounded at Dunkirk. In 1648 he returned to England, and was committed a prisoner to Peter-house, in London, where he published his poems, entitled "Lucasta," 1649. After he was set at liberty, "he grew melancholy," says Wood, "became very poor in body and purse, was the object of "charity, went in ragged cloaths, (whereas when he was "in his glory, he wore cloath of gold and silver) lodged "in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of "beggars, and poorest of servants" &c. (Athenæ. II. 229) After his death, his brother Dudley Posthumous Lovelace published another volume of his poems, in 1659. There is great elegance, and a very brilliant fancy, mixed with some quaintness, throughout the poems of Lovelace. See Gent. Mag. vol. LXI. p. 1095. LXII. p. 99. 321. 604. 971, &c.

LOVE CONQUER'D.

A SONG.

BY COL. RICHARD LOVELACE.

SET BY MR. HENRY LAWES.

[FROM "LUCASTA." 1649.]

THE childish God of Love did swear
  Thus; by my awful bow and quiver,
Yon weeping, kissing, smiling pair,
I'll scatter all their vows in th' air,
  And their knit embraces shiver.

Up then to th' head with his best art,
  Full of spite and envy blown,
At her constant marble heart
He draws his swiftest surest dart
  Which bounded back, and hit his own.

Now the Prince of fires burns!
  Flames in the lustre of her eyes!
Triumphant she, refuses, scorns;
He submits, adores, and mourns,
  And is his Votress' sacrifice.

Foolish boy! Resolve me now
What 'tis to sigh and not be heard!
He, weeping, kneel'd, and made a vow,
The world shall love, as yon fast two:
So on his sing'd wings up he steer'd.

SONG.

BY THE SAME.

SET BY MR. HENRY LAWES.

TO LUCASTA, GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustring wind, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'swage
The foaming Blue-God's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth
Like separated souls,
All time and space controuls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then do we anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
In heav'n, their earthy bodies left behind.

SIR ASTON COKAYNE,

The heir of a very ancient family at Ashbourn, in Derbyshire, was born at Elvaston 1608, and educated at Cambridge, and the Inns of Court. Thence he travelled through France and Italy; and marrying on his return, settled at his Lordship of Pooley, in Warwickshire, where he gave himself up to his books and his boon-companions, not however without cultivating the friendship of some of the most eminent wits of his day. Being a papist, he suffered much for his religion during the civil wars. In the latter part of his life, having sold his ancient patrimony, he retired to Derby, where he died 1683-4, aged 76. His poems were published 1658. There is much doggrel in them, but he sometimes displayed the powers of a poet. See Gent. Mag. LVII. p. 556.

SONG,

BY SIR ASTON COKAYNE.

[FROM COKAYNE'S POEMS, 1658.]

OF WOMEN.

I WONDER why by foul-mouth'd men
  Women so slander'd be,
Since it so easily doth appear
  They're better far than we.

Why are the Graces every one
  Pictur'd as women be,
If not to shew that they in grace
  Do more excell than we?

Why are the liberal Sciences
  Pictur'd as women be,
But t' shew if they would study them,
  They'd more excell than we.

And yet the Senses every one
  As men should pictured be,
To make it known that women are
  Less sensual than we.

Why are the Virtues every one
  Pictur'd as women be;
If not to shew that they in them
  Do more excell than we?

Since women are so full of worth,
  Let them all praised be;
For commendations they deserve,
  In ampler wise than we.

Fugitive Poetry.

EPITAPH,

ON JOHN MIERS LETTSOM, M. D.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MAURICE.

On virtuous Lettsom, in his manly bloom,
Resistless, Death's eternal shades descend;
While kindred Love and Friendship round his tomb
In speechless agony distracted bend.

Ah! what avails above the vulgar throng
To rise in genius, or in worth to soar;
Impetuous rolls the stream of Time along,
The bubble bursts, and Life's gay dream is o'er.

In every stage of varying life approved,
And still of toiling want the stedfast friend,
He passed his transient day, admired, beloved:
All praised him living, all bemoan his end.

From heaven's high throne the Almighty Sire looked down,
Well pleased to view such worth below the skies;
He saw him ripe for an immortal crown,
And bad his soul quit earth for Paradise.

THE CHAPLET.

BY EDMUND SWIFT, ESQ.

Oh yes, I will search through the garden with care,
For Emilia the prime of its beauty I'll steal,
To bloom on her bosom, or twine in her hair;
And each leaf and each bud shall an emblem conceal.

But say, simple Bard, can a flower assume
The charms that alone to Emilia belong?
In thy numbers the pride of the garden may bloom,
But its grace she surpasses, and needs not thy song.

'Tis true—yet perhaps she the gift will receive,
Nor deny it a place on her bosom to find:
For it seeks not to vie in the Chaplet I weave,
With the grace of her form, or the charm of her mind.

The Hyacinth there shall its beauty display,
That bosom's best emblem; for poets have sung,
'Twas Affection's warm tear that enliven'd the clay,
Whence the sad drooping flower of Tenderness sprung.

The LAURUSTINE hardy, that braves the rude blast,
Shall twine in the Chaplet, an emblem of ME:
'Tis CONSTANCY's flower, that ever shall last,
And CONSTANCY only is worthy of THEE.

The COWSLIP, enrob'd in her mantle of gold,
O'er the Chaplet her bright-bending breast shall incline;
For an *heart dropping blood* lies conceal'd in its fold,
And 'twill bloom to Emilia the record of *mine*.

And oh, in the wreath should the MYRTLE presume
To intrude, and Emilia its verdure approve,
How sweetly the Chaplet 'twould deck with its bloom!
'Tis the flower of Venus, and emblem of LOVE.

The LILLY, array'd in her snowy cimarre,
On her bosom shall shine, than her bosom less pure;
There TRUTH from her diadem dropt a bright star,
And the gem with Emilia shall ever endure.

—And shall not the ROSE in the Chaplet be found,
The breast of thy favorite fair to adorn?—
Ah no—for its beauty sharp perils surround,
And far from Emilia I'd banish the thorn.

'Tis the flower of WAR:—and its white and its red
Have silvered the banner, and crimsoned the shield,
And sons against sires to battle have led,
And stained with the slaughter of brothers the field.

But the OLIVE its leaf more congenial shall lend,
That bids the wild spirit of enmity cease;
And it's verdure with VIRTUE's fair violet blend,
For still may her breast be the mansion of peace!

SONG.

I'VE roam'd through many a weary round,
I've wander'd east and west,
Pleasure in every clime I found,
But sought in vain for rest.

While Glory sighs for other spheres,
I feel that one's too wide,
And think the home which love endears,
Worth all the world beside.

The needle thus, too rudely moved,
Wanders unconscious where,
Till having found the place it loved,
It trembling settles there.

ODE,

TO HOPE.

THEY err who deem thee of celestial race,
Nymph of the ceaseless smile,
Thine is no Angel face,
O treacherous Hope, who flatterest to beguile.

Thou wert, indeed, fair spirit, born in heaven;
But from the realm of bliss
Thy faithless form was driven
With those who plung'd into the deep abyss.

So still thy dazzling lineaments display,
The hue of heavenly birth;
And mortals own thy sway,
Deem'd the good Angel of the sons of earth.

Thou, when the traveller of the moonless night
Gropes o'er the moor his way,
Shewest the watry light
That tempts the wretched wanderer far astray.

The dear illusion makes his heart rejoice,
He hastens wildly on—
And now he lifts his voice—
And louder now—and now the light is gone.

Thou hearest him as to the water side
A wretched man he moves,
And when beneath the tide,
Groaning, he sinks, remembering all he loves.

And when the mountainous ocean swells and raves,
When the ship sinks beneath,
Thou makest on the waves
The mariner endure protracted death.

Long buoy'd by thee, with miserable eye
He gazes round and round,
And thinks he can descry
The distant vessel o'er the billows bound.

Oh happy, if by no vain wish possess'd,
When mid the waters cast,
Despair had fill'd his breast,
Soon had he perish'd, and the pang been past.

Fool! he who trusts thee in the evil hour,
Thou parasite of grief,
Whose false and boasting power
Can only promise, never bring relief.

THE TOAST.

When lifting high the rosy glass,
Each comrade toasts his favorite lass,
To his fond bosom near;
Ah! how can I the nectar sip,
Or Anna's name escape my lip,
When Mary is my dear?

Around it flies, dare I profane
My love? ah! no! they ask in vain
My charmer's name to hear:
Or to content the thoughtless crew,
I sigh and give the toast to Sue,
But Mary is my dear.

The plenteous bowl will vanquish care,
And soothe the anguish of despair;
Ah! remedy severe!
Delusive poison! from me, fly,
Nor thou, sweet memory, ever die,
While Mary is my dear.

S.

TO MY SOUL *.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

Be patient yet, my Soul, thou hast not long
To groan beneath accumulated wrong:
Soon, very soon, I trust, the galling yoke
That clogs thee now, for ever shall be broke.
It comes, thy freedom comes, from grief arise:
Prepare, exulting, for thy native skies.
Soon, very soon, this world's unholy dreams,
Its poor possessors, and their trifling schemes,
Shall worthless seem to thee, as leaves imbrown'd,
That blasts autumnal scatter o'er the ground.
O then, from all of earthly taint made free,
What scenes unthought, thy blessed eyes may see!
Perhaps, commission'd thou shalt bend thy flight,
Where worlds and suns roll far from mortal sight,
And hail'd by beings pure, who know no care,
Thy gracious Master's high behests declare:
Or raptur'd bend, amid the seraph band,
That round the throne of light, attending stand,

* Written at a period of dangerous illness.

To golden harps their dulcet voices raise,
And ceaseless hymn the great Creator's praise.
O while such hopes await, can ought on earth
My conscious soul, to one sad sigh give birth?
Be far each anxious thought: no more repine,
Soon shall the crown of Amaranth be thine.

AN APOSTROPHE

TO A NEW-BORN INFANT.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Burst into life, 'midst loud and wanton jeers,
Thy feeble cries, sweet Innocent, were drown'd:
But summon'd hence, 'midst friends dissolv'd in tears,
Be thou, still pure, in holy rapture found.

LINES,

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SCARLET FEVER.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

WHILST FEVER from the sultry East,
Effus'd her venom pale;
Her raven "snuff'd the promis'd feast,"
And croak'd in every gale.

In yon' low dell, where nigh the thatch
The hops in clusters spread,
I saw the unconscious victim stretch
His little hands for aid;

Or, vainly pant for zephyrs cool
Within that streamy creek;
Or there, beside the rush-green pool
Betray the burning cheek.

I saw the maid, who sweetly bloom'd,
Draw quick her poison'd breath;
And those fine eyes, that love illum'd,
For ever clos'd in death.

Yet, " here (I cried) this sloping hill
Hygeia! be thy care!
As freshness from the shade and rill,
Shall fan the tainted air.

Here, as their tales my children lisp,
Or frolick down the green,
Shall fruits in acid ripeness crisp,
Inspirit every vein.

Here, MARY! never shall a sigh
Thy placid bosom move;
Nor e'er a languish dim thine eye,
Unless it be from—love!"

Such was my strain. In soften'd shade
The evening sunk away;
As health, with roses seem'd to braid
The glimmering car of day.

Alas! in fairy hopes like these,
How impious to repose!
Soon, dropping, from his wings, disease,
The lurid morning rose.

Blushing no longer as they blush'd
A few short hours ago,
I view my offspring fever-flush'd,
And shivering as they glow.

Say, Mary! can I tell the rest?
Alas! thy sickening charms!
And clinging to thy scarlet breast
Thy poor babe's feeble arms.

Parent of all! Thou good Supreme!
O mark my bended knee;
The liveliest hope is all a dream,
If uninspir'd by Thee.

Father of Light! 'tis thine alone
To pour the healing balm!
Oh, as we fall before thy throne
Our throbbing pulses calm.

These innocents, Great Sire of Life!
Their mother—Oh, sustain!
Yes! to my sighs restore my wife,
Or all my prayers are vain!

SEPT. 15, 1801.

TRANSLATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

(DIE IDEALE.)

COMPANIONS of my earlier years,
For ever faithless will ye fly,
With all your train of hopes and fears,
Aspiring thoughts and warm desires,
Creative Fancy's magic fires
That warmed my opening mind with distant scenes of joy?
Imagination's airy train,
Can nought your hasty flight retain?
Ah! never, never, shall I see
Those visions of my early prime;
Swept by the ruthless storms of time,
Lost in the ocean of eternity.

And are those suns for ever set in night,
That spread their lustre o'er my dawning day?
Those cherish'd visions of supreme delight
So oft invok'd, no longer will they stay?

Each wish that fired my inexperienced mind,
And promised bliss and purity below,
Say, must it still in reason find a foe,
And leave a dull and dreary void behind?

As once the sculptured image fired
Pygmalion with an amorous flame,
Till breath and genial life inspired
The marble's cold and senseless frame;
So Nature to my opening soul
Appear'd in all her charms array'd,
Imagination lent her aid,
And mimic life inspired the wonderous whole.

Responsive to my ardent mind,
The magic influence spread o'er all,
The tree, the flower, the water-fall,
The forest wild, the lawn, the grove,
All seem'd, to life and sense refined,
To echo back the song of boundless love.

Methought an influence divine,
Ruled with almighty power my mind,
And urged to every great design,
Form'd by the love of human kind!
How vast, how fair appear'd this wond'rous scene,
When Hope at first its opening buds display'd!
How dull and comfortless, how poor and mean,
Has Reason since this mighty world pourtrayed!

When first life's journey I began,
Unburthen'd by the load of care,
In thought with mighty strides I ran
To scenes that Fancy painted fair;
Already would my wishes fly
To many a great and arduous height,
Nought was too distant, nought too high,
To tempt my fancy's daring flight.
How easy thence to snatch the prize
It seem'd amid the glorious strife,
While danced before my dazzled eyes
The forms that glitter in the morn of life.
Methought, obedient to my call,
That Love his roses in my path had strown;
That Fortune, with her golden crown,
And Fame, that hides in stars his lofty crest,
And Truth, in never-fading sun-beams drest,
On me had doom'd their choicest gifts to fall.

The fairy scenes are flown,
The bright enchantment vanished in air;
Faithless, for ever are they gone,
Unmark'd, unheard my prayer.
On hasty wing has Fortune urged her flight,
Nor knowledge grants me yet her gifts to share,
While hid in clouds of doubt is Truth's immortal light.

I saw the palm of high renown
The undeserving brow adorn;

I look'd—and lo! for ever flown
The opening sweets of life's delicious morn!
And deeper still and darker grew
The shades that gather'd round my lonely way,
While mid the dull and dreary view
Hope scarcely shed a feeble doubtful ray.

Of all the visionary train
That Fancy erst was wont to raise,
O say, which faithful yet remain,
To cheer the evening of my days?
Thou, Friendship, who alone hast power
To heal each deeply-rankling wound,
And cheer affliction's darkest hour—
Thou whom I early sought and found:
Employment, too, whose healing balm
Can still the passions madding rage,
The tempest of the soul can calm,
And all life's ills assuage.
'Tis thou, who unappall'd by toil,
Canst to perfection bring each nobler aim,
And atoms upon atoms pile,
To form a system's mighty frame:
Led by thy hand in life's declining day,
Hours, minutes, months, and years, will softly steal away.

J. B.

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER

TO HER

INFANT AT THE BREAST.

UNHAPPY child of Indiscretion!
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn,
Pledge and reproof of past transgression,
Dear, though unwelcome to be born!

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To heaven, thy mother fain would dare;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken prayer.

But, spite of these, my mind unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee,
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall loved and guarded be.

And, lest the injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine, or for thy father's ill,
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee,
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And though, to rank and place a stranger,
Thy life an humble course must run,
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger,
Which I too late have learnt to shun.

Meantime, in these sequestered vallies,
Here may'st thou rest in safe content,
For Innocence may smile at Malice,
And thou, O thou, art innocent.

Here to thine infant wants are given
Shelter and rest, and purest air,
And milk as pure—but mercy, heaven!
My tears have dropt and mingled there.

STANZAS TO A VALLEY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. G. VON SALIS.

Sweet valley, bounded by these pine-clad hills,
Ye meads, just seen thro' yonder opening glade;
Ye darksome groves, ye softly murmuring rills,
Thou cot, conceal'd beneath yon' walnut's shade;

From the high summit of this mount, blest scene,
With transport does a wanderer hail thy charms;
Mid' Nature's beauties, tranquil and serene,
He seeks a refuge from the world's alarms.

Oh bid him welcome then, ye verdant steeps!
Oh bid him welcome then, ye flowery brakes;—
Lull'd in your bosom every sorrow sleeps,
While only mild and calm reflection wakes:

My life's career is to contracted bounds
Confin'd, as thine, oh! seat of soft delight!—
And, as the end of yon' meandering rounds,
Its close is veil'd in darkness from my sight.

Ambition's vessel, on a faithful shore
  Here rests in peace, her anchor sweet content;
Here curiosity is seen no more,
  With prying eye exploring each event.

Malignity aims not her venom here
  Against mild innocence' unguarded breast;
Nor mid' the aspens that are rustling near
  Does hissing scorn erect her serpent's crest.

Care seeks not, with o'erclouding brow and mind,
  To pry into the future's dreary waste;
No place of rest can pallid envy find;
  Of vain remorse no footsteps can be trac'd.

But o'er the grassy meads the Muses rove,
  Or by yon' stream that thro' the valley strays;
While inspiration whispers thro' the grove,
  And sportive fancy mid' the foliage plays.

From the white village church, amid those trees,
  Ne'er does the midnight clang of terror sound;
Nor o'er this Tempe does the balmy breeze
  E'er waft heart-rending notes of discord round.

The fearful din of clashing weapons ne'er
  The echo of that ivy'd cavern wakes;
But, while the herdsman's horn sounds free from care,
  To the sweet shepherd's pipe the morning breaks.

In the soft meads the lowing herds repose,
The wild-goats browze upon the steepy rocks;
While from the mouldering tow'r at evening's close,
The screech-owl hoots amid the falling blocks.

The silver poplars in the Zephyrs play,
Their leaves presenting still a varying hue;
The mill that stops yon' streamlet's gentle way
At pauses strikes, to measur'd time still true.

On the tall trees the thrush her wild-notes sings,
While the meek grasshopper still chirps below;
The mower's scythe thro' all the valley rings,
And the bees hum as laden home they go.

Oh! blest the man, who from his heart can hail
These tranquil scenes, here study nature's page—
As Petrarch, in his rock-encompass'd vale,
And in Scillonte's shades the Grecian sage *.

And ye, who've long repented that your choice
Once led ye to pursue the worldling's course,
Fly, fly the storm; obey mild nature's voice,
And peaceful rest from the rude tempest's force.

* Xenophon, who, banished from his native country, retired to Scillonte, in Peloponnesus, not far from Olympia, where he devoted his latter years to hunting and agriculture.

Here may the heart, too oft by man betray'd,
Form round himself a world where guilt's unknown;
The injur'd lover, the forsaken maid,
Their soul's deep wrongs in silence may bemoan.

And thou, mild seraph, who, thro' passing years,
Hast watch'd my steps, thy guardian cares may cease;
Encircled round with golden hope appears,
The future now, as here I rest in peace.

While here, as at the brink of heavenly joy
I fix my seat, abjuring worldly dreams;
Resolv'd ambition's tune shall ne'er decoy
My heart again, to taste her troubled streams.

Love's wants are few, a garden, plough, and field,
An arbour by his fair-one's fingers drest,
A straw-roof'd cot from curious eyes conceal'd,
A spot where two united urns may rest.

Far as a shepherd, in fair Enna's dale,
The distant roaring of the billows hears,
So distant now the sons of history's tale,
In low and broken sounds, assails mine ears.

Nor shall ambition's votaries e'er a note
Of admiration from my bosom gain;
Those who for liberty their lives devote,
Alone can from my hands a crown obtain.

Too proud to serve, where rank or pay invites,
No more a hireling to another's laws;
Yet ne'er will I desert man's genuine rights,
But gladly perish in fair Freedom's cause.

And when at last I rest from mortal strife,
O'er my cold clay let silver roses bloom;
And ah! may those who shar'd my love thro' life,
Shed drops of fond affection o'er my tomb.

ANNE PLUMPTRE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY DUNDAS.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN THE HIGHLANDS, AFTER RETIRING FROM OFFICE IN 1801.

From public toils, and cares, and strife,
Welcome once more to private life,
In Scotia's rude domain;
Enjoy repose, content and ease,
Inhale the health-inspiring breeze,
Nor think of France and Spain.

Let those who hold the helm of state
Consume their nights in dire debate,
Their days in factious jars;
O'er ways and means incessant pore
To raise reluctant millions more,
Scant food for future wars.

Even peace on their devoted heads,
No balmy dew of comfort sheds,
  But discord flaps her wings;
For who shall fix each adverse claim
Untouched his wisdom and his fame
  By censure's venomed stings?

Far from the Senate and the Throne,
From budget, tax, investment, loan,
  Impeachment, expedition;
Peace shall your hether pillow bind,
And war no more distract your mind,
  Nor projects of ambition.

The easy, social, joyous hour,
Unknown to pomp, remote from power,
  Awaits you in the wild;
Friendship shall lead you by the hand,
And Caledonia's arms expand,
  To clasp her patriot child.

Should warfare still your thoughts engage,
To muirland scenes confine your rage,
  In mimic camp arrayed;
Unheard the sound of noisy drums,
There no Mysorean Tyrant comes,
  Your quiet to invade.

The laurels won at Aboukir,
Deep moistened with a nation's tear,
  Were death and glory's prize;
But where you urge the gay campaign,
No tears the cheek of friendship stain,
  No Abercromby dies!———

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOËTHE.

Flow still, ye tears of sorrow,
  Tears of eternal love;
No gay returning morrow
  Shall e'er my grief remove.

Alas! viewed by that dim desponding eye,
  From which despair, not patience, dries the tear,
How dead, how drear, how silent, how forsaken,
  Does the wide, desart world appear!

Flow still ye tears of Sorrow,
  Tears of eternal love;
No gay returning morrow
  Shall e'er my grief remove.

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

When the fair one, and the dear one,
Her lover by her side,
Strays or sits, as fancy flits,
Where yellow streamlets glide,
Gleams illuming, flowers perfuming,
Where'er her footsteps rove,
Time beguiling with her smiling—
O that's the hour of love!

Should the fair one, and the dear one,
The sigh of pity lend,
For human woe, that presses low,
A stranger or a friend!
Tears descending, sweetly blending
As down her cheek they rove,
Beauty's charms in Pity's arms,—
O that's the hour of love!

When the fair one, and the dear one
Appears in morning dreams,
In flowing vest, by fancy drest—
And all the angel beams—

The heavenly mien, and look serene,
Confess her from above;
While rising sighs, and dewy eyes,
Say, that's the hour of love!

A. M.

EDINBURGH.

THE SETTING SUN.

When rosy Eve revives the fragrant hours,
And heavenly dews refresh the closing flowers,
And birds, with melting music, drop to rest,
The Sun, how radiant! in the purple west;
O'er Devon's waving hills and dales I stray,
To catch the lustre of his parting ray:
Now, o'er the vale in shade, I brush the dew,
Now, on the hill, again his orb I view:
As I descend, or rise, I lose or gain
The vision, till he sinks beyond the main,
Relumes, on western isles, the morning light,
And yields this nether realm to starry night.
Is life not varied thus with lights and shades,
Till in the night of death the prospect fades?

W. EVANS.

WRITTEN,

AFTER HAVING SEEN A LOVELY BUT MISERABLE GIRL.

BY MISS A. M. PORTER.

SLIGHT was her form, and graceful; as she pass'd,
Mine eye fell on her, and with quick surprize
Recoil'd; for the few garments that she wore,
Blew torn on the cold wind, and scarcely clothed
The beauties they so sullied: O'er her neck
(Sicklied with primrose tint) her jetty locks
Fell rich but rudely, whilst her mournful eyes
Beam'd thro' a watery lustre. She was form'd
In Nature's kindliness; and tho' the rose
No longer melted in her cheek, nor blushed
With deepen'd brilliance on her lip, yet still
Unnumber'd graces deck'd her, and look'd forth
At every feature—thro' her rags there shone
The wreck of better days. "Alas! said I,
(While my tears fell, and my looks follow'd her)
"Poor Loveliness! these charms which now attract
"Passing attention, once perchance, have graced

" The social hearth, and o'er domestic joys
" Cast a pure splendour:—Haply, o'er thy face
" Some aged sire hath hung, and weakly deem'd
" That heav'n had given thee beauty, to be great:
" And some fond, timid lover, thrilling shrunk
" From thine eye's virtuous radiance, thinking still,
" Himself too poor, to be thy virtue's meed.—
" That beauty thus hath sunk thee, thus hath driv'n
" Peace, health, and innocence away, and left
" The temple of thy God, thy spotless soul,
" To be a brothel house, for want and vice.
" E'en whilst my tears drop o'er the expressive pain
" Which thy soft eyes are shooting, my chill'd heart
" Shrinks from the wanton step, the asking mien.—
" O, would to God! that thou wert once again
" Such as thou wert, while yet a stainless child!
" Tho' it should be thy fate to beg thy bread,
" And steep the hard-earn'd bit in bitter tears:
" Tho' a poor wretched outcast, thou should'st still
" Hunger all day, and then at night repose
" Cold on some lonely common; tho' no tongue
" Should ever on thine ear, or aching heart,
" Pour the warm tide of pity—still, O! still,
" It would be better far to wander thus
" Than to remain the slave of selfish vice,
" The victim of the passions. Ah! thy reign
" Hath been but brief; thy wond'rous beauty's power
" Hath fail'd, perchance, because thy heart retained
" Strong memory of its virtue, and too oft

" Cast clouds o'er thy spent spirits, and denied
" The power, to deck with mirth each riot scene.
" Unhappy girl! a female eye shall shed
" Those tears for thee, which ought, in drops of blood,
" To fall from thy seducer. Shame, O world!
" That man, thus privileged to ruin souls,
" Shall rove about undaunted; whilst the wretch
" Whom he hath made must either die unseen,
" Or plunge in deeper guilt, and fall for ever!"

INSCRIPTION.

DESIGNED FOR A VILLAGE SPRING.

CALM is the tenor of my way,
Not hurried on with furious haste,
Nor raised aloft in proud display:
Pure too the tribute of my urn,
With constant flow, not idle waste,
Offering to him who sends the rain,
By serving Man, the best return.
A course like mine, thy trial o'er,
Those living waters will attain,
Which he who drinks shall thirst no more.

ZEPHYR.

BY C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

ZEPHYR! whither are you straying,
Tell me where?
With prankish girls in gardens playing,
False as fair?
A butterfly's light back bestriding,
Queen-bees to honey-suckles guiding,
Or in a swinging hare bell riding,
Free from care?

Before Aurora's car you amble
High in air;
At noon, when Neptune's sea nymphs gambol,
Braid their hair;
When on the tumbling billows rolling,
Or on the smooth sands idly strolling,
Or in cool grottoes they lie lolling,
You sport there.

To chace the moon-beams up the mountains
You prepare;
Or dance with elves on brinks of fountains,
Mirth to share;
Now seen with love-lorn lillies weeping,
Now with a blushing rose-bud sleeping,
While fays from forth their chambers peeping,
Cry, ô rare!

MARTIAL EPIGRAM 35. Book viii.

TRANSLATED.

PAIR'D in wedlock, pair'd in life;
Husband suited to thy wife:
Worthless thou, and worthless she;
Strange it is ye can't agree!

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

BY W. HAYLEY, ESQ.

PEACE to these reliques! once the bright attire
Of spirit sparkling with no common fire!
How oft has Pleasure in the social hour
Smiled at his wit's exhilarating power!
And Truth attested with delight intense
The serious charms of his colloquial sense!
His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could strike the grave, or fascinate the gay;
His critick labours, of unwearied force,
Collected light from every distant source;
Want with such true beneficence he cheered,
All that his bounty gave, his zeal endeared.
Learning as vast as mental power could seize,
In sport displaying, and with graceful ease,
Lightly the stage of chequered life he trod,
Careless of chance, confiding in his God.

LINES

WRITTEN BY MRS. OPIE, *

COLD are the lips whose gentle force,
The reed to sweetest strains compelled:
Hushed is the breath whose ready course
In lengthened tone the cadence swelled.

Loved child of feeling! now no more
Thy tones the soul of taste shall feed;
And we in music's brightest hour,
Shall sigh and miss thy tuneful reed.

With thee, to our neglected plains
The soul of genuine music came,
Taste, genius, fired us in thy strains,
While all thy precepts fanned the flame.

But short the boast—those strains so dear
No more the choral throng shall lead—
Yet still in grateful memory's ear
Will sweetly sound thy tuneful reed.

* Sung at the Concert for the benefit of the Widow of the late Mr. Sharpe, held by the Anacreontic Society, at Chapel-Field-House, Norwich.

ODE,

TO THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

BY MR. J. H. L. HUNT.

O BORN of her beneath whose colour'd wings
Sad Collins pour'd his wild-notes to the gale,
While Pity's dirge wept o'er the sighing strings,
And ev'ry passion told its thrilling tale;
How sweet thy lyre with fairy sound,
The key of Harmony, can ope
The rose-bound portals that surround
The ever-blooming bow'r of Hope!

O skill'd to shed her silent dew
On drooping Sorrow's wither'd flow'r;
Or when dark Winter's sullen form
Sits frowning in his tent of storm,
To smoothe his front's cold wrinkles blue,
And throw a sunshine on his darkling hour;
Still (for how many a tearful eye
Looks fearful to a future sky,

Where Fate's veil'd woofs in darkness grow,
Wrapt round with all the storms of Woe),
Still bid it fix its calmer sight
On yon cœlestial fields of day,
Where Hope with steady finger gay
Points to her visions of delight;
Of Friendship joining hands with Truth;
And Love, that blooms eternal youth;
And Virtue, graving on the sky
The lessons that she learnt on high;
And blue-eyed Peace with harp divine
As mild and musical as thine!
O sing, nor let us feel once more
That Rapture's strains with thine are o'er!

TRANSLATION OF AN EPIGRAM

IN THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.

BY THE REV. G. WAKEFIELD.

FRIEND! o'er this sepulchre forbear
The plaintive sigh, the pitying tear:
No just pretence my death supplies
To heave thy breast, or dim thine eyes.
With childrens' children grac'd, one wife
Walk'd with me down the vale of life:
Three blooming youths my joyous hands
Entwin'd in Hymen's blissful bands:
The numerous race those nuptials blest
Oft slumber'd on their grandsire's breast:
No streams of grief through life I shed,
O'er child, or grandchild, sick or dead:
By them to my departed shade
The tear was pour'd, the rites were paid:
Thus convoy'd to eternal rest!
In life, in death, supremely blest.

TO A COQUETTE.

BY HENRY SIDDONS.

YES we will part, these stifled sighs
Shall smother every spark of fire
Which those two heaven-created eyes
Seem still so willing to inspire.

Perhaps, dear girl, you'll ask what crime
Could thus so suddenly subdue
A flame so ardent, so sublime
As that which once I felt for you?

No crime, no sin;—perhaps mankind
May laugh at scruples I regret;
Sweet maid, as I am not *quite* blind,
I find thou art a true coquette.

Then flaunt along the crowded street,
Attract all hearts too if you can;
Charm every coxcomb that you meet,
And only lose—an *honest man.*

Thus Indian folly you surpass,
Who (as by travellers we are told)
Are charmed with little bits of glass,
And buy them with their purest gold.

And when your fading roses fly,
Your lilies are no longer seen,
Ah! may you ne'er have cause to cry
How *very foolish* I have been.

ODE TO SLEEP.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

Though oft in hours of grief and pain,
Thy gentle slumbers, strength-restoring,
Have I, alas! invok'd in vain;
Yet, once again, thy aid imploring,
I pour to thee, ô Sleep, the strain.

Think not I ask thee to befriend
Awhile this breast in anguish sighing:
To me no succour thou canst lend;
My woes such feeble force defying,
A mightier power than thine must end.

But fly to Lesbia's couch, and there
Thy downy pinions lightly spreading,
Let no rude sound disturb the fair,
But all thy balmy influence shedding,
Drive far away each anxious care.

And ô thy visions, heavenly bright!
The soul from earthly thoughts relieving,
Around her spread, propitious Sprite!
Sweetly her charmed sense deceiving,
Till rosy Morn commands thy flight.

TO MRS. SIDDONS.

BY MISS SEWARD.

SIDDONS! when first commenc'd thy ardent course,
The Powers that guard the Drama's awful shrine,
Beauty, and Grandeur, Tenderness, and Force,
Silence that speaks, and Eloquence divine,
For thee erected that approachless Throne,
None may or hope to conquer or to share;
And all our subject Passions trembling own
Each various Sense subdued, and captive there.
Yet the heart says—" Respect a rival claim,
" A claim that rises in unvanquish'd strife,
" Behold, dividing still the palm of Fame,
" Her *radiant Science* and her *spotless Life!*"

THE EARL OF BUCHAN

DEPARTING FROM DRYBURGH ABBEY, AND PROCEEDING TO LONDON, NOV. 28, 1801.

FAREWELL, dear river—silver TWEED, farewell!
My hoary pile, my rocks, my echoing dell,
Farewell; and thou stern maid, shield of my youth,
Keep me still faithful to my wonted truth;
May time nor place e'er change my constant mind;
In thy lov'd temple be my vows enshrin'd—
I go, I cast a ling'ring look behind!
SCOTLAND, farewell!—how could I wish thee ill?
'Spite of thy venal self I love thee still.
Fly on, swift coursers; speed me where the bier
Of SAVILE stood *, and drew the gushing tear;
Those tears which flow'd, my hands erect to heaven,
To bless the day that SAVILE's soul was given!
On, on, my steeds; to Woolthorp † hie my way,
That with the dawn of the approaching day

* At Tuxford, where I met the funeral pomp, Jan. 21, 1784.

† Woolthorp, where Sir Isaac Newton first saw the light.

I may adore that great and genial Power
That form'd a NEWTON in the happiest hour;
And let mine eyes behold the fruitful tree,
Whose falling fruit unveil'd the world to thee!

Fly on, swift coursers, to Augusta's Tower,
And, while the moon illumes this midnight hour,
Let me in silence walk the graves among,
Of Wellwyn's Poet ‡ hum the gloomy song:
Luxurious gloom, thy YOUNG engross'd thy store,
And strew'd with cypress the Elysian shore!
Farewell, dear river; silver TWEED, adieu:—
I see my EILDON § sinking on my view!

‡ Young, Night-Thought Young, the Rector of Wellwyn.

§ Eildon, the Trimontium of Valentia in the Roman Scotland, its modern Parnassus, and the beauty of Tweed-side.

VERSES,

Addressed to the Subscribers and Friends to the Literary Fund, *at their Anniversary Meeting, May* 7, 1801.

1. WRITTEN AND RECITED BY

WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

WHILE Spring, exulting, owns the genial ray,
And fostering Zephyrs greet the new-born May;
While, rich in beauty, Nature's gifts invite
Each sense to joy, each feeling to delight;
Say, shall not Bounty's charms display their power,
Bright as the sun, refreshing as the shower?
Can her celestial influence impart
Less warmth, less rapture, to th' ingenuous heart?
Not all the views that strike our ravish'd eyes,
Wild woods, enamel'd vales, and azure skies;
Not all the vernal music of the grove,
Th' instinctive melody of artless love;
So charm the fancy, so exalt the mind,
As scenes that melt, that humanize mankind,
As the pure joy Benevolence inspires,
Her conscious energies, her sacred fires:

When o'er this favour'd spot her banners wave,
And mark the band, whose triumph is—to save.

Lo! when by Fancy wak'd to new delight,
The child of genius wings his daring flight,
Now soars sublime, and spurns the earth below,
Now sinks depress'd, o'erwhelm'd by want and woe;
What generous sympathy can soothe his care?
What hand shall raise him, plung'd in deep despair?
What friend his wounds can heal, his sorrows cheer,
Revive his drooping hope?—That friend is here:
Hence flow the plenteous streams that comfort give,
Restore his long-lost peace, and bid him live.

But see (more wretched still), the Bard or Sage,
Whose fortune fails, whose genius droops, in age!
His wit, his science, or his lofty lays,
Once gain'd the meed of universal praise.
Alas! when want pursues, when life declines,
Unheard he suffers, unlamented pines.
Too proud on private bounty to depend,
He shuns the patron; nay, he fears the friend.
How then shall worth like his assert its claim?
Who shall redress his wrongs, yet spare his shame?
'Tis yours to search in Misery's deep recess,
Unsought to cherish, and unask'd to bless;
Chase pining Want, bid Shame's keen anguish cease,
And Life's eventful drama end in peace.

But why this needless lay?—With fond acclaim,
Britain now owns, and consecrates your fame;
Where'er true Taste, true Science, greet their friends,
Her heavenly sway Benevolence extends.
Here then the Muse her anxious toils may close,
And her fond vot'ries seek their lov'd repose.
Propp'd by her zeal, and foster'd by her praise,
Your bounty struggled thro' its infant days—
Henceforth each fear dispell'd, each danger past,
Firm, independent, it shall reign, and last.
So the fond parent bird, with watchful eyes,
Views her young brood on flutt'ring pinions rise,
Directs their efforts with experienc'd skill,
While yet too weak to soar, or roam at will:
But when, mature in strength, aloft they spring,
With juster confidence, with firmer wing,
She bids them on their native pow'rs rely,
And pleas'd beholds them range the boundless sky.

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2. WRITTEN BY I. D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

AND RECITED BY EDWARD GRUBB, ESQ.

SERAPH of earth! lov'd Charity appears,
And drops on human griefs celestial tears;
O come! thine eyes of dewy light unfold,
And wave thy tresses of ethereal gold!

Mark the warm blush upon her forehead sent,
Her hand outstretch'd, her listening head just bent!
Hung round her knees a graceful group is seen;
She comes, and Famine's blasted heath looks green!

Her blest abodes each little village grace,
And restless vagrants find a resting-place;
See where Philanthropy her labour aids,
And opes to felon youths her schools and trades!
Lucina there, a splendid palace rears,
To calm the future mother's modest fears.
Sweet Charity! like Venus 'mid the waves,
Thou walk'st in beauty o'er the watery graves,
And, teaching man a Promethéan art,
Bring'st fire from heav'n—or wak'st it in his heart!
Within his grate, sits meagre Worth oppress'd,
Nor feels the sunshine playing on his breast;
Gently thy hand the little debt shall lend,
And give the social hearth a Father, Husband, Friend!

All, all, have felt the public's anxious care,
And every Briton had a brother's share;
All but the letter'd few—the Bard, the Sage,
Those great contemp'raries of every age!
Who can forgive the present, while they trust
To the late justice of some gem, or bust;
Obscurely beaming, like their midnight oil,
They sink, with slow decay, in silent toil.

Yes! while th' immortal page their genius spread,
Ev'n then they fainted for a little bread;
Yes! in our country (Freedom's antient choice!)
Want strangled oft the Patriot's feeble voice;
And loud Renown has told of many a name,
The child, at once, of Famine and of Fame!
Ah! on the press we muse with dread delight,
If they must perish who were born to write!

Bards, in whose breasts, with inspiration gay,
The Muses warble, and the Graces play,
Those gifted spirits of Aonian birth,
Crouch to the hand of Trade, and bend to Earth!
Or, blushless, dare the venal censer hold,
And barter glory (wretched men!) for gold!
Or bid their Muse still flaunt about the town,
The dirty prostitute of half a crown!

Shall British genius mourn so long, and hide
The Sage's dignity, the Poet's pride?
Ah, better breathe the unregarded sigh,
With Butler languish, and with Otway die;
With Chatterton, in sullen vengeance brood;
With Collins, rage in Phrenzy's ireful mood.

From ills like these, to save the virtuous man,
Patrons of Genius! is your rising plan!
Ah! sure the Artists of each finer grace;
The lov'd Preceptors of the human race;

All that dear train, whose studious hours impart
Th' illumin'd spirit, and the moral heart,
Claim from the public hand their moderate share;
Yes, 'tis their due!—they made us what we are!
And in a British audience still we see
Their hands are liberal, as their hearts are free;
Long, long endure, by generous spirits grac'd,
This festival of CHARITY and TASTE.

ADDRESS

OF A FELON TO HIS CHILD,

ON THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION.

[*Respectfully inscribed to the Philanthropic Society.*]

BY MRS. OPIE.

Poor Babe, that through this darksome grate
Survey'st yon crowd with curious eye,
If thou wouldst learn why thus they wait—
Know, 'tis to see thy father die!

To see how I that death shall bear
They deem for crimes like mine most fit;
Crimes urg'd by want, which many there
Were never tempted to commit.

A death, sweet innocent, for which
Thou'lt be, alas, one day revil'd;
For with my guilt the rude of speech
Too often will reproach my child!

Poor outcast, whither cans't thou turn?
Thy future fate adds pangs to mine:
I must my own offences mourn,
And fear, devoted babe, for thine!

For all thou canst from me receive
Is but a legacy of shame;
And, shouldst thou up to manhood live,
Thou'lt learn to curse thy father's name!

But while my guilt's to thee unknown,
Come, let me press thee to my breast,
Thou treasure without crime—my son—
Thou only wealth I e'er possess'd.

Thou pledge of pure and faithful loves,
Image of one I still deplore;
Yet now her death a blessing proves—
She lives not, to behold this hour!

But from my arms, ah, wherefore fly?
Why do I court thy kiss in vain?
Whence spring those tears? what means that cry?
Ah me!—thou fearst my clanking chain!

Till now I felt not all its weight;
But soon they'll come, my limbs to free:—
When I am summon'd to my fate,
My arms unchain'd may close on thee!

Then welcome, bitter hour of death:
  Thou'lt be of some keen pangs beguil'd;
For, ere I yield my forfeit breath,
  I closely may embrace my child!

And see, they come to take me hence!
  My injur'd, precious boy, adieu!
O, cruel world, for this offence,
  Wilt thou this child with horror view?

Ah, yes:—with me his hopes must die;
  For who will take him to their care?—
The prudent e'en his sight will fly,
  Lest, with my blood, my guilt he share!

And soon to vice and misery driven,
  Unknown, or else disdain'd by worth;
Untaught, my child, the way to heaven,
  Thou'lt yet be deem'd unfit for earth!

* * * * * *

What words are these, that to my soul
  A feeling like delight impart?
That fear and agony controul,
  And bind an almost broken heart?

They say a generous few have join'd
  (The pride of these enlightened times)
Poor outcast, orphan babes to find,
  And save them from their parent's crimes.

To them instruction's page they ope,
  Teach them to toil for honest fame,
And by their own good actions hope
  To wipe away their parents shame.

Blest men, a dying culprit's prayer
  Now seeks for you the heavenly throne,
For making thus our babes your care,
  May heaven reward you in your own!

EPITAPH

ON THEOBALD AYLWARD, MUS. D.

GRESHAM PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

WHO DIED FEB. 27, 1801, AGED 70 YEARS.

BY W. HAYLEY, ESQ.

AYLWARD, adieu! my pleasing, gentle friend,
Regret and honour on thy grave attend:
Thy rapid hand, harmonious skill possest,
And moral harmony enriched thy breast:
For heaven most freely to thy life assigned
Benevolence, the music of the mind;
Mild, as thy nature, all thy mortal scene;
Thy death was easy, as thy life serene.

FATHERLESS FANNY.

A BALLAD.

BY MRS. OPIE.

KEEN and cold is the blast loudly whistling around,
As cold as the lips that once smiled upon me,
And unyielding, alas! as this hard frozen ground,
The arms once so ready my shelter to be.

Both my parents are dead, and few friends I can boast,
But few to console and to love me, if any,
And my gains are so small, a bare pittance almost
Repays the exertions of fatherless Fanny.

Once, indeed, I with pleasure and patience could toil,
But 'twas when my parents sat by and approved!
Then my laces to sell I went out with a smile,
Because my fatigue fed the parents I loved.

And at night, when I brought them my hardly-earned gains,
Though small they might be, still my comforts were many;
For my mother's fond blessing rewarded my pains,
My father stood watching to welcome his Fanny.

But, ah! now that I work by their presence uncheered,
I feel 'tis a hardship, indeed, to be poor;
While I shrink from fatigue, now no longer endeared,
And sigh as I knock at the wealthy man's door.

Then, alas! when at night I return to my home,
No longer I boast that my comforts are many;
To a silent, deserted, dark dwelling I come,
Where no one exclaims "Thou art welcome, my
"Fanny!"

That, that is the pang! want and toil would impart
No pang to my breast, if kind friends I could see;
For the wealth I require is that of the heart,
The smiles of affection are riches to me.

Then, in pity, ye rich, when to you I apply
To purchase my goods, though you do not buy any,
With the accents of kindness O deign to deny,
You'll comfort the heart of poor fatherless Fanny.

ODE TO WINTER.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

When first the fiery-mantled Sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four (the Seasons) flew:
First in green apparel dancing,
  Smiled the Spring with angel face;
Rosy Summer next advancing,
  Rushed into her sire's embrace—
Her bright-haired sire, who bade her keep
  For ever nearest to his smiles—
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
  Or India's citron-covered isles,
More remote and buxom brown
  The queen of vintage bowed before his throne:
A rich pomegranate gemmed her crown,
  A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren Darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
  Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the pole where Runic Oden
  Howls his war-song to the gale:
Save when down the ravaged globe
  He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
  And trampling on her faded form;
Till light's returning lord assume
  The shaft that drives him to the northern field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume,
  And crystal-covered shield.

O, sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Phrensy, with her blood-shot eye,
Implores thy dreadful deity—
Archangel power of desolation,
  Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
  Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
  And gently rule the ruined year;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
  Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;

To shivering Want's unmantled bed,
  Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And mildly on the orphan head
  Of Innocence descend!

But chiefly spare, O King of Clouds,
The sailor on his airy shrouds—
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep;
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
  Breathe on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's bright billow freezes,
  Where the dark-brown Danube roars!
O, winds of Winter! list ye there
  To many a deep and dying groan?
Or start ye, dæmons of the midnight air,
  At shrieks and thunders louder than your own?
Alas! e'en your unhallowed breath
  May spare the victim fallen low:
But man will ask no truce to death—
  No bound to human woe!

TO THE MYRTLE.

UNFADING branch of verdant hue,
In modest sweetness dress'd,
Shake off thy pearly tears of dew,
And decorate my breast.

Dear emblem of the constant mind,
Truth's consecrated tree,
Still shall thy trembling blossoms find,
A faithful friend in me.

Nor chilling breeze, nor drizzling rain,
Thy glossy leaves can spoil,
Their sober beauties fresh remain
In every varying soil.

If e'er this aching heart of mine
A wandering thought should prove,
O let thy branches round it twine,
And bind it fast to Love.

For ah! the little fluttering thing,
Amidst life's tempest rude,
Has felt Affliction's sharpest sting,
Yet triumphs unsubdued.

Like thee it braves the wint'ry wind,
And mocks the storm's fierce power,
Tho' from its hopes the blast unkind
Has torn each promis'd flower.

Tho' round its fibres, barbarous Fate
Has twin'd an icy spell,
Still in its central fires elate,
The purest passions dwell.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

WHO DIED IN HER EIGHTEENTH YEAR,
AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS.

A BEAM she was of pure and hallowed light,
Strayed from a source more radiant than the sun,
Condemned awhile to charm the wondering sight,
And bless the gloom—then in a moment gone.

As angels meek from heavenly climes exiled,
She bore her fate without one murmuring sigh,
Soft Resignation on her sorrow smiled,
And humble Patience languished in her eye.

The breeze of heaven upon a form so fair,
Since Time awaked it first, had never blown,
Like dreams that crowd Elysium's balmy air,
With every grace to wildest fancy known.

Yet could that form and beauty nought avail,
Nor doomed was she to lengthening years of joy;
For Health retreated on the' unconstant gale,
And, wooed with many a prayer, was harsh and coy.

I saw the purple light of youth decline
With fading lustre from the anxious view;
The damask rose a drooping mourner pine,
Beneath the drops of cold and mortal dew.

Yet soft and gentle moved the power of Fate,
Reluctance glistening in his cruel eye;
In smiles of love he couched his deadly hate,
And awed to strike—he turned—and knew not why.

Now on the grave in slumber where she lies,
The early floweret lifts its ruby crest:
The village youth oft slowly passing sighs,
"Light be the earth upon thy gentle breast."

B.

TO RICHARD WESTALL, ESQ.

ON HIS BEAUTIFUL PAINTINGS IN THE EXHIBITION FOR THE YEAR 1800.

BY THE REV. T. MAURICE.

O THOU, from whose energic pencil flows
All that in science charms, or nature glows!
WESTALL, from one who burns with kindred fires,
Accept the verse thy matchless art inspires.
True Genius, lighted at the solar ray *,
O'er the bright canvas pours a second day:
Collected in one strong effulgent stream,
On thine the *rainbow*'s vivid glories beam!
The richest tints that ever deck'd the sky,
The sweetest flowers that ever charm'd the eye,
Fruits lovelier far than, in the tropic blaze,
Drink deep the ardent sun's maturing rays,
Breathe in thy master pencil's brilliant lines,
Where all the fire of genuine genius shines;

* No 162. The bower of Pan, as described by Milton.

No brighter *bower* have Eastern climes survey'd,
Nor lovelier beauty in its fragrant shade.
Th' historic Muse * unfolds her awful page,
Sublimely bold the pictur'd passions rage:
The royal dame in Alfred's infant soul
Bids the hot tide of kindling valour roll;
And while her lips, in high heroic verse,
His martial ancestors' proud deeds rehearse,
See in his dauntless ardent looks confess'd
The storm that agitates his boiling breast;
The lightnings from his brilliant eye that break,
The crimson flush revenge and glory wake.
On fire, his soul drinks in the wond'rous tale,
He seems already cloth'd in radiant mail;
He grasps the pond'rous spear, the blazon'd shield,
And stalks triumphant o'er th' ensanguin'd field.
Darken'd with crimes †, and bath'd in royal blood,
That round him flows a mighty crimson flood;
For what new victim to his boundless lust
Of tyrant sway does ravening Richard thirst?

* No 423. Queen Judith reciting to Alfred the Great, when a child, the songs of the bards, describing the heroic deeds of his ancestors.

† No 429. Cardinal Bourchier, archbishop of Canterbury, and Rotherham, archbishop of York, endeavouring to persuade the queen, Elizabeth Grey, to suffer her son, the duke of York, to leave the sanctuary of Westminster, whither she had fled with her family from the power of the duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

Too well those tear-swoln eyes, *Imperial Fair*,
The fears that shake thy inmost soul declare;
Too well those features, with distraction wild,
While to thy bosom clings the *martyr child!*
Oh! from that hallow'd shrine, where angels bend,
And with expanded wings the place defend,
Let not thy charge those holy ruffians tear,
And to the grim devouring tiger bear.—
She yields,—the ruthless harpies seize their prey;
To dungeon glooms his tender limbs convey;
His screams resound o'er Thames' affrighted wave,
And in its bed he finds a wat'ry grave.
From scenes of blood, where brooding horror reigns,
The Muse enraptur'd seeks the distant plains *,
Where Health and Peace with village-swains reside,
And sweet the hours in rural pastimes glide.
Again thy pencil wakes the *vivid dies*,
In all her charms bids vernal Nature rise;
Again the flowers their golden hue resume;
Again the fruits with purple radiance bloom;
Again the woods, the vales, the mountains, glow,
And Rubens' rainbow-tints unbounded flow!
What bold expressive lines,—what manly grace,
Adorn that honest peasant's ruddy face,
Who, half exhausted thro' the sultry day,
In the mild light of Phœbus' setting ray,

* No 67. The peasant's return to his family in the evening.

Exulting, to his homely cot returns,
While all the father in his bosom burns!
What heart-felt joys his blooming consort fill,
His lovely babe what infant raptures thrill,
As, gazing on the mother's rustic charms,
Round the dear child he glues his clasping arms!
Through Nature's bounds, beneath the pole or line,
Wherever oceans roll or planets shine,
No nobler object views applauding Jove,
More pure, more dignify'd, than *wedded love*;
And yonder cot more solid joy displays
Than palaces which gold and gems emblaze!
This tribute, WESTALL, to thy *vary'd* powers,
To Genius that so *early*—nobly—towers,
Is Britain's voice;—and all, who feel its flame,
Gaze with delight, and glory in thy fame.

DESCRIPTIVE LINES.

COMPOSED AT DUNKELD.

Ye hills sublime that o'er the landscape wild
Frown in terrific grandeur wide and drear;
Thou chrystal Tay that roll'st in cadence mild;
I come to soothe my childish sorrows here.
Tho' here secluded from the temperate ray
Of friendship formed in youth's delicious reign,
Bright genius gilds the genial summer day,
And bids me hail the sweet and simple strain *
That charms the woodland and romantic glade;
And bids me mark with plastic touch the scene,
Where gleams of streaming light o'er mountains fall,
Obscured in shadow's dim and dubious hue;
Or where it gilds the abbey's ivyed wall,
Here rising o'er the stream of clearest blue.
From the tall woods that stretch their beauties wide,
The yellow tints of gaudy day-light fade,
And grey appears the clear and chrystal tide.

R. CARLYLE.

* The music of Neil Gow.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONIO.

BY MRS. C. SMITH.

THE proud Iberians, who with hopeless eye,
On Calpe's rock, see English banners fly,
Were, ere in slothful bigotry they lost
Their warlike spirit—glory's proudest boast.
The sacred cross to Asia's realms they bore,
And, in their own deep woods, the invading Moor
Met in dread conflict.—Each undaunted son
Of both Castiles, or nobler Arragon,
Or they, who on Biscaya's stormy shore,
Heard on their cliffs the vast Atlantic roar;
All by the fire of martial honour led,
Beneath her crimson standard fought and bled:
High beat each heart in her imperious cause,
And, owning her's, disdained all other laws.
The torch of love, no more a lambent flame,
Served but to light them to their idol—Fame.

While all that soothes *our* age, or charms *our* youth,
In female tenderness, or female truth,
Bliss, that to all but man high Heaven denies,
Home-born delights—domestic charities,
They tasted not—nor knew they to rejoice,
That reason—sweetest in a woman's voice,
Still bids the lover, husband, friend, adore,
When transient beauty fascinates no more.
From prototypes like these, who lived, we know,
And fought and died three hundred years ago,
Our Poet of to-night his hero draws,
The proud vindictive slave of Honour's laws;
By softer passions moved, to nature true,
His lovely heroine he describes from you,
Women of these fair Isles!—Oh, formed to prove
How mental excellence ennobles love,
'Tis yours by praise to animate the bard,
At once his inspiration and reward;
And yours to bid true honour's heart expand,
With patriot fondness, for his native land.
Shall then *that* country, the illustrious earth,
Which gave the boast of nature—Shakspeare, birth,
Dramatic fame on *foreign* structure raise,
And England, on *exotics*, graft her bays?
Oh, no!—excite anew the *native* lyre,
Encourage *native* genius to aspire;
So in the land for arts renowned and arms,
Shall *genuine Tragedy resume its charms.*

A candidate, ambitious, though unknown,
Hazards, to-night, a fiction all his own:
And, if the daring votary appears
Not unaccepted by the Queen of Tears—
If passion, pathos, elevated thought,
(As friendship trusts) the enthusiast has caught;
For approbation may he not appeal
To heads and hearts like yours—that think and feel?
From party free, he draws no aid from thence,
But rests his claim on nature, truth, and sense;
And in an audience sanguinely confides,
Where British candour hears, and British taste decides.

TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST,

ON HIS COMING TO THE AUTHOR'S FIRE-SIDE IN A STORM, DEC. 13, 1800.

Poor, shiverin' Burdie! welcome here:
How terrified thy looks appear!
Thou to the fire wad fain draw near,
Yet daurna venture:
Trouth thou hast little thing to fear;
Sae bauldlie enter.

Nae serlie thou'rt wi' fear oppressed;
Thy little heartie canna rest,
But pittie, pattie, 'gainst thy breast
It quiverin plays!—
A's strange an' unco, little guest!
That thou surveys.

Thou hears fou weel that man's thy fae:—
But fear na;—I am nane o' thae
Wha wad thy freedom tak away
By cursed art!—
Come, tak thy dinner;—then, gude day;
Like friends we'll part.

Weel daubit, Robin! there's some mair;
Baith groats an' barley dinna spare:
What, startin!—dinna, blate nor scare
At aught about me!
Your wilie, sclentin een declare
Ye ha' flins doubt me.

Curse on that wretch! wha wad thee wrang
In cruel cage! may mirth an sang
Ne'er soothe his saul, his friends amang,
In ale-house snug:
But matrimonial discord twang,
An' rive his lug!

Stern Winter, wi' tyrannic sway,
Has doft a' Nature's cleathin gay;
The flowers are dead which crowned the May,
An' breathed perfume:
Lang is the night, an' short the day,
Wi' heavie gloom.

The faulded sheep scarce mak a shift:
The bitter, blindin, whirlin drift,
Thro' ragged skeu, or chimlie rift,
The cottage fills;
The lowrin Sun, far south the lift,
Leans on the hills.

Nae mair the heights poor Maukin gains,
But cowrin near kail-yards remains;
Nae mair the woods resound the strains
O' Melodie;
But Desolation stauks the plains,
Wi' ruthless 'ee!

Necessitie's a power, whase law
Maun be obeyed by grit an' sma':
A lown, warm bield, unclad wi snaw,
Thou coudna fin';
The open door thou sleelie saw,
An' ventured in.

While Winter's surlie tempest's reign,
An' drive ye frae the wood an' plain,
Let a' the chitterin, tunefu train
Here, wi' yoursel, come;
For you I'll strow the little grain,
Wi' heartie welcome.

Me ye'll repay, whan in the spring
Ye brawlie prune your glossie wing,
And wi' your mates, wild warblin, sing
The groves amang;
Till echo mak the mountains ring
Wi' love an' sang.

Tho' Fortune now is frank an' kind,
I ablins yet thy fate may find;
Gude luck an' health nae man can bind,
Frae poortith free;
Shall I, then, hae a hardened mind,
Poor burd! to thee?

While smilin youth dwells in my bower,
An' Health, wi' face nor sad nor sour,
May a' the moments in my power,
Wi' care, employed be
To mak ilk creature bless the hour
Whan first he spied me.

For thowless age, wi' wrinkled brow,
An' dim sunk een, an' lyart pow,
An goutie shanks, an' toothless mou,
An falterin tongue,
May need the aid I gae to you,
When strang an' young.

Then may na I, poor burd! be driven,
Like thee, to man to keep me livin;
But may my anchor be in heaven
Fixed firm an' sure;
Then Resignation shall be given
In evil hour.

J. N.

INVERLEITHEN.

LINES,

BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bow'r,
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree,
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found, on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One Rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been:
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,

All wild in the silence of nature, it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace;
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet Bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That survives in this desolate heart!
The fabrick of bliss to its centre may fall;
But Patience shall never depart—
Tho' the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright
In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desart behind.

Be hùsh'd, my dark spirit! for Wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore—
Thro' the perils of Chance, and the scowl of Disdain,
May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate!
Ah, even the name I have worshipp'd in vain,
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again!
To BEAR, is to conquer our fate!

ODE TO COQUETILLA.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

CEASE, prithee cease, each vain endeavour,
Believe me all thy hopes are vain;
For never Coquetilla, never,
Can my firm heart receive thy chain.

Thy voice so soft, thy artful languish,
Thy prudish frown, thy luring smile,
Thy sighs—the counterfeits of anguish,
I know are but the tricks of guile.

In vain, my love or pride to waken,
You flirt it with a score of beaux;
Sadly indeed are you mistaken!
'Twill never ruffle my repose.

And though with twenty more coquetting
You sternly frowned on me alone,
Faith! I should ne'er waste time in fretting!
Nor e'er to winds or waters moan.

Stop thy bootless persecution!
I swear by each bright saint above
Thou canst not shake my resolution—
For, one of matchless charms, I love!

Mild as the sweet May's sweetest morning
The maid for whom my bosom sighs;
Her mind, each gentle grace adorning,
Speaks in her love-inspiring eyes:

The tints upon her fair cheek glowing
Shame the frail rose's meaner hue;
And the soft tones from her lips flowing
Fall like the Morn's reviving dew.

Say when in all her glories dighted,
The pale Moon mounts her silver car,
What gazing eye by her delighted,
Can heed the twinkling of a star?

THE QUESTION.

WHY, O why this perturbation?
Why this tumult in my breast?
Why this unknown sweet sensation,
Charming, tho' it chaces rest?

Why this tender soft confusion?
Why this downcast timid eye?
O'er my cheeks why this suffusion?
Why the unconscious frequent sigh?

Why this trembling fond emotion?
Why the pulse's maddening play?
Thrilling bosom,—soft commotion
Restless night and listless day!

Why do crowds no longer please me?
Why so dear the lonely grove?
Why delight in thoughts that teaze me?
Tell me Nancy—is this love?

N. O.

TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS DEPARTURE TO THE WEST INDIES.

BY W. CASE, JUN.

ADIEU, my much lov'd friend! adieu for ever!
To thy sweet converse, social mirth adieu!
O thou, whom many an envious league doth sever,
Be thine the lay to parting friendship due.

Thee my lorn fancy loves to picture, sailing
Across the vast Atlantic's foamy waste,
Each unknown coast in fond idea hailing,
And dreaming joys thou haply ne'er shalt taste.

For ah! to what blest region canst thou wander,
Where scenes than *ours* more fair thy senses greet?
Where canst thou view more healthful streams meander?
Find skies more genial, airs more balmy sweet?

What though the clime thou seek'st, with maize wide
spreading,
Bananas tall, in green luxuriance smile;
What though the citron, richest odours shedding,
With grateful zest the novel taste beguile;—

There many a Briton—cross'd the hostile surges,
The soil scarce trod—hath heav'd his gasping breath;
Tornado there his blasting fury urges,
And arid fever breathes contagious death!

But thou art gone, and vain the voice dissuading:—
Knew'st thou my wish—yet ah! it may not be—
Endearments past thy visions oftimes aiding,
Thy truant soul would wing its thoughts to me!

Say, when the sun, meridian beams diffusing,
With vivid splendor gilds the clouds thin folds,
Say, wilt thou think thy friend, like thee, deep musing,
Though *distant* far, the *selfsame* orb beholds?—

Say, when the breezes sleep on ocean's pillow,
And the calm waters scarcely lave the strand,
Say, wilt thou think, each gently murmuring billow,
Like thee, perchance, hath left thy natal land?

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A ROSE STILL BLOOMING AT A COTTAGE DOOR ON EGHAM HILL.

OCTOBER 29, 1800.

Why dost thou linger still, sweet flower?
Why yet remain thy leaves to flaunt?
This is for thee no fostering hour—
The cold wind blows,
And many a chilling, ruthless shower
Will now assail *thee!* beauteous rose!

Around thee hardy trees may shew
Their verdant branches later still;
But thy soft blushes taught to glow
For summer's day,
Must when the wintry tempests blow—
Like beauty's cheek, fade fast away!

Youth's glowing emblem! wherefore stay
And waste thy balmy breath around?
This is for thee a killing day:

Then wherefore here
Exhaust thy life in sighs away,
Bathed in chill winter's frozen tear.

Thou emblemest the beauteous mind,
Thrown on Misfortune's gloomy scene!
Unheeded, with the wild-weeds twined—
Thou here art placed!
Thou! whom by nature's hand designed
Might'st Beauty's breast have proudly graced.

Sweet rose! methinks I hear thee say,
I might have bask'd in Beauty's smile!
Have fainted in the blue eye's ray,
And shrunk in death!
For short had been my glowing day,
And quickly past—my fleeting breath!

I might have bound the golden hair,
Whose folds in wavy lustre glow;
Or sported on the forehead fair!
But one short day
Had seen my beauties rich and rare—
Droop—and for ever fade away!

Here, the poor hovel still displays
My lingering form, while rival flowers
Long since have seen their sunny days,
And shed their sweets;——

Yet here—my bosom, morning's rays
And morning's tears—unvanquished meets!

Then, happier far the lowly cot,
Where Nature's modest children reign,
Than e'en Ambition's loftier lot;
For wealth and power,
In blank Oblivion's gloom forgot—
Are phantoms like a summer flower!

EPIGRAM,

ON A DISSATISFIED, ILL-TEMPERED MAN.

Still restless, still chopping and changing about;
Still enlarging, rebuilding, and making a rout;
Little Timothy, *outré* as it may appear,
Pulls down, and builds up again, ten times a year:
With this altering rage, poor dissatisfied elf!
What a pity it is he don't alter himself.

* * *

LINES,

WRITTEN ON VISITING A ROMANTIC, BUT OBSCURE HAMLET.

BY W. CASE, JUN.

All hail ye scenes, that glad the wondering view,
Sublime, fantastic, lovely, ever new!
Where art-to nature lends a softening power,
And quiet sojourns in her rockroof'd bower;
Scenes, that bid Grief's dark clouds at distance roll,
Scenes, that in golden visions wrap the soul!
What though no Auburn's bard, inspir'd of heaven,
To these fair haunts perennial fame hath given;
What though they thus have bloom'd from age to age,
(Ne'er character'd in History's blazon'd page)
In humble privacy, unseen, unknown,
Save by a few, whom Labour calls her own;—
Yet are they still to fancy, feeling, dear,
Still prompt th' enthusiast's sadly pleasing tear;
Still every charm these varying prospects give
In Memory's blest elysium long shall live.
At this most pensive hour, when from afar
Still Twilight hither guides her shadowy car,

How sweet to mark the sun's deep roseate glow
Rest slowly lingering on yon mountain's brow!
Oft through the vista's of those arching trees,
That woo the kisses of the evening breeze,
A lengthening ray of soft cerulean light
Now quivering gleams, now vanishes from sight.
The purpling trefoil, redolent of May,
The unyok'd steeds, that homeward drag their way,
The clustering woodbine, peeping from the glade,
In contrast with the holly's duskier shade,
The village steeple, tapering to the sky,
(So should meek Faith to heaven uplift her eye!)
The cotter's lattic'd home, the curling smoke,
The fading grandeur of yon lonely oak,
The plumy jubilants' last sweet farewell,
The simple music of the shepherd's bell,
The streamlet, gurgling from the cliffs above,
The milkmaid's song of one, who died for love,
And voice of echo, heard at every close, *
All, all inspire a cherublike repose!

* A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close."
Collins's Ode on the Passions.

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or flowret never grow
My dark, unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of Autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murm'ring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen,
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,

Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made;
And on my trunk's surviving frame,
Carv'd many a long forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breath'd upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love hath whisper'd here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As Love's own altar honour me,
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

EPIGRAM.

Sylla declares the world shall know
That he's my most determined foe!
I wish him wide the tale to spread;
For all that I from Sylla dread
Is, that the knave, to serve some end,
May one day swear that he's my friend!

* * *

LINES,

ON THE MINIATURE OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

DEAR faithful image of my charming maid,
Not with cold glance these eyes survey that face
Where, in each happy line, so well pourtrayed,
The soul's own lineaments I fondly trace.

Yes, innocence in youth's fresh bloom I greet;
There play th' unconscious smiles that peace disclose,
Pure as Morn's breath, as Summer's zephyrs sweet,
When Eve's soft dews embalm the drooping rose.

Ah! let no canker of fell grief or pain,
Steal from that cheek its health-empurpled hue;
Still may Content breathe lightly in that mien,
Still laugh those lips, to the heart's impulse true.

Should ever Love, within that gentle breast,
Awake the tremulous, low-whispered sigh,
Short be its pangs, its tumult soon supprest,
And, chased by Hope, may chill Despondence fly.

And though unsparing Age, with deepening line,
Shall rudely mark that fair and polished brow;
Though graver matron shades may close confine
Those locks that now in wild luxuriance flow;

When Youth's warm blush shall vanish from that cheek,
Yet still may Fancy lend those eyes her fire;
Still Candour in that front so cloudless speak,
Still Worth that mouth with cheering strains inspire.

" The mind's pure graces, by the virtues drest,"
Felt, not beheld, shall still their charm impart;
That nameless charm, no pencil e'er exprest——
The charm that 'scapes the eye, and steals the heart.

C. B.

ELEGY.

THE tears I shed must ever fall;
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time can past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads the scene,
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.

Ev'n when by Death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that ev'n in death he lov'd,
Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

But bitter bitter is the tear
Of her who slighted love bewails,
No hopes her gloomy prospect cheer,
No pleasing melancholy hails.

Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, and withered joy:
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does Memory renew
The scenes once ting'd in tranſport's dye;
The sad reverse soon meets the view,
And turns the thoughts to agony.

Even conscious Virtue cannot cure,
The pang to every feeling due;
Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
To steal a heart, and break it too.

Hope from its only anchor torn,
Neglected and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.

* *

LINES TO THE RED-BREAST.

LONE songstress of the waning year,
The first amid the feather'd choir
That warbling many a wild note clear
Attunes the lay to young desire;

Why swells with grief thy little throat!
Why do thy plumes disordered lie!
Say from what cause that pensive note
Proceeds, and why that alter'd eye?

Has Fate, beneath the fowler's form,
With cruel aim thy bliss annoy'd?
Or truant-boy, intent on harm,
With savage hand thy young destroy'd?

If 'tis thy lot these woes to prove,
Thy plaintive strain still let me hear;
For as thou wail'st thy injur'd love,
I'll soothe thy sufferings with a tear.

SONG.

THE snaw is driftin' owre the plains,
An' ravin' thro' the groves;
The hirsel i' the fauld remains,
An' hungrie maukin roves;
An' cauld an' dark the wintrie night,
An' distant Nancy's bower;
Yet toil an' danger tak their flight,
At Love's appointed hour!

Forth fra my neebour lads I steal,
An' wrap me i' my plaid;
An' Love's enraptured joys to feel,
Muse on my bonnie maid —
Her name's the burden of my sang,
When wandrin' owre the moor,
To meet my joe the birks amang,
At Love's appointed hour!

Tho' doom'd to toil the lee-lang day,
An' bear the bitter blast,
I cheerfu' hail the morning ray,
Forgetfu' o' the past.

My Nancy's love is mair to me,
  Than outher walth or power—
How sma' their joys, if paired they be
  With Love's appointed hour!

Nae artfu', slee, affected wiles,
  My Nancy ever tried,
For, if she had, sic sillie toils
  My bosom had defied:
In native beauties, unadorned,
  She smiled:—I owned their power,
An' gave my heart, which she nae scorned,
  At Love's appointed hour!

Whan pleasure bids my heart adieu,
  Oppressed wi' anxious care,
Hope, smilin,' opens to my view
  A prospect heavenlie fair;
Whan Nancy, in her peerless charms,
  Shall deign to bless my bower,
An' wi' her beauties fill my arms,
  At Love's appointed Hour!

Inverleithen. J. N.

THE MANIAC BOY.

On addressing a Woman weeping at a Grave in a Village Church-Yard.

And why thus waste your evening hours
By this mis-shapen mossy grave?
And why thus strew the sweetest flowers,
And shed your tears in silent showers,
Where night-shade and the tall weeds wave?

Beneath this sod, bedewed with tears,
And decked with many a floweret wild,
Reflection oft her altar rears,
For here a thousand hopes and fears
Lie buried with my maniac child.

I've housed him from the wind and rain,
From snows that fell in winter wild;
I've clothed him o'er and o'er again,
And with my labour did maintain
Him whom I loved, my maniac child.

What time the day-star sunk to rest,
He'd scent the balmy breeze of morn;
Climbing the neighb'ring mountain's crest,
Or blow the village herdsman's horn,
To break the drowsy ploughman's rest.

Oft as he loitered by the tide,
That down the valley wildly gushes,
The flowers that on the surface glide
He'd catch, with more than human pride
To deck his cap of sea-green rushes.

And when the fervid noon-tide heat
Urged fainting cattle to the shade,
Or village swains on verdant seat
With half-closed eyes at length were laid,
He'd seek the shepherd boy's retreat.

In lanes as any meadow green,
O'ershadowed by the drooping limes,
And there, by loitering elves unseen,
He'd loudly chaunt the village-chimes
To many sad and simple rhymes.

But he the twilight time admired,
For then he'd oft forsake his home,
And wait and watch, as one inspired
By nettle-skirted grove or tomb,
To chase the owlet through the gloom.

One fatal melancholy night,
I saw, oh God! with wild affright,
My William numbered with the dead!
I guess by Will-o'-whisp misled,
He missed the path-way to my shed.

For him I love at eve to weep,
And deck with flowerets wild his clay;
For him my vigils here I keep,
Till summoned home by coming day.

JULIA.

Oh pilgrim! come, and follow me
To yonder lonely moon-light grave,
O'er whose cold sod the willow tree
In twilight's breeze delights to wave.

Oh come! for in thy beaming eye
I mark sweet Feeling's sacred tear:
Oh! thou hast felt that sympathy
To Sorrow's hopeless child is dear.

Here seek with me yon hallow'd spot,
Where pale in death my Henry lies:—
He sleeps, and Julia is forgot,
Her wand'rings wild, her agonies.

I saw his fellow-soldiers bear
My hero from th' ensanguin'd plain;
I gaz'd,—but not one starting tear
Allay'd the fever of my brain.

Yet still I love to tread the shore,
To mark the Rhine's proud billows foam;
And when the sun's bright reign is o'er,
I seek my soldier's grassy home.

ADELINE.

CAROLINE.

BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true-love all below
The holly-bow'r and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood scents to bring,
The sweet south-wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clust'ring bow'r,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flow'r,
Of mountain-heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckow's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
  Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
  Thou wand'ring wind of fairy land.

For sure from some enchanted isle
  Where heav'n and love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile
  Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould;

From some green Eden of the deep,
  Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heav'd,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
  Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd;

From some sweet paradise a-far,
  Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where nature lights her leading star,
  And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bow'rs,
  If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours
  In nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy lov'd elysian groves,
  That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
  And let the name be *Caroline.*

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY THE SAME.

GEM of the crimson-colour'd Even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heav'n
Beloved star dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows,
So due thy plighted step returns,
To chambers brighter than the rose;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamour'd orb above,
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing blushing hour,
When all unheav'nly passions fly,
Chas'd by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious extacy.

O! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise; nor long delay
When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers that well may court,
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly scented road,
Thou star of ev'ning's purple dome,
That leads the nightingale abroad,
And guides the Pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath,
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet, to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!

SONNET,

TO GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

On his publishing a second Volume of "Fabliaux," of the 12th and 13th Centuries, translated by the late Mr. Way.

BY THOMAS PARK, ESQ.

The friend, whose oaten reed was tun'd erewhile
To minstrel measures, who in sylvan bow'r
Woo'd Gothic fiction, which hath gifted pow'r,
To charm the lone retreats of letter'd toil:
That gentle friend, who roam'd thro' many a clime
Of fabling fancy, gaz'd on tourney high
Or antique maske, or faery revelry,
And told his tranced tale in suited rhime;
That friend is gone!—but to *thy* care he gave
An anademe of taste enwoven flowers,
Which shall his memory rescue from the grave,
And faithfully record to after hours,—
That he whose aiding hand the wreath entwin'd,
Shares kindred feelings and congenial mind.

SONNET.

On seeing Mr. Freebairn's Italian Landscapes.

BY THE REV. DR. LETTICE.

FULL twice nine suns their annual course have roll'd,
Since o'er bright Italy my footsteps stray'd,
Since with enchanted gaze these eyes survey'd
Her pearly skies, her seas of liquid gold,
Her lakes' pure azure, fabled fountains old,
Her forests wild, in which the Fauns have play'd,
Her Apennines, in verdure here array'd,
There pinnacled with rocks, or ruins bold,
Or villas lifted high to court the clime—
Yes, such the term; and each fair image held
Its loved impression long; but tyrant Time
Had marr'd the vivid forms; vainly repell'd
His power, till Freebairn's tints recall'd their prime;
And rapture, erst so warm, my bosom swell'd.

SONNET.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

Lo! from their beds the timid flowers are peeping,
To drink the Sun's revivifying ray;
The gladdened birds begin to carol gay;
The weary tempest idly now is sleeping;
O'er the sedged brook young Zephyr softly creeping,
Forms many a dimple in his wanton play;
The trees are budding forth their new array—
Yet lorn I rove, my eyes are dim with weeping.
I cannot joyous hail the Sun bright-shining;
The budding trees, the mildly-breathing air;
The merry birds their melodies combining;
For I am sad, the victim of despair—
Say, heeds the captive in his cell reclining,
Whether the passing day be foul or fair?

SONNET.

PERVERTED GENIUS.

YOUTH! as thou read'st some celebrated page,
  Where fancy all her charmful powers displayed,
Hast thou not curst thy star with impious rage,
  That sunk thee a dull cypher in the shade?
Ah! fairer far thy calm inglorious lot,
  Sweeter tho' uninspired, thy leaden sleep,
And tho' by Fame's obstreperous trump forgot,
  On thy green turf each neighbouring swain will weep.
He who those polished lines so well could form
  Was Passion's slave, was Indiscretion's child;
Now, earth-enamoured, groveling with the worm,
  Now, seraph-plumed, 'mid æther wandering wild,
From his lone grave the traveller turns aside:
Youth! by his own red hand thy envied favorite died.

SONNET.

ON THE APPROACH OF THE GOUT.

'Tis strange that thou shouldst leave the downy bed,
The Turkey carpet, and the soft settee,
Shouldst leave the board with choicest dainties spread,
To fix thy odious residence with me.
'Tis strange that thou, attached to plenteous ease,
Shouldst leave those dwellings for a roof like mine,
Where plainest meals keen appetites appease,
And where thou wilt not find one drop of wine.
'Tis passing strange! yet shouldst thou persevere,
And rack these bones with agonizing pains,
Firm as a rock thy tortures will I bear,
And teach the affluent how to blunt thy fangs.
Yes! shouldst thou visit me, capricious Gout,
Hard fare shall be thy lot; by Jove, I'll starve thee out!

SONNET.

FROM THE SEVENTH BOOK OF VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BY C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

We leave the port—through whispering waves we go!
Soft breathes the wind upon the silver tide;
Beneath the Moon's bright lamp the waters glow,
Near Circe's shore our silent vessels glide.
Torches of cedar give the Enchantress light,
The misty woods return her solemn song.
Through the fine web, heard all the long lone night,
Shrill sounds her shuttle, as it flies along.
Thence sighs we hear, and many a dismal groan,
The clank of chains, the lion's lengthening roar;
Wolves yell aloud, the bear and bristly boar
Growl from their stalls, and swell the midnight moan.
All mad with potent drink, unseemly guests,
Transformed from men, they feel and act like beasts.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

Ye disembodied spirits, who have past
Of this dim earth the feverish turmoil;
If, not in inner-heaven inthron'd—awhile
Ye wander, viewless, through the starry vast,
And pitying, see by changeful Passion's blast
Rude-tempested, or wrung by force or guile,
The feeble dwellers on this thorny soil,
Till friendly Death the conflict end at last;
Tell, if ye may, what cares, what pleasures wait
The ethereal essence from encumbering dust
Releas'd, to seek on high its destin'd state:
Vain wish! ye hear not, or the Ever-just
Forbids the wondrous story to relate;
Peace then, my soul! adore and humbly trust!

SONNET

TO GEORGE ROMNEY, ESQ.

WRITTEN AT EARTHAM IN 1792.

BY THE LATE W. COWPER, ESQ.

ROMNEY! expert infallibly to trace
On chart or canvas, not the form alone
And semblance; but, however faintly shewn
The mind's impression too, on every face,
With strokes that Time ought never to erase!
Thou hast so penciled mine that, tho' I own
The subject worthless, I have never known
The artist shining with superior grace:
But this I mark—that symptom none of woe,
In thine incomparable work appear:
Well! I am satisfied it should be so,
Since on maturer thought the cause is clear,
For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see,
While I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee?

SONNETS.

BY MRS. WEST.

I.

On dreaming frequently of my deceased Mother.

'Tis she! the grave has giv'n her up! her shroud
Is fall'n by miracle! again I trace
Her look benign, I see the winning grace
Which erst was her's, ere tedious sickness bow'd
Her placid spirit, and with pensive cloud
O'er-cast the sweet expression of her face:
See! how she woos to her rever'd embrace
The child which of her tenderness was proud.
Grey dawns the morn, the dear illusion flies,
I wake, but wake its absence to deplore;
Anxious at duty's daily call I rise,
Blest by a Mother's daily pray'rs no more.
Oh Sleep! still kindly to my closing eyes
The vision of my lost delights restore.

SONNET.

II.

On taking a Walk formerly frequented with a deceased Friend.

THE frost of Winter nipp'd the tender rose,
Yet spar'd the germ of being. Here again
The silver aspin, and the leafy plane
O'er-hang the woodbine, who around them throws
Her honied tendrils: mild the zephyr blows,
The ring-dove murmurs, and I hear thy strain,
Most tuneful nightingale! while Cynthia's train
Seem from their spheres to listen to thy woes.
Are not the flowers as fresh? the trees as green?
As sweet the buds? as bright the starry host?
Yet Pleasure flies the once attractive scene,
And leaves me, sorrowing o'er a treasure lost.
Oh! what can fill the heart-oppressive void
Of dear colloquial bliss, here once enjoy'd?

SONNET.

III.

To a Friend.

Go thou, where Severn to Ierne's main
Rolls her full tide of waters: let thine eyes
From some adjacent cliff, with glad surprize
Hail the blue Cambrian mountains; or the plain
Where Avon undulates; or thy domain,
Happy Devonia, where salubrious skies
And health-restoring gales disperse the sighs
Of beauty, fainting on the couch of pain:
Be mine yon social vale, whose features wear
No proud distortion, cultur'd, rich, and calm;
For Friendship's cherish'd form hath planted there
Her Attic olive, and her Christian palm;
Her mild endearments can allay despair;
Do Bristol's founts distil a purer balm?

SONNET.

IV.

I LOVE to listen while the village choir,
By infant voices soften'd, praise thy name,
All great Jehovah! for, thou dost not claim
The song irradiate with poetic fire;
" The pure in heart" may happily aspire
With rev'rent joy to celebrate thy fame,
Catching, from fervent piety, that flame,
Which kindles on the Seraph's breathing lyre.
Still may I listen to thy sabbath strain
Unlike the Gallic decade's pagan hymn;
With which fierce Moloch animates his train,
And bids them through full tides of carnage swim
To end thy empire; fated to remain,
When yon resplendent day-star waxes dim.

SONNET.

V.

AUTHOR of being! life-sustaining King!
Lo! Want's dependant eye from thee implores
The seasons, which provide nutritious stores;
Give to her pray'rs the renovating spring,
And summer's heats all perfecting, that bring
The fruits which autumn from a thousand shores
Selecteth provident! when earth adores
Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.
Without thy blessing the submissive steer
Bends to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain;
Without thy blessing on the varied year,
Can the swart reaper grasp the golden grain?
Without thy blessing, all is blank and drear;
With it, the joys of Eden bloom again.

SONNET.

VI.

DELUSIVE Hope! didst thou not say the Nine
With willing wreaths their faithful vot'ries crown'd?
Didst thou not bid my heart with joy rebound?
Oft as before my closing eye the shrine
Of Glory, emanating light divine,
Danc'd in phantastic vision; while around
Soft Fairy harping, breath'd this rapt'rous sound:
"Immortal Fame! the child of verse is thine."
Not for the luckless Bard will Daphne braid
Her virgin garlands, which redundant grow;
Not for the Bard is Glory's shrine display'd;
Not for the Bard does Fame's loud trumpet blow;
Save when the Muses walk in Satire's train,
Or with loud Faction's yell the pomp of song prophane.

SONNET.

VII.

WHAT painted vessel on the placid sea
Of Expectation spreads its silken sails?
Dips its smooth prow, and courts the buoyant gales,
Lull'd by these strains of syren Flattery?
" Happy adventurer! speed thy course, for thee
The di'mond flames, and Araby exhales
Her gums odorous. Lo! thy star prevails,
And Honour's port lies to thy entrance free."
I know the vessel; o'er the guiding helm
Gay Confidence reclines, a smiling form!
She braves the whirlpools in the wat'ry realm,
Scorns the sunk rock, and thunder-bearing storm.
Ask not her fate: where yon hoarse breakers roar,
I mark'd the shipwreck on the craggy shore.

SONNET.

VIII.

STERN foe of fragile man, relentless Time!
How quickly hast thou stol'n my happy days!
When the glad energies of Hope and Praise
Upbore my spirit to the cloudless clime
Of Phantasy. Oh! then what views sublime
Entranc'd me! how did my enraptur'd gaze
Doat on the scenes of life's untrodden maze,
Fresh colour'd by the hand of youthful prime!
I do not sigh, because thy sober grey
Blends with the chesnut in my blanching hair;
Nor that the roses on my cheeks decay;
Nor that my brow is wrinkled o'er by care;
I mourn life's op'ning scenes, divinely gay;
I mourn life's present prospects, blank and bare.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF EVE.

BY MR. J. H. L. HUNT.

'Tis Eve; 'tis solemn Eve!—Still, pensive Thought
Sits in his robe of twilight sadly grey,
Musing o'er shadows by his dark eyes caught,
The dimm'd and dying majesty of Day!
Lorn murmurs tremble thro' the mournful trees,
Mute Philomel her leafy couch has found,
And Melancholy's music in the breeze
Whispers a note of soothing sadness round!
And now as Night her darker mantle draws,
The groves more low and deeply sullen wave
Save when as solemn comes a dreary pause,
'Tis stillness all, the stillness of the grave!—
The grave!—Ah, yet her absence I deplore,
Whose morn, and day, and eve are now no more.

SONNET.

WHEN storm-fraught vapours shroud heavens ample dome,
And loud and long the deep-voiced thunder roars,
The lordly eagle spurns his airy home,
And o'er the cliff that props the sky he soars.
No chilling fears arrest his venturous flight,
Though the dread scene air's feebler legions shun;
Alone he braves Destruction's giant might,
While shuddering Nature trembles on her throne.
Thus, while the storms of fate tremendous roll,
And threaten ruin in their vengeful course,
On seraph wings the heaven-inspired soul
Triumphant rises o'er their feeble force,
While Faith and Hope their brightest beams prepare,
To chase afar the dæmons of Despair.

ADELINE.

SONNET.

TO THE FAIRIES.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

O! listen to my prayer, ye elfin train,
Who issuing from your cells at this lone hour,
With printless footsteps on the silent plain,
Beneath some ivied, overhanging tower,
In measur'd cadence round the dew-hung flower,
Dance to your tiny lute's melodious strain:
To you, ye fairy people, I complain,
For well I ween ye know the hidden power
Of every herb that grows in dell or bower,
Or on the margent of the murmuring stream:
Say is there aught can heal the sad heart's pain?
O make it mine—and may the moon's mild beam
Shine on your sportive revels all the year,
Nor e'er unhallow'd step invade your haunts so dear!

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND.

THE youthful lover, parted in despair
From her whose smiles his heart with rapture blest,
Feels transient joy expand his sorrowing breast,
To view the portrait of his absent fair,
And mark the semblance of her artless air,
By Art's cold pencil though but ill express'd.
The faint memorial, o'er and o'er caress'd,
Gives him new strength his bitter loss to bear.
So, torn reluctant from my native plain,
Where thee, my friend! I crown'd with well-earn'd bays,
My kindling bosom shares its joys again,
On Thame's thronged banks to read thy rural lays;
For thee the Sylvan Muse, in sweetest strain,
Has taught to celebrate the country's praise.

FEB. 5, 1801.

D. S. Y.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN H—— CHURCH YARD, AT SUN-RISE.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

HAIL to the hallow'd ground, where hush'd to rest,
Of man, the cares, the fears and passions sleep!
O blest abode! here no sad sufferers weep,
By goading insults, pains and wrongs oppress'd!
Sweetly reclin'd on Earth's maternal breast,
Each mortal pang lost in oblivion deep,
All, all repose, while Peace and Silence keep
Their sacred guard around the confines blest.
And firm is your repose, ô tranquil train!
You wake not to the morning's rosy gleam,
To you, the birds trill their blithe song in vain:
I, wandering here, view the sun's rising beam,
And hear the early lark's sweet matin strain;
But sick at heart, more sweet your slumber deem.

SONNET.

BRIGHT through the portals of the azure east
The silver crescent of the dewy eve
Sheds her mild influence upon Ocean's breast,
Gilding the white sails gliding o'er the wave.
The western gale bears through the star-gemmed skies,
Celestial odours on its fluttering wing,
While the pure breath of humid Evening sighs
Around the wild flowers of the genial spring.
But ah! the victim of heart-withering woe,
In fairy scenes no respite finds from care,
Though Nature's varied beauties round him glow,
And balms ambrosial fill the tranquil air:
To tread the blasted heath when tempests roll,
Is more congenial to his darkened soul.

ADELINE.

SONNET.

TO A FADING FLOWER.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

Poor, luckless flower, why languid droops thy head?
Why do thy late warm tints begin to fail?
And that sweet fragrance, which perfumed the vale,
Why is it now for ever from thee fled?
Say, dost thou mourn that from thy native bed
Untimely plucked thou shalt no more inhale
The Sun's warm ray, the renovating gale,
And to the bee thy treasured nectar spread?
Alas! like thee from tranquil pleasure torn,
And doomed no more Hope's sunny smile to know,
Those faded hours of bliss I sadly mourn,
For which, though vain, Regret's fond tear will flow.
Thou happy diest. I, by pale anguish worn,
Unwilling live to feel protracted woe.

SONNET.

TO CATHARINE:

ON MEETING HER, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN A BOAT ON THE RIVER THAMES.

THO' lovely Catharine! whilst we ploughed the tide,
I seemed but conscious of the scenes around,
(The sunny lawns, and slopes with shade embrowned,)
And to depict them with my pencil tried;
Oft, with stolen glances I thy beauties spyed;
Tho' blushing fear my lips in fetters bound,
I listened to thy voice and caught each sound;
Tho' to an envied other it replyed.
Would that my hand to paint thy lovely face
Had dared; my lips my passion to explain!
Yet, since I ne'er may see thee more, to trace
The scenes I penciled in thy sight again;
To hope thine eyes these artless lines may grace,
Will give some solace to my hopeless pain.

MAY 14, 1801.

D. S. Y.

SONNET.

TO THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

BY C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

AUGUST! I welcome thee, and all thy hours,
The sun-burnt hours that dance about thy car;
Thy genial breezes and refreshing showers,
Thy morning pageantry and evening star:
Bright are thy smiles, and blythe thy votaries are,
For thou dost bring them harvest's fruits and flowers:
Enlivening gifts! and more enlivening far
The laughing vine, to glad their jolly bowers.
Yet, August, though these various gifts be dear,
'Tis not for these I tune my thankful strain;
No, but for Phyllis—Fie! why drops the tear?
Whom thou hast sent o'er my fond heart to reign,
Oh! may she live to pleasure many a year,
Although she live to give her minstrel pain.

SONNET.

On the Villa of the Hon. Mrs. F. Boscawen, at Rosedale, Richmond, in Surry; which formerly belonged to James Thomson, Author of "The Seasons."

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ.

Ye seats, where oft, in pensive rapture laid,
The Bard of Nature wak'd the rural reed;
And, as the months in circling lapse succeed,
Her varying form in glowing tints pourtray'd;
Or to Britannia's listening ear convey'd
Th' exulting praise of Freedom's sacred meed;
Or taught the sympathizing breast to bleed,
As Tragedy her shadowy woes display'd;
Still Fancy's train your verdant paths shall trace,
Tho' clos'd her fav'rite votary's dulcet lay;
Each wonted haunt their footsteps still shall grace,
Still Genius through your green retreats shall stray;
For, from the scene Boscawen loves to grace,
Th' attendant Muse shall ne'er be long away.

SONNET.

THE CLOSE OF THE CENTURY.

ROUSED from his dream, a sound the shepherd hears,
Of rustling plumes, that seek a distant clime,
And as he marks them steer their course sublime,
At intervals, their clamors strike his ear;
So while the order of the radiant spheres,
From age to age, reveal the flight of Time;
I view, as up the hill of life I climb,
The rapid progress of a hundred years!
The pomp and pride of kings they steal away,
Wealth, Beauty, Valor, in their onward flight;
The years of man like vernal bloom decay,
That flourish in the morn, and fade at night;
A thousand ages vanish like a day,
Eternal Father! in thy boundless sight!

JAN. 1801.

W. EVANS.

SONNET.

TO MRS. HERBERT CROFT,

Prefixed to the Volume of Mrs. Smith's Sonnets,

OCT. 14, 1795.

BY CHARLES HEREFORD, ESQ.

SWEET mourner, who, thy pensive hours to cheer,
Hast taught in plaintive strains thy griefs to flow;
Like Philomel, enchanting every ear,
Like Philomel's, thy note the note of woe;
Soon may Content thy Syren summons hear,
And bounteous soon her blessings bland bestow;
Chase from thy faded cheek the glist'ning tear,
And give with joy thy throbbing heart to glow.
And THOU, too, fair as good, whose melting eye
Proclaims thee Pity's child; whose gentle breast
To misery ne'er refused the generous sigh,
Thine be successive years of life more blest;
Thine golden days, which wing'd with pleasures fly,
And nights of soothing dreams, and balmy rest.

SONNET.

MORWEL DOWN.

On Morwel's brow, so oft, why views thine eye,
The scene that spreads from Edgecombe's woody steep;
When Phœbus blushes in the orient sky,
And paints with gold the margin of the deep?
Why from the vale where Tavy's rocky tide,
In chorus swells the sylvan roundelay,
Climb you with feet untired up Morwel's side,
To mark the opening beauties of the bay?
And there when Dian hangs her silver bow
Bright in the starry palace of the west,
Why wander on that mountain to and fro,
Like one of friends deprived or balmy rest?
Methinks that prospect breathes some magic spells!
"It does, my friend, for there my Anna dwells."

W. EVANS.

ADDRESS

TO THE SWILCAR OAK *.

BY DR. DARWIN.

GIGANTIC Oak! whose wrinkled form hath stood
Age after age, the patriarch of the wood!
Thou, who hast seen a thousand springs unfold
Their ravel'd buds, and dip their flowers in gold;
Ten thousand times yon moon re-light her horn,
And that bright star of evening gild the morn!

Erst, when the Druid bards, with silver hair,
Pour'd round thy trunk the melody of prayer;
When chiefs and heroes join'd the kneeling throng,
And choral virgins trill'd the adoring song;
While harps responsive rung amid the glade,
And holy echoes thrill'd thy vaulted shade,

* In Needwood forest. This tall tree, which stands singly upon a beautiful small lawn, surrounded with extensive woods, measures thirteen yards round at its base, and eleven yards round at four feet from the ground. It is believed to be six hundred years old.

Say, did such dulcet notes arrest thy gales,
As MUNDY † pours along the listening vales?

Gigantic OAK!—thy hoary head sublime
Ere while must perish in the wrecks of time;
Should round thy brow innocuous lightnings shoot,
And no fierce whirlwinds shake thy stedfast root;
Yet shalt thou fall!—thy leafy tresses fade,
And those bare shatter'd antlers strew the glade;
Arm after arm shall leave the mouldering bust,
And thy firm fibres crumble into dust!

But MUNDY's verse shall consecrate thy name,
And rising forests envy SWILCAR's fame;
Green shall thy gems expand, thy branches play,
And bloom for ever in the immortal lay.

† See a Poem, entitled Needwood Forest, by F. N. C. Mundy, esq. in the hands of a few of the author's select friends.

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 12th, 1801.

THE Scottish Muse, no venal praise
To hail her ERSKINE's natal day,
Bears, on the morning's brightening rays,
To *Dryburgh*'s holy ruins grey.

On classic *Tweed*'s love-haunted shore
The sky-born Virtues croud her train,
In ether float their weeds of yore,
Dy'd in the rainbow's orient grain.

Of noblest birth!—thy high desert,
Though Fate may grace, she ne'er could give!
While Worth shall warm one honest heart,
The voice of nations bids thee live.

Thy country's shame!—thy country's boast!
May notes like these thy peace invade?
From Fame retir'd—to Fame not lost,
She wooes thee in thy sacred shade:

Where high-born BEAUTY's angel mien
  Bestows that smile the Graces wear,
While *Tweed*'s fair nymphs, around their Queen,
  Flowers of the forest wild, appear.

O!—whether scorn'd by party rage
  Thy upright Roman virtues yield,
And, lost in *Cato*'s downward age,
  Thou calmly plow'st thy Sabine field;

Or, in yon peaceful evening sky,
  That brightly copes the shadowy lea,
Thou view'st, with clear prophetic eye,
  What man, the angel,—soon shall be;

Rous'd from the dust—illum'd with truth,
  With rapture every motion thrill'd,
Gay tenant of immortal youth——,
  Thy hopes—*thy* wishes—all fulfill'd;

Or, rising from thy priest-like hand,
  Where *Modan* * haunts his waters blue,
The sky-lark wild of song ascend,
  His pinions bath'd in Fancy's dew:

Long may this day—to Scotia dear,
  Returning, wake thy steps to joy,
Till Evening—slow and soft—appear,
  To close thy Sun's refulgent eye!

* St. Modan's Well.

Hark! from each vault's prophetic womb,
  Unearthly sounds!—the voice of fame;
They whisper years beyond the tomb;
  They add thy fate-defying name!

On each pale Bust that crowds the ring
  Of those whose brow thy laurels bound,
Wild Inspiration plumes her wing;
  A holy darkness mantling round!

The nurse of Genius—pride of Art,
  The cultur'd Soul—the Taste refin'd,
The Patriot's uncorrupted heart—
  The gentle Friend of human-kind;

These shall no waste nor ruin know,
  Embalm'd in memory shall they live,
Nor in the dust of Time, below,
  Elude the *search* thy hand could give.

Beyond the deep, where Freedom fled,
  Beyond the West's unconquer'd wave,
A wreath she twines to crown thy head,
  Cull'd from her Saviour's recent grave!

Yet let no tears profane his urn—
  Departed shades thy musings greet;—
Steep'd in the early dews of morn,
  Thou oft may'st hear their wandering feet.

The milder Sage, and Bard divine,
The pride of Wisdom, or of War,
Chiefs of thy long patrician line!
They leave their marble beds afar:

Of peace they sing—the joys above,
Where all *thy* Virtues endless reign,
Where *Plato* trod the sainted grove,
And clasp'd his *Socrates* again.

EDINBURGH, 12th JUNE, 1801.

SONG.

BY MR. ANDREW MERCER.

O LET us leave the town, my love,
And lay us down by Yarrow's stream,
Where April gales adown the vales,
Give softness to the shepherd's dream.
We'll quit the noise of public life,
The city's cry, the city's care,
Where simple love doth seldom rove,
But walks with Spring on Yarrow fair.

The grove thro' which we stray at morn
Will with its music make us glad,
The yellow gleam of setting beam
Will still a softer influence shed.
And ev'ning too, will bring its charms,
Such charms as soothe the lover's soul,
The moon's mild ray will sweetly play
On Yarrow's waters as they roll.

We'll love with overflowing hearts,
  And wrap us in a golden dream,
Tears of delight will dim the sight,
  And Yarrow will an Eden seem!
Then let us leave the town, my love,
  And lay ourselves by Yarrow's stream,
Where April gales adown the vales
  Give softness to the lover's dream!

ON

VISITING DUNDRENNAN ABBEY *.

INSCRIBED TO MISS A— S—.

BEGUILING the sorrow of life's chequered day,
With toil-beaten footsteps and slow,
O'er the cloud-covered mountains of *Scotia* I stray,
And mark the sweet scenes as I go.
Enraptur'd, I muse o'er the time-mouldering towers,
Where *Valour* heroic with *Beauty* was fired,
Where Music to charm them exhausted her powers,
And the *Bard*'s storied song winged with pleasure the hours,
While Nature his numbers inspired.

Dundrennan! thy moss-crusted ruins I hail,
And with reverence enter thy door!—
No longer thy *Monks* with night-vigils are pale,
Instructed in mystical lore.
No longer the song of devotion ascends,
Nor the sigh of repentance is heard thro' the gloom;

* It was in this abbey that Mary Queen of Scotland first halted, when flying from the unfortunate battle of *Langside*.

Nor the way-weary Pilgrim at evening bends,
To give thanks to the *Hearer of Prayer* who defends
From storms him who has not a home!

Oft have I revolved on the days that are gone,
And Time's mouldy records surveyed,
When dread *Superstition* ascended the throne
And prostrate the nations obeyed!
In deep, leaden slumbers, was sealed Learning's eye!
By Ignorance, Science in fetters was bound;
Truth languished; and Genius beheld with a sigh
Her wild flowers exposed to a cold wintry sky,
Which scattered their leaves on the ground!

Yet in midst of the gloom darts a transient ray,
When pity afforded relief;
And wiped the sad tear of misfortune away,
And soothed the pale victim of grief.
These rude-sculptur'd walls once received with a tear
Their Queen, lovely Mary, who fled from the foe,
With a heart torn with anguish, an eye wild with fear,
And death close behind her!—a prospect how drear!—
To finish her measure of woe!

" Unfortunate *Mary!* why wilt thou depart?
" Why, why to Elizabeth fly?—
" Compassion's warm glow never melted her heart,
" Nor the sweet tear of pity her eye!

" Her cold, frozen bosom's the throne of deceit;
" She proffers protection in hopes to betray!—
" For thee all the woes of confinement await,
" And from the damp dungeon thou'rt led to thy
" fate,
" From which thou wouldst hurry away!"

Now Time's iron hand has demolished these walls,
In story so often renowned:
'Mongst the night-weeds the turreted battlement falls;
And ruin stalks grimly around!—
Here, the ill-boding owl her lone dwelling maintains,
And with her hoarse notes teaches nature to sigh,
And fills with affright wakeful Silence, who reigns
When night's sable mantle envelopes the plains,
And the star twinkles dim in the sky!

To these scenes, Meditation, my wandering guide,
Where the *daughters of Beauty* are laid;
And the brave *Sons of Freedom*, who conquered or
died,
When the foe dared their country invade!—
There, Nature proclaims, neither *Beauty*'s bright eye
Nor *Valour* from death's cruel empire can save!
And the moment is swiftly approaching, when I,
Who now o'er the ruins of Time heave the sigh,
Forgotten, shall sleep in the grave!

INVERLEITHEN. J. N.

TO MISS G——.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, DECEMBER 16, 1801.

BY THE REV. W. BELOE.

PLAIN sober Truth invokes no flattering lay,
To hail ELIZA on her natal day,
Talks of no rapturous flames, no venom'd dart,
Piercing with anguish mild, the willing heart:
Such be the Lover's task; the Friend, more sure,
Looks for those virtues which through life endure.

Beauty's blue eye will lose all power to charm,
Love's dimpled smiles excite no soft alarm,
When care and pain press heavy on the breast,
And wearied Passion seeks its place of rest.

Ah! this the hour when Reason loves to see
Those fruits, those flowers, which bloom mature in thee;
The tender care to soothe a Parent's heart,
The fond desire to act a Sister's part;
To shew each Relative, remote or near,
Their hopes, their honour, and their interest's dear.

This be thy praise ELIZA, this the theme
Far, sweeter far, than any Poet's dream,
To live assured of social Virtue's love,
Till Sister angels summon thee above.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

No breeze disturbs the summer leaves
  That sleep refreshed with evening dew;
An amber cloud the moon receives,
  And veils her crescent from the view.

The voice of neither herd nor flock,
  With tones of love, salutes my ears,
In echoes from the mountain rock,
  That wears the mossy robe of years.

New hay and honeysuckles lend
  Their fragrance to the breathing vale,
And nameless flowers their odours blend,
  And with their sweets the smell regale.

As on I travel through the gloom,
  That dims the closing eye of Day,
Glow-worms, with silvery lamps, illume
  The verdant borders of my way.

The lark, sweet minstrel of the skies!
His carol ended, sinks to rest,
And by his feathery partner lies,
So happy in their humble nest.

Thus, in a green, sequestered dell,
Safe from the frowns of wealth or care,
In smiles of peace my soul would dwell
With her, my fairest of the fair!

But now I mourn her, absent far,
My blooming flower of sweet delight!
Whose presence, like the evening star,
Would cheer the lonely brow of night.

W. EVANS.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE MONUMENT OF EDWIN AND EMMA.

If o'er the lofty mountains of the north,
Or to green southern vales your course may steer,
Stop, traveller, and know that real worth,
Truth, love, and duty, bloom'd and faded here.

Here Edwin rests, the pride of village swains,
With Emma, lovelier than the new blown rose.
Parental tyrants!—death hath loosed your chains,
And given to broken hearts their last repose.

Oh! learn from hence, ye sordid and unjust,
The dire effects of cruelty and pride;
And let their voices, breathing from the dust,
Bid you beware the fault by which they died.

And take the lesson too, ye gentle minds,
Whose pensive footsteps to this grave may rove,
To shun, while filial duty closely binds,
The lasting anguish of a hopeless love.

VERSES

ON FOUR YOUNG LADIES,

PLANTING A TREE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Sweet plant, may wind and waters tend,
And long each guardian power defend,
To blossom many a rolling year,
Thy sacred head to Friendship dear.

No favoured oak that meets the skies,
Although his thousand branches rise
To darken forests with their frown,
A prouder birth than thine has known.

Four sister Loves, with mingling grace,
While Friendship ruled each angel face,
Combined their hands thy stem to rear,
And dewed thy cradle with a tear.

O by the bloom—the bloom of youth,
A pledge of childhood, faith and truth,
Of joys, with youth that haste away,
To ages, dark, unborn, display:

Arrayed in glorious evergreen,
Tell the far-distant, loveless scene,
That swims on nature's closing eye,
The plant of Friendship shall not die.

Though hearts that love may cease to glow,
And every voice be hushed and low,
And every cheek be cold and pale
That warmed to hear thy tender tale;

Yet still, methinks, thy boughs shall share,
Of faithful breasts the secret prayer;
The woodman's heart thy trunk revere,
If e'er his bosom friend was dear.

Of friendless chance the wanderer wide,
Shall lean to thine his houseless side,
When dark December tears the grove,
And dream of endless peace above.

The youthful sun shall partial seem
To hail thee with his morning beam;
And last thy blushing top display,
The sweetness of his parting ray.

In rosy May the woodland throng
Shall soothe thee with their vernal song;
While raptures thrill each little wing,
That fans the paradise of spring.

The star of eve shall bounteous shed
Her tears of love to bathe thy head,
Though early nursed with holier dew,
Than Evening's altar ever knew.

EDINBURGH. B.

MORNING.

INSCRIBED TO MISS N—— W——.

From the east slow advancing the *Morning* appears,
And gently o'er darkness prevails;
On yon Mountain her mist-woven standard she rears,
Whose folds slowly wave in the gales.
The cock loudly calls on the dull lazy hours;
And the bud, wak'd from slumbers, its bosom displays;
And the lark, from the shade of yon sweet knot of flowers,
Shakes the dew from his wing, as sublimely he towers
To hail rosy Morn with his lays.

Late the Moon, gleaming far, her pale crescent displayed,
And the stars' keener ray gemm'd the sky;
But the Moon slipp'd away, as her lustre decay'd,
And the stars, dimly-twinkling, fly.—
Lo! now, how the Sun rises flaming in gold,
And from his bright throne sends his mild sloping rays;
The red-border'd clouds from his presence are roll'd
And Nature rejoices her charms to unfold,
To Wisdom who musingly strays.

Mild *Wisdom !* all hail !—with the Bard come along !
I, friendless, thy counsel implore ;
Fix thy throne in my heart, and preside o'er my song,
Till Life's weary day is no more !
O ! tell me where Virtue to heav'n marks the road,
And o'er the false steps of her votaries mourns ;
Where Religion unlocks Pleasure's smiling abode,
Soothes the soul of Misfortune, leads the wand'rer to God,
And in heart-melting ecstacy burns !

Now the wide-skirted landscape, in mantle of light,
To the wondering eye is display'd :
Streams, woods, mountains, rivers, all rush on the sight,
In their various colours array'd.—
The Hare from the green, spiky field limps along
To the lone, ferny glen or the copse, full of fear,
While the Birds in the woodlands dissolving in song,
Swell the wild-warbling notes, Nature's dwellings among,
Which Nature rejoices to hear.

How delightful the scene !—Sons of Sloth, who lie bound
In Sleep's magic circle at ease,
You know not the sweets which the Morn pours around,
When Health breathes in every breeze !

One half of the beauties which Nature displays
You share not:—Come, N—, the morning is ours,
Let us, raptur'd, attend to the woods' melting lays,
Climb the hill, half illum'd, by the Sun's early rays,
And brush off the dew from the flowers!

Lo! from the thatch'd Cot, which yon beech-tree o'ershades,
Where the stream murmurs wild o'er the rock,
The Swain, Nature's child, to his hill chearful treads,
Hums his song, and attends on his flock.—
Or else, with his team, o'er the plain moving slow,
Turns the smooth levell'd furrows, and whistles along.—
What joys, pure, unbought, must the Cottager know,
Bright his eye, strong his arm, independent his brow,
Th' abodes of Contentment among!

Son of Pride: bright the morning of Life may appear,
Mild the gale, sweet the flower on the ground:—
Exult not:—the loud-roaring storm may be near,
When darkness shall wrap thee around:—
Child of Sorrow: whose day veil'd with clouds has begun,
Who sad thro' the bleak vale of Poverty strays,
Despair not:—ere half of thy journey is run,
The clouds may disperse, and the bright-beaming sun
Cheer thy path with his mild ev'ning rays!

J. N.

INVERLEITHEN.

ZERBINETTE.

DEAR youth, for whom I pining mourn,
For whom the lonely night I weep,
Haste to thy Zerbinette forlorn,
And fly the dangers of the deep.
Why should the cruel faithless sea
Detain so long my love from me!

The gentle groves, where oft we stray'd,
Seem all in grief since thou art gone;
Their little birds droop in the shade,
Their breezes, slowly-passing, moan:
And what is flower, or spring, or tree,
Without the kindly sight of thee!

When sleep descends, an angel guest,
To steal from tears these weeping eyes,
All lovely in my troubled rest
I see thy blooming form arise;
I start—it vanishes in air,
And leaves me—leaves me to despair!

Oft when the moon, so cold and clear,
  Shines o'er the gray mist-colour'd sea,
I watch, and hope thy sails are near,
  While all are sunk in sleep but me.
Yet still thy whitening sails forget
To cheer thy poor, poor Zerbinette.

O winds, and waves, be hush'd to peace;
  Peace too, ye stormy tides of fear;
You frightful terrors round me, cease,
  Soon shall my ling'ring love be near,
Soon shall he come without delay,
And kiss this burning tear away.

O no!—the tempest shakes the sky—
  Hark how it rustles in the grove!
The billows tumble mountain high—
  Ah!—give me—give me back my love!

B.

A LAPLAND SONG.

BY MR. PICKERING *.

"THE snows are dissolving on Torno's rude side,
And the ice of Lulhea flows down the dark tide;
Thy dark stream, Oh Lulhe, flows freely away,
And the snow-drop unfolds her pale beauties to day;
Far off the keen terrors of winter retire,
And the north-dancing streamers relinquish their fire;
The sun's genial heat swells the bud on the tree,
And Enna chaunts forth her wild warbling with glee.
The rein-deer unharness'd in freedom shall play,
And safely o'er Odon's steep precipice stray;
The wolf to the forest's recesses shall fly,
And howl to the moon as she glides thro' the sky:
Then haste, my fair Luah, ah haste to the grove,
And pass the sweet season in rapture and love;
In youth let our bosoms with extacy glow,
For the winter of life ne'er a transport can know."

* These two songs were originally published by two friends as translations from the language of Lapland. The second was published under the pretence that the first translator had mistaken the sense of the original, and by that means converted a mournful elegy into a sprightly love song.

THE SAME.

BY MR. BEDINGFIELD.

"O Torno! the snows on thy summit we see,
Shall dissolve; and the stream that sleeps frozen below
Again from its fetters of ice shall be free;
And the snow-drop, now wither'd, with beauty shall glow.

The terrors of winter shall fly far away,
And the sun o'er the north shed his influence again,
And warm into bloom the sweet blossom of May,
And wake, through fair Enna, the wild warbling strain!

The rein-deer, now harness'd, shall quit with delight
His car, and o'er Odon in freedom shall fly;
And the mist that now veils the pale ruler of night,
Shall pass, while unclouded she glides through the sky;

But for me! wretched me! since my Luah's no more,
Thro' my season of sorrow no changes can roll;
My summer of joys and of rapture is o'er,
And winter for ever must chill my sad soul."

ON A VISIT TO ROSLIN.

SEPT. 1801.

By Roslin's time-corroded wall,
Beneath her temple's ruin'd shade,
Fond could I wait the evening fall,
Slow stealing o'er the green-wood glade.

With raptures wild, to earth unknown,
Here the lone genii of the glen
Wake the long curfew's sullen tone
From the dim caves of Hawthornden.

In Autumn's night of sackcloth drear,
My wandering footsteps oft would stray;
To mark the slow declining year,
In cloudy darkness borne away.

Wild Fancy then in museful dream
Would pause and view the tribes of death,
Rob'd in the vapour of the stream
That, foamy-mantled, roars beneath.

Then, too, the monarch of the tomb
  Her magic-working voice would hear,
And from the bosom of the gloom
  The standard of his kingdom rear.

With many an age, the leaves of time
  That from the ash's trembling spray,
The spoils of yonder cliff sublime,
  Autumnal waters bear away.

Even thy dark banner's shadow deep
  Congeals the life-blood's quivering flow,
And Immortality might weep,
  To view thy throne, O Fate! below.

No vesper-hymn's slow-chaunted tone
  The passing pilgrim nightly hears,
Where the green-mould'ring altar-stone
  Lies mantled with the dust of years.

Devotion's heart denies a tear
  Where err'd her wandering steps of yore,
And anthems wild to Mercy's ear
  Her doting voice of childhood bore.

Yet here, in Nature's proud alcove,
  Devotion's purest flame might rise,
With incense sweet, to endless Love
  The Father of these peaceful skies.

For where the earth and ambient main
In wedded faith's embraces bound,
Extends their grief-devoted reign,
If one elected bower were found,

Where from the eye no tears should flow,
Beneath kind Fortune's loveliest star,
Where never heart-consuming woe
The gates of happiness should bar;

Sure that gay bower, eternal spring
Would build in Roslin's lovely vale,
Where harps from paradise would bring
Aerial notes to charm the gale.

Dreams of my soul! how false, how vain!
Dreams to my soul, tho' false, how dear!
Begone thou fondly-soothing strain,
That half awak'st the starting tear.

No! green-wood vale, with ruin pil'd,
Thy bowers afford no home of rest;
No treasures of thy beauteous wild
Can still thy stranger's lonely breast.

Yet in thy lawns he fond would stray,
And breathe in Solitude's dull ear
The griefs that on his bosom prey,
Which only Solitude must hear:

Far in the east the clouds ascend
That life's bright day shall mantle o'er;
And thou, my best, my only friend,
Thy steps I mourn and find no more!

Woods! your green hopes the earth shall save,
Nurs'd in her bosom's inmost core;
But when shalt thou, devouring grave!
The bloom of all my hopes restore!

B.

EDINBURGH:

STANZAS.

BY MR. P. L. COURTIER.

GIVE me the kindling eye, from whence
I learn within what tumults swell!
Give me the lip's mute eloquence,
With more than tongue could ever tell!

Too coy to breathe the gentlest vows;
Too warm to let her wishes die:
Though modest, yet what love allows
She gives; the look, perhaps the sigh.

But ye I spurn of stoic breed,
Who, nought admiring but yourselves,
For self or ever joy or bleed,
Ye heartless, and ye tasteless elves.

The beaming soul ye never know,
The raptur'd tear ye never feel;
Your's is the blank and sullen woe,
Your eyes are dim, your hearts are steel.

But come, thou sympathising pow'r,
Dear Sensibility, descend!
And O with Youth's delicious hour,
Thy magic and thy sweetness blend.

LOUDHON'S ATTACK:

A HUNGARIAN WAR SONG.

RISE ye Croats fierce and strong,
Form the front and march along;
And gather fast, ye gallant men
Of Nona and of Warrasden,
Whose sunny mountains nurse a line
Generous as her fiery wine;
Hosts of Buda, hither bring
The bloody flag and eagle wing;
And ye that drink the rapid stream
Fast by walled Salankeme;
Ranks of Agria, head and heel
Sheath'd in adamantine steel,
Quit the woodlands and the boar,
Ye hunters wild on Drava's shore;
And ye that hew her oaken wood,
Brown with lusty hardihood,
The trumpets sound, the colours fly,
And Loudhon leads to victory!
Hark, the summon loud and strong—
" Follow, soldiers—march along;"

Every Baron, sword in hand,
Rides before his gallant band;
The Vulture screaming for his food,
Conducts you to his fields of blood,
And bids the sword of valour seek
For nurture to his gory beak!

Men of Austria, mark around;
Classic fields and holy ground;
For here were deeds of glory done,
And battles by our fathers won—
Fathers who bequeath'd to you
Their country and their courage too;
Heirs of plunder and renown,
Hew the squadrons, hew them down.
Now ye triumph—Slaughter now
Ploughs the fields with bloody plough;
And all the streamy shore resounds
With shouts and shrieks and sabre wounds.
Now your thunders carry fate;
Now the field is desolate—
Save where Loudhon's eagles fly;
On the wings of victory!

This is glory, this is life!
Champions of a noble strife,
Moving like a wall of rock
To stormy siege or battle-shock,
Thus we conquer might and main,
Fight and conquer o'er again;

Grenadiers that, fierce and large,
Stamp like Dragons to the charge;
Foot and Horseman, Serf and Lord,
Triumph now with one accord!
Years of triumph shall repay
Death and dangers' troubled day;
Soon the rapid shot is o'er,
But Glory lasts for evermore—
Glory, whose immortal eye
Guides us to the victory!

TO HENRY.

Ah! tell me not, that jealous fear,
Betrays a weak, suspicious mind,
Were I less true, and thou less dear,
I should be blest, and thou be kind.

But while by giddy Fancy led,
In search of joy you wildly rove,
Say, can my mind be free from dread,
When every sense is chain'd by love?

Yet soon my anxious fears shall cease,
Since I am doom'd from thee to part,
That day will give me lasting peace,
For oh! that day will break my heart.

EMMA.

A FAREWELL TO MARGATE.

FAREWELL! ye chalky cliffs, where lovers walk,
In dread of tumbling over as they talk;
  Farewell, ye stylish farms, and stoney field;
Ye russet lanes, so open to the sun,
Where whiskies, buggies, sulkies, tandems, run,
  And all the dear delicious dust they yield!

Farewell! ye flinty sands, so damp, so soft,
  On whose stupendous margin Echo cries,
  And multiplies the fib, while Strephon—lies,
And gazers peep upon us from aloft!
Where Eurus sends his fogs amid the air,
And nymphs cut shoes at—half a pound per pair!
  Where slipp'ry sea-weeds trip us as we stray,
Where city mermaids scud about in clusters,
To poke for crabs, while surly Ocean blusters,
  And pools insidious intercept the way.

Farewell! blythe Dandelion and its sports,
  So matchless—so ecstatic—so divine!
Where dapper cits, like little gods appear,
Wounding young Chloes with a civil leer;

Where shepherds learn to eat, and dance, and court;
Swilling hot coffee 'neath a fervid beam;
Devouring half-bak'd crumpets while they steam,
So fraught with Cambridge butter, or with grease;
Where Gentry haste with half-a-crown a-piece,
And hungry beaux in the meridian dine!

Farewell! ye raffling shops, where Fortune fires
Her vagrant crew to quit life's solid joys,
For gilded gewgaws and illusion's toys,
While knavery moves the puppets she inspires!

The hoy's in motion—I must now depart,
Like a young turkey-pout, with heavy heart,
I must return to Industry's brown tub,
To get up small clothes, and to darn a stocking;
Is not this irksome, horrible, and shocking?
Will Cupid suffer it?—I fear he will.
Why are our moments sprinkled o'er with ill?
Pity your absent friend!

PRISCILLA GRUB.

SONG.

WHARE *Quair* wild wimplin' 'mang the flowers,
Rins down yon woody glen, Lassie,
My cottage stands;—it shall be yours,
If ye will be my ain, Lassie.
I'll watch thee wi' a lover's care,
An' wi' a lover's e'e, Lassie;
I'll weary heaven wi' mony a prayer,
An' every prayer for thee, Lassie.

'Tis true I hae nae muckle gear,
My flock is unco sma', Lassie;
Nae fine spun foreign clease I wear,
Nae servants tend my ca', Lassie:
But had I heired the British throne,
An' thou in low degree, Lassie,
A rustic Lad I wad hae grown,
Or shared that crown wi' thee, Lassie.

Frae morn to e'en, my rural lay
Pours forth thy dear loved name, Lassie;
Whan sable night resumes her sway,
On thee I fondly dream, Lassie.

I blame the blast, that on thy charms
  Dares rudely but to blaw, Lassie,
An' wish my jewel in my arms,
  A' fear to drive awa', Lassie.

Whan I am absent frae thy sight,
  Nae pleasure smiles on me, Lassie;
I climb the mountain's towerin' height,
  An' cast a look toward thee, Lassie.
The grass that bends beneath thy feet,
  The flowers that deck thy hair, Lassie,
The gales that round thee breathe sae sweet,
  My love, an' envy share, Lassie.

If to a heart that glows for thee
  Thou wilt thy heart resign, Lassie,
Come then, my Nancy! come to me,
  That glowin heart is mine, Lassie—
Whare *Quair* wild wimplin' 'mang the flowers
  Rins down yon woody glen, Lassie,
My cottage stands;—it shall be yours,
  An' you shall be my ain, Lassie.

J. N.

INVERLEITHEN.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ALIKE, two sparkling eyes you boast,
Whose lustre oft, in gazing lost,
  Enraptur'd we adore!
The difference is, with endless wiles
One tries their force; the other smiles
  Inconscious of their pow'r!

To win our unsuspecting hearts,
Alike in both Love's fatal darts
  In every look are found:—
The difference is, on conquest bent,
One throws them round with fell intent—
  The other ne'er would wound!

Of melting heart is each possess'd,
Of love susceptible each breast,
  With youthful ardour strong:—
The difference is, the flame of one
With transient glow would quickly burn;
  The other's mild and long!

Alike to charm by nature form'd,
Each is with ev'ry grace adorn'd;
A passion each excites:—
The difference is, the one's design'd
By Art to please; the other's mind
By Sentiment delights!

Alike, with intellectual force
Each can enliven her discourse—
Each gain attentive ear:
The difference is, with sprightly wit
One shines; to t'other we submit
For reasoning just and clear.

Alike, to boundless power you reach;
A thousand knees alike to each
In captive suit are bent!
The difference is, one seeks them ALL;
The other would but ONE enthral—
With ONE fond heart content!

Alike you bloom in Beauty's prime;
With either blest we pass our time,
And both our praise acquire:—
The difference is, the wise will say,
The one would please us for A DAY;
The other NEVER TIRE!

K.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH
OF GENERAL ABERCROMBIE.

Oh why, Britannia, while thy heart beats high,
And triumph sits exulting in thine eye,
Why does thy breast with tender sadness glow?
Why droops that wreath of cypress on thy brow?
Why are thy tears on those green laurels shed,
Thy hand had twin'd for Abercrombie's head?
Why mingled with thy sighs, a Bisset's name?
So dear to valour—tho' so young in fame!
Ah! in the grief that clouds thy beauteous face,
The Veteran's greatness, and his death I trace.
Greatly he fought—to guard his country's claim,
And by his prowess gain'd her lasting fame.
Greatly he fought—nor felt the fatal wound,
But sought the conflict most where danger frown'd,
Triumph'd and died, the brightest, purest star,
That ever sunk beneath the gloom of war.
Sunk, did I rashly say?—'twas then he soar'd,
First truly seen, and seen to be ador'd;
The body languish'd—but the spirit shone,
Emitting beams of greatness all its own;

On Victory's laurel'd couch he yields his breath,
And Glory gives him to the arms of Death.
His life, the bravest, best example gave,
And tears of general sorrow bathe his grave.
But not with his great deeds—expir'd the claim
Of British merit to transcendant fame.
Yet SIDNEY lives—thro' whose aspiring soul
The genuine streams of native courage roll.
Yet SIDNEY lives—on Honour's bosom rear'd,
To all the brave, and all the good endear'd.
His mild, yet dauntless heart, his glorious mind,
The great and gentle virtues have combin'd.
See where he stands, on Glory's rapid tide,
His country's favorite, and his father's pride;
Around his head the beams of triumph play,
Fill his fine eye, and light the victor's way.
To grace his youthful breast, the sterile North
In wild profusion put her laurels forth;
And, richly twining round their vigorous green,
The spreading honors of the East are seen:
Then, turn, BRITANNIA, thy dejected eyes,
From that lov'd spot, where ABERCROMBIE lies;
With cheerful hope thy darling champion see,
Devote his prowess and his blood to thee:
That hand, which rais'd thy standard on the main,
Shall guard that standard on th' Egyptian plain,
Till thy fair face its radiant smiles resume,
And on thy breast the peaceful olive bloom.

Ye pow'rs benign! who round the warrior's head
The sacred veil of kind protection spread;
From every ill BRITANNIA's darling save,
Alike the Hero of the land and wave.
Oh may he live! till silver honours grow
Around those temples where the laurels blow;
And as, when softly dies the ev'ning gale,
The sweetest odours float along the vale;
So may his life expire, and leave at last
A train of glory where his spirit past,
To guide succeeding youth, like him, to feel
The glow of mercy with the patriot's zeal,
In victory's heat to clasp her gentle form,
And hear her whispers in the battle's storm.
O SIDNEY, brave, and dear! the Muses' flame
Has soar'd to glory thro' thy cherish'd name;
Thy name alone the humble strain can raise,
Thy smile will crown it with immortal praise.

That land, for wonders fam'd, thro' ages past,
Has seen her proudest glory in the last.
Not the vast piles Egyptian labour rear'd,
Like British courage, make her name rever'd.
Long may her Nile upon his billows bear
The names to Egypt as to England dear—
Long may his waves with annual plenty flow,
And soon on either land the welcome olive blow.

HARRIET WALKER.

VERSES,

INSCRIBED IN THE TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP, AT ST. ANNE'S HILL.

BY THE RIGHT HON. R. FITZPATRICK.

THE STAR, whose radiant beams adorn
With vivid light the rising morn,
The season changed—with milder ray
Cheers the calm hour of parting day.
So FRIENDSHIP, of the generous breast
The earliest, and the latest guest,
In youthful prime with ardour glows,
And sweetens life's serener close.

Benignant power! in this retreat
O deign to fix thy tranquil seat;
Where raised above the dusky vale
Thy favourites brighter suns shall hail;
And from life's busy scenes remote,
To thee their cheerful hours devote;
Nor waste a transient thought to know
What cares disturb the crowd below.

SONG.

YES, now I shall think of that heart-broken maid
Whom in days of my childhood I knew;
All night she would weep in the cold willow shade,
And her tears mingle warm with the dew!
I have heard her exclaim, as she sadly reclin'd,
'Mid the willows all dripping and chill,
I have heard her exclaim while she shrunk in the wind,
"In pity, fond bosom, lie still!"

The youth whom she loved had been torn from her arms,
By a fate too severely unkind,
Thus wither'd, alas! was the rose of her charms,
And clouded the beams of her mind!
Sweet mourner! thy fortunes may haply be mine,
And I feel in my heart that they will;
Then sad shall I sing, with a sorrow like thine,
"In pity, fond bosom, lie still!"

ODE.

BY DR. SEWELL *.

WHY, Damon, with the forward day,
Dost thou thy little spot survey,
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
Pursue the progress of the year;
What winds arise, what rains descend:
When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noon-tide walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail;
Then wantonly to death decree
An insect of more use than thee?
Thou and the worm are brother kind,
As low, as earthly, and as blind!

* Dr. Sewell, the writer of the Tragedy of 'Sir Walter Raleigh,' however he failed in that piece, gave frequent instances of the pathetic in some of his works; but in none more than the verses written at Hampstead a few weeks before his death—The Doctor, aware of his certain dissolution, lost not his poetic spirit; as the above striking instance will illustrate.

Vain wretch! canst thou expéct to see
The downy peach make court to thee?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The bean-flow'r's deep-embosom'd sweet,
  Exhaling with the evening blast?
  Thy ev'nings then will all be past.

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green,
O Vanity, in little seen!
All must be left when Death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears:
  Nor one—of all thy plants that grow,
  Save Rosemary, with thee will go!

ON THE

DEATH OF MY LAMENTED FRIEND

MRS. FOVEAUX.

CLOSED are those eyes which brilliant sense inform'd,
And cold that heart so many virtues warmed;
Low is that lovely form, and pale that face,
So lately touched with beauty, life, and grace;
Her's was the hand that gave—the lip that blest,
The liberal spirit, and the feeling breast;
From her rich mind the purest humour sprung,
And on her hand the soul of music hung.
Lamented Saint! from those bright realms, where now
Unfading wreaths of glory bind thy brow,
In visions come, and with an angel's smile
The husband's pang, the sister's tear beguile;
Thy beauteous children guide—and let them be
As gay, as graceful, yet as good as thee!
A sweet exotic—this ungenial clime
Flushed thee, fair flower, with rich but transient prime.
The pale consumption came, with withering breath,
And laid thy beauties, scarcely blown, in death.
But ah! where living fragrance breathes around,
Where on thy spotless leaves no stain is found;
In that blest path, by Seraphs only trod,
Thy blossoms open in the smile of God.

HARRIET WALKER.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH,

BY W. CASE, JUN.

I WHO late raptur'd dwelt on scenes, where Yare
In sweet meander pours her inland stream,
Smit with the love of poesy, now dare
Again to meditate descriptive theme:
There nought disturb'd the mind's elysian dream,
Save when some breeze the wild flowers' freightage bore—
In rudest forms, here terror reigns supreme,
Here the mad breakers lash the sandy shore,
And nature starts appall'd at her own loud uproar!

The landscape now had darkness ceas'd to shroud;
The morn, unclosing her cerulean eye,
Cast a mild glance on every floating cloud,
And look'd it into beauty, whilst on high
The sun, that brightest glory of the sky,
To his diurnal round again upsprung
From forth a purple tissued canopy:
On Heaven's wide arch his central orb he hung,
And o'er th' expanse below the golden day beam flung.

Where rolls in Darien's port the foamy main,
Musing, I bent my solitary way;
Bound in the seaweed's mossy-woven chain,
Upon the strand full many a pebble lay,
That oft, as o'er it flash'd the silvery spray,
To Fancy's shapings still more lovely seem'd,
And, as the curlews frequent div'd for prey,
Across the waves a line of splendour stream'd,
And on their surface hoar what myriad diamonds gleam'd!

Such bracing airs of seaborn coolness blew,
As flush'd with wholesome ruddiness my face,
The whilst mine eye would stretch its eager view
Along the dim immensity of space,
And on the horizon's hazy verge would trace
A fleet of war-ships, all their sails unfurl'd,
From earliest time the pride of Albion's race,
Which, as the thunders of their wrath they hurl'd,
To her wide-waving flag made couch the subject world.

Thou wat'ry sphere, that from creation's hour
Around these shores hast spread thine ample cest,
In thee the wond'rous, omnipresent power
Of God peculiarly is manifest!
Though now calm ripples skim thy glassy breast,
How frail the hope, that loves on thee to dwell!
Haply some storm ere long will break thy rest,
His frenzy fit this transient scene dispel,
And o'er each billow's crest succeeding billows swell.

Within thine oozy depths what caverns lie,
Thou mighty sepulchre of dead men's bones!
Caverns no living sight could e'er descry—
How oft thy surge in solemn cadence moans
With the poor shipwreck'd soul's expiring groans!
There where no sun illumes the drear confine,
His last sad dirge the night blasts fitful tones,
How oft wild weeds and branching coralline
Around his festering corse a shroud fantastic twine!

Thus wrapt in thought, I stray'd with sauntering tread,
When from a fisher's skiff a man drew near,
Few were the locks his freckled brows that spread,
The characters of age were graven there,
His cheeks with scars were furrow'd, scars most dear,
Of every meed that waits the truly brave;
His garb, that weather'd many a season drear,
And to the wind its faded tatters gave,
A veteran tar bespoke, son of the ocean wave.

" Forgive my bold inquiry, for what cause
" Thou quit'st the gay throng'd pier?" he frankly cried,
" Surely no grief thy footsteps hither draws,
" To pore despondent on the ebbing tide—
" Ne'er may'st thou trials hard as mine abide!
" Ah, for old England's king long time I fought,
" And with his foes oft grappled side by side,

" Till to my home these wounds a passport brought;
" Since then, in yonder boat my daily toil I've sought"

" My friend! this bosom ne'er hath felt annoy,
" Yet marvel not, I leave yon crowded ways,
" For O, to me it is a blest employ,
" To follow Nature through her every maze!
" As to the deep e'en now I turn'd my gaze,
" Methought was pictur'd there the self same change,
" That aye awaits us in our mortal days,—
" Yes, 'tis the will of Heaven, whilst here we range,
" That pleasure oft be ours, but oftener contrast
" strange!"

" Time was," replied he, " when the briny surge,
" Upon the shelving spot where now we stand,
" Its restless course far onward wont to urge,
" Yon town, perchance, itself the only strand,
" Ere yet its walls by skilful toil were plann'd—
" A sad event too once befel they say,
" Where yon tall vessel rides hard by the land;
" The tale, I ween, attention will repay,
" And, as we homeward bend, beguile the lengthen'd
" way.

" Fair smil'd days, early beams, as now they smile,
" The morning air, as now, was all serene,
" When lo (most strange to tell!) a little isle
" Was on a sudden high emerging seen;
" Its brow was cover'd with a grassy green,

" And many a plant the soil uncultur'd rear'd,
" As though its base for ages firm had been;
" Around its steepy sides the main appear'd
" Alike its barrier strong, and foe whom most it fear'd.

" Amid the throng, which daily hasten'd there,
" Was one, that eager cried—" Ah, who can tell
" How sweet, how passing sweet a joy it were,
" On such a fair, romantic spot to dwell!
" Me, when my wants should e'er to town impel,
" How easy 'twere to ply the sweeping oar
" Across the breezy ocean's gentle swell!
" So should I gain ere long the neighbouring shore,
" And sure the change of scene would home endear
" the more.

" There strait a mansion he resolv'd to build,
" Where elegance and strength might both unite,
" With poplars silvery grey a nook he fill'd,
" Laburnum there hung flowers of golden light,
" Whilst shrubs more lowly fac'd the eastern site.
" Now had four suns their annual circuits roll'd,
" Still seem'd the isle a fairy palace bright,
" Still the soil boasted its prolific mould,
" And fast the poplars grew, most beauteous to behold.

" It chanc'd that once the moon, suffus'd with blood,
" To eve's dim hour gave signs of awful close,
" With hoarser murmurs heav'd the gulphing flood,
" High up the isle the mass of waters rose,

" And sky conspiring, threaten'd deeper woes!—
" The pale domestics round their master press,
" Ah, where," say they, " is now our priz'd re-
" pose?
" Befits us then to seek some nigh recess,
" Where we, from danger safe, our happy stars may
" bless."

" Why fear," he answered, " where no cause to fear?
" The elements their rage will soon abate;
" But if with coward hearts ye tarry here,
" Go then, and leave me to the chance of fate,
" Whilst on the shore the morrow's dawn ye wait."
They urg'd intreaties, but of no avail,
" At length departing, ere it proved too late,
" Now in their boat they spread a little sail,
" And, reaching now the port, escap'd the driving
" gale.

" Nor were its habitants from terror free—
" Loud in the quay the rocking billows roar'd,
" And many an heart, for relatives at sea,
" Of Providence a blessing kind implor'd,
" And wish'd their ships in harbour safe were moor'd!
" When now the twilight's dawning hour came on,
" The rescued train with anxious eyes explor'd,
" The scene, where late the island palace shone,
" But O the dire reverse! shrubs, island, all were
" gone!"

As thus the courteous stranger clos'd his speech,
The busy crowd hard by appear'd in view;
Aside my footsteps turning from the beach,
Reluctant to the tar I bade adieu,
And pray'd his future hardships might be few.
To thee, vast deep! this moral truth I owe,
This moral truth obsequious fancy drew—
That as thy calm now smiles, thy storms now blow,
Each object, e'en most dear, so fluctuates here below!

ON THE

DEATH OF GENERAL KNOX

AND

CAPT. JEMMET MAINWARING,

LOST IN THE BABET, IN THE WEST-INDIES.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

When mid the thunder of the embattled field,
Their lives in Albion's cause her warriors yield;
The never-dying breath of virtuous Fame,
To Glory consecrates each Patriot name.
But shall no wreath of honour crown the brave,
Untimely whelm'd beneath the stormy wave?
Shall the firm Veteran, who has dauntless stood
In many a scene of carnage and of blood;
Shall the bold youth, who hostile coasts explor'd,
Where louder than the surge the battle roar'd;
Cold in the oozy caverns of the deep,
Sung by no Muse in dark oblivion sleep?
No!—they shall live to Fame, to Friendship dear—
Live still in Valour's sigh, and Beauty's tear.

ANACREONTIC.

CARE, caitiff wretch! begone from me,
And let me gaily quaff my bowl;
Haste from my presence, quickly flee,
To joy alone I yield my soul.

My hours I dedicate to mirth,
Then "let the liquid ruby flow,"
Which gives to new ideas birth,
And bids the soul with rapture glow.

Supremely blest while thus I quaff,
My mind in airy regions roves,
I sport the song, the toast, the laugh,
And think of Venus and the Loves.

A. P.

Criticisms.

POETRY.

EPIC AND HISTORICAL POEMS.

Alfred, an Epic Poem, in Six Books, by Henry James Pye. 4to. pp. 243.

THE talents and virtues of Alfred have not been left unsung, however inadequately the Poets may have acquitted themselves in the attempt. This is the third epic founded on the history of that monarch. Their indifferent success is a sufficient proof, if proof were wanted, that something more is requisite for an Epic poem than the proper choice of a Hero. The poem of Mr. Pye is written with great elegance, and discovers that the Author is accustomed to write verse; it has some beautiful parts, but it wants that variety of character, that energy of language, and knowledge of the passions and feelings of mankind, without which no poem of this species can hope to be remembered. It is but justice, however, to add, that Mr. Pye is far superior in many points to his predecessors.

Britannia, a National Epic Poem, in Twenty Books; to which is prefixed a Critical Dissertation on Epic Machinery, by John Ogilvie, D. D. F. R. S. Edin.

THE lively and elegant Gresset, in his poem of *Ver Vert*, has wittily attacked those "who by twenty Cantos set the reader asleep." His censure, however, does not attach to the author of *Britannia*, whose poem, though it consists of twenty books, never suffers the reader to sink into slumber. The plan is well designed, the incidents are numerous and judiciously introduced, the characters are varied, and drawn with great force, the sentiments appropriate to the various actors, and the style nervous and poetical. Dr. Ogilvie has judiciously chosen blank verse, which he appears to have studied in its best model, that of Milton. We must, however, object to the too frequent recurrence of short sentences, which have a prosaic effect. Some negligences might be pointed out, but they are lost in the general merit of the work.

The Siege of Acre, an Epic Poem, in Six Books, by Mrs. Cowley. 4to. pp. 157.

To do even common justice to that distinguished conduct and valour which at Acre baffled and disgraced the vaunted conqueror of Italy, required no common muse. In the poem before us, Mrs. Cowley has failed to reach "the height of this great argu-

ment." Her poem is entitled an Epic, but it possesses not one of the qualities which belong to that species of poetry. The plan is inartificial, the incidents ill managed, the language sometimes forced and sometimes ludicrous, and the versification languid and inharmonious.

Richard the First, a Poem, in Eighteen Books, by Sir James Bland Burges, Bart. Large 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 675.

When the heroic qualities and romantic atchievements of Richard Cœur de Lion are considered, it seems wonderful, that in the course of centuries, no Bard should have arisen to celebrate his praise. But when to the personal qualities of the hero is added the splendour of the object for which he fought, and the sacredness of the very soil on which that object was contended for, it must be acknowledged that no theme could well be found more adapted to the purposes of poetry. The subject has at last, however, attracted the attention of a poet of acknowledged talent. Sir J. B. Burges has, in these volumes, made the adventures of Richard the ground-work of a poem which is highly honourable to its author. It is written in the difficult stanza of Spenser, which the author manages with uncommon ease and spirit.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

Poems, by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles. Vol. II. Small 8vo. pp. 165.

THAT tenderness of thought, sweetness of versification, and command of poetical imagery, by which Mr. Bowles has so long been distinguished, are to be found, in a no less proportion in this volume than in his former works. The "Battle of the Nile" is of a "higher mood." It is an Ode well worthy of the subject. The blank verse of Mr. Bowles is not inferior to his other verse.

The Sorrows of Love, a Poem, in three Books, small 8vo. pp. 135.

THE "Sorrows of Love" is a very unequal poem. In some places it rises above mediocrity, and in others sinks far beneath it. With a little additional care and correction, it might have been rendered much more worthy of public notice. In its present state, the parts which deserve praise, do not atone for those of an opposite description.

The Poetical Works of Hector Macneill, Esq. two vols. small 8vo. pp. 341.

THE works of Mr. Macneill have so long been well known to the world, that it is almost unnecessary to deliver a judgment upon them. Of one of his Poems, (we believe Scotland's Scaith) more than ten thou-

sand copies were sold in a very short space of time. This rapid sale is honourable to the public taste. Mr. Macneill's poems are distinguished by a correctness of style, a melody of verse, and command of poetical language, not often to be found. The Scottish dialect is used in a part of the poems, but not to such an extent as to render them unintelligible even to a mere English reader.

Poems, by John Penn, Esq. in Two Volumes; consisting of Original Works, Imitations and Translations. 8vo. pp. 520.

THAT the author of these volumes is a man of taste and learning, these sufficiently evince; but, that he has a claim to the title of poet, may be reasonably doubted. His pieces are, in general, polished and flowing, but they are deficient in vigour and imagination. The preface, which consists of ninety-eight pages, is too verbose: the meaning is frequently hid under a cloud of words.

Thalaba the Destroyer, by Robert Southey. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 641.

THIS poem is a phenomenon in the poetical world. It is written in open defiance of all the established laws of metre. The versification is the most wild and irregular that can be imagined. In spite of the author's partiality for it, we must take leave to affirm that, were it printed without any division of lines,

the reader would conceive it to be a kind of inflated prose. The story, which is of Arabian origin, abounds with the marvellous, and never ceases to keep the attention awake. The descriptions are vivid and picturesque, and the powers of the poet are every where manifest—except in the verse.

The Poems of George Huddesford, M. A. *late Fellow of New College, Oxford. Now first collected; including Salmagundi, Topsy Turvy, Bubble and Squeak, and Crambe Repetita, with Corrections and original Additions.* 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 321.

It has been observed of this author, and we think with great justice, that if the doctrine of the transmigration of souls could be believed, we might be induced to think, that the spirit of the immortal author of Hudibras had taken up its residence in his body. Mr. Huddesford possesses a very large share of that poignant wit and biting satire, that facility of verse, and power of forming uncommon rhymes, for which Butler is so justly admired. But his merit is not confined to this alone. His serious poems are, in a very eminent degree, entitled to the praise of elegance, tenderness, and animation.

Sonnets, Odes, and Elegies. By Alexander Thomson, Author of Whist, the Paradise of Taste, &c. &c. Small 8vo. pp. 203.

The principal part of this volume is occupied by the Sonnets, of which there are one hundred and

thirty-five. Of this large number, some might have been omitted with advantage, but the major part are entitled to a very large share of praise. The Odes and Elegies, which appear to have been written some years ago, have a simplicity, sweetness, and gentle melancholy, which strongly interests the feelings. A few lines in the volume appear to have been unconsciously borrowed from different authors.

Tears and Smiles: a Miscellaneous Collection of Poems, by Peter Pindar, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 167.

FROM the known character of Peter Pindar's writings, our readers will be led to expect, in the present volume, a mixture of quaintness and ribaldry. In this they will not be disappointed. The latter quality, however, heavily preponderates. The longest production in this volume is Orson and Ellen, which occupies seventy-five pages, and is thickly sown with the usual common places against bishops and peers. To wit, humour, or sentiment, it has not the smallest pretension. It is, indeed, fit only for the meridian of a brothel. Yet the writer of this piece, whose every line almost is an insult to decency, has the assurance to exclaim, "Ah! never be a British maid a stranger to a *blush*!" If there be any British maids who look into his poems, we will venture to say that, unless they have lost the power of blushing, their cheeks cannot be strangers to a blush. Nearly the remainder of the volume is occupied by what the

author wittily and antithetically calls "New-old ballads." These ballads, we are told, were written "in imitation of authors of the reigns of Harry the Eighth, Elizabeth and James, and sent to some literary friends as innocent deceptions." If any person, with the smallest pretensions to literature, was deceived by them, we pity, from our souls, that person's judgement. The following hobbling lines are written in the character of Fairfax; of Fairfax, one of the most melodious writers of Elizabeth's reign, and whose versification was the model chosen by Waller!

"What you, great Queen (Elizabeth) may deign to praise,
Altho' a dwarf you to a giant can it raise,
Sith your voice is the voice of Fame!!"

The author seems to have imagined that, to imitate our antient poets, nothing more was necessary than to double some letters, to leave out others, and to make an unsparing use of "ekes," and "dids," and "doths."

Juvenilia; or a Collection of Poems: written between the Ages of twelve and sixteen, by J. H. L. Hunt. Small 8vo. pp. 236.

A considerable degree of taste and genius is manifested in this volume of juvenile poems. Many of the pieces would not disgrace authors of a more advanced age. The "Palace of Pleasure" in particular, is conceived and executed with great ability.

The difficult stanza of Spenser is well managed, and many of the figures and personifications are appropriate and beautiful. The pastorals, and the pieces in blank verse, are of inferior merit. To render the common cant of pastoral at all interesting, is an Herculean task. Blank verse is often chosen by young writers under the mistaken idea that it is of easier composition than rhyme; and the result is, what might be expected from such an idea, that their compositions are tedious and monotonous. Of all bad verse, bad blank verse is the worst.

The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, Esq.
Small 8vo. pp. 175.

It is certainly a subject of regret, that a person gifted with such talents as the author of the present volume, should degrade himself by their improper application. Many of the poems are graced by a singular felicity of expression, and command of language: the versification is, almost uniformly, flowing and animated. But here praise must end. The volume contains so large a proportion of libertinism, that it ought never to be opened by any female who has the smallest pretensions to delicacy. The name of Little is, we believe, a mere *nom de guerre*; the author's real name, however, we shall not mention, as his maturer judgment will certainly induce him to view some of the poems in this volume with disapprobation and regret.

Poems, by George Dyer. 8vo. pp. 332.

THOUGH the poems of Mr. Dyer are not distinguished by much elevation, or pathos, they may be read with considerable pleasure, as the compositions of a man of learning and taste. If he has no "thoughts "that breathe, and words that burn," he, at least, never disgusts by vulgarity of language, or, by a worse fault, abortive attempts at sublimity. A part of the volume is occupied by satire, but it is of that good-natured kind, that the reader who feels it apply to himself, can scarcely be offended.

The Valley of Llanherne, and other Pieces in Verse, by John Fisher, A. B. Small 8vo. pp. 110.

THE Valley of Llanherne is a poem of the same species as Grongar Hill, but not of equal merit. To paint a landscape in verse is a task of difficulty, and is seldom accomplished with success. In painting, the scene forms a whole, in which the connection and situation of objects is perceived at a glance. In poetry it is necessarily broken into parts, to be described in succession, by which means it becomes indistinct and confused. This disadvantage is strongly felt in the poem now under consideration; which is, however, not unworthy of notice. The versification is generally pleasing, and the subjects introduced are well imagined. Of the smaller poems we prefer the humorous ones.

Memoirs of the late Mrs. Robinson, written by herself, with some posthumous Pieces. Small 8vo. 4 vols.

THE three first volumes of this work, are occupied by the Memoirs, and some miscellaneous pieces in prose. The fourth, contains a poem, in two books, called the "Progress of Liberty," with some smaller poems, by Mrs. Robinson; and a large collection of complimentary verses, addressed to her by various writers. It is only the fourth volume that comes within the limits of our review. Of the complimentary verses, little more can be said, than that they are most of them pretty. Mrs. Robinson's style of composition has been generally considered as distinguished by an inflation of language, a fondness for dazzling imagery, and a redundance of epithet. Less of them is perhaps to be found in her present, than her former publications, but they are still too predominant. Parts of the "Progress of Liberty," are above mediocrity, but, as a whole, it can receive no great share of praise. Had Mrs. Robinson lived, she would perhaps have corrected her style, as we are told, by the person who continued her Memoirs, that she had become sensible of the faults into which she had fallen, by adopting the meretricious manner of the Della Crusca school.

Miscellaneous Poems, by W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq. 8vo. pp. 190.

THE applause of a few indulgent friends has very often exposed the unfortunate writer of verse to great and unexpected mortification. Such will most probably be the fate of Mr. Fitzgerald. The poems contained in this volume, may have pleased a friendly circle, who heard them from the mouth of the author, but they are not of a nature to bear in the closet the severe judgement of an unbiassed reader. They are not marked by any glaring faults, but they want the inspiring soul of poetry. They never interest the heart, or elevate the mind.

Alonzo and Cora, with other Poems, principally elegiac, by Elizabeth Scot; to which are added Letters in Verse, by Blacklock and Burns. 8vo. pp. 168.

THE poem of Alonzo and Cora, though incorrect, and rather too long, is, on the whole, a pleasing composition. Some of the smaller poems are marked by a tender melancholy which strongly interests the feelings. A short and well written sketch of the author's life is prefixed to the volume.

Ballads in Imitation of the Antient, by W. H. Ireland. Small 8vo. pp. 201.

WE cannot congratulate Mr. Ireland on his having caught any great portion of the spirit of our antient

poets. Their quaintness of phraseology, their negligence of style and occasional tediousness of narration, are easily imitated; but to copy their beautiful simplicity, their affecting touches of nature, and almost magic power of seizing upon the heart, is a task with difficulty to be accomplished. Mr. Ireland's ballads never interest the feelings: they are such as might be composed by almost any one, and are forgotten as soon as read.

The Lamentation, a Poem, in Two Parts; to which are added other miscellaneous Pieces in Blank Verse and Rhyme. 8vo. pp. 198.

When we have said that the present volume is printed with great elegance upon wire wove hot pressed paper, we have nothing further to say in its praise. None of the poems it contains ever rise even to mediocrity. Whether the author writes in blank verse or in rhyme, he is equally feeble. It is but justice however, to say, that his sentiments are always unexceptionable.

A Poetical Introduction to the Study of Botany, by Frances Arabella Rowdon. 8vo. pp. 167.

This elegant work is not ill calculated for the design of its author. The volume opens with a series of prose lessons on the study of botany. The various classes of plants are then personified in the manner of Darwin. The versification also, is evidently formed

on the model of that author, but is less objectionable, as being less affected and artificial.

Miscellanies in Verse and Prose, English and Latin, by the late Anthony Champion, of the Middle Temple, Esq. published from the original Manuscripts, by William Henry Lord Lyttelton. Large 8vo. pp. 158.

THESE poems, the whole of which were written many years ago, are elegant and harmonious. That they are not of very modern composition they bear internal evidence, for they are disfigured by none of the studied tricks which have been introduced into a very large proportion of modern versification.

Tales of Wonder; written and collected by M. G. Lewis, Esq. Author of the Monk, &c. &c. Crown 8vo. pp. 251.

IT is impossible for any publication to have a more appropriate title than what is given to this volume. Every page is full of wonder. "Black spirits and "white, blue spirits and grey;" all that "fables yet "have feigned, or fear conceived," form the materials of this work. These materials are, in general, used with great ability. Among the most distinguished poems, are those of Mr. Walter Scott; they are in a very superior degree animated and interesting.

Tales of Terror, with an introductory Dialogue. Crown 8vo. pp. 149.

THIS volume is prefaced by an introductory dialogue, which is not without merit. Many of the tales are evidently designed to ridicule the present taste for the wonderful, and of others it is difficult to decide whether they are meant to be serious or ludicrous. In some of the burlesque tales, the manner of the originals is very happily imitated. The volume has three prints, which had better have been omitted, as they are only calculated to excite disgust.

Poems on various Subjects, by G. Walker. Small 8vo. pp. 161.

THESE poems are of that class, which neither excites censure by gross errors, nor admiration by striking beauties. The author sometimes makes use of words that are not adapted to the purposes of poetry, but in general his language is correct. The verses from the Icelandic, and two or three little pieces from a novel, seem to be those among the poems, which are entitled to the largest share of praise.

Poems, by William Boscawen, Esq. Author of a Translation of the Works of Horace into English Verse. Small 8vo. pp. 145.

THIS volume bears very ample and honourable testimony to the patriotic spirit, the feeling heart, and

the cultivated mind of its author. His ode to Anarchy displays a truly British spirit. Some of the poems were written for the service of charity, and are worthy of their design. The style of Mr. Boscawen is elegant, correct, and perspicuous.

La Bagatella; or, Delineations of Home Scenery, a Descriptive Poem, in two Parts, with Notes, Critical and Historical, by William Fox, jun. 8vo. pp. 201.

THE author of "La Bagatella" has contrived to make an interesting poem from an apparently unfruitful and repulsive subject. His delineations are at once natural and picturesque. The author has judiciously chosen blank verse, which he writes with grace and facility. A great part of the volume is occupied by notes, extracted from various authors, which are highly amusing.

The Sweets of Society, a Poem, and a few Miscellaneous Poems, by the Author of "Melody the Soul of Music." Small 8vo. pp. 77.

THIS is presented to the public as a part of a longer poem, which, if encouragement is given, the author may be induced to finish. This encouragement cannot be given by us consistently with our duty. The design of this poem is much better than its execution. The author has not an ear correctly tuned to verse: many of his lines are neither verse nor prose, and his general manner is languid and incorrect.

The Enchanted Plants; Fables, in Verse: Inscribed to Miss Montolieu, and Miss Julia Montolieu. Small 8vo. pp. 95.

If we are not mistaken this little volume is the composition of Mrs. Montolieu. But whoever may be the author, the volume is entitled to great praise. The language is easy and unaffected, the versification correct and pleasing, and the different subjects are arranged and illustrated in an elegant and forcible manner.

Remonstrance, with other Poems, by Catherine Hood. Small 8vo. pp. 112.

To the higher graces of poetry this little volume can lay no claim: it is characterised by a simplicity of style, and an easy flow of versification. The reader will not, however, find either his taste or his principles wounded by the perusal of it.

Poems; to which is annexed Lord Mayor's Day, a mock heroic Poem, by David Rivers. 8vo. pp. 31.

It has often occurred to us, in the course of our critical labours, that versifiers, as far as merely regards verse, might be divided into three classes—those who trust to their ears for the accuracy of their metre; those who ascertain it by counting their fingers; and those who seemed to possess neither ears nor fingers. To this last division belongs the

author of *Lord Mayor's Day.* It is scarcely possible to conceive any thing more grotesque than his verse. We shall give rather a favourable specimen.

" Near to that stone of venerable antiquity,
Which London antiquaries have so much neglected—,
But on which sagacious Hutton has most profoundly written !"

The beauty of his verse can alone be equalled by the purity of his English, as may be discovered by the following lines:

" When Gallia's proud fleet from Toulon did set sail,
The Frenchmen began for to give themselves airs," &c.

Nautical Odes, or Poetical Sketches, designed to commemorate the Atchievements of the British Navy. 4to. pp. 160.

THE author of these poems discovers a considerable share of talent, but he has injudiciously used, in many instances, a mixture of the burlesque with the serious, which greatly lessens the effect. The verse also is often more fit for the style of a street ballad than a serious ode. In some of the humourous odes the author is very successful.

Six Picturesque Views in North Wales, &c. with Poetical Reflections on leaving that Country, by the Rev. Brian Broughton, M. A. 4to. pp. 32.

THE little poem which accompanies these views has a merit beyond that of merely describing the subject

chosen by the pencil. It is spirited, interesting, and harmonious. The author appears to have formed his blank verse on the best models. The views, which are by the author of the poem, are highly picturesque.

Bread; or, the Poor; a Poem, with Notes and Illustrations, by Mr. Pratt. 4to. pp. 88.

THIS poem, whether considered under a political or poetical point of view, is equally objectionable. Its politics, though, perhaps, without intention, are highly dangerous. The disorganizing dogmas of modern philosophy are brought forward in many parts, and revolutions are spoken of with that tenderness of language, which, though not absolutely praise, is calculated to act as mischievously as praise itself. We are now to consider the work in a poetical point of view, and here, as we have before stated, it is equally open to censure. Some few pleasing passages there are, but in the whole it is below mediocrity. False rhimes, lame verses, and passages, which are mere prose, put into verse by no means harmonious, perpetually occur: with a fault of the first kind the poem opens. Had it been compressed into one half its present size it would have been more tolerable. Mr. Pratt, with many other writers of the present day, seems to imagine that a poem to be good must be long. Under this unfortunate persuasion every thought is wiredrawn till it can be stretched no further; and thus, what in two lines might have been vigorous and

beautiful, becomes in eight or ten spiritless and tedious. We have extended this article to a disproportionate length, for the purpose of entering, once for all, our protest against the fatal principles and vicious style by which this publication, in common with many more, is made both dangerous and disgusting.

Lines on the Death of the late Sir Ralph Abercromby, by the Author of the Conspiracy of Gowrie. 4to. pp. 12.

If the author of this tribute to the memory of the heroic Abercromby cannot be said to have done ample justice to his subject; he has, at least, produced a poem which is far above contempt. Some parts are well conceived, and well executed: that part which contrasts the different fates of Abercromby, and him who fled from Acre, and gives the preference to the former, is peculiarly happy.

Ode to the Memory of Sir Ralph Abercromby, and the glorious 21st of March, 1801, *by Anthony Todd Thomson.* 4to. pp. 16.

The concluding stanzas of this ode are superior to the opening ones, but neither are of a high order of poetry. The short measures occasionally used by the author are awkwardly introduced, and have a very bad effect. An epitaph for Sir R. Abercromby's monument should have been omitted: it is, though a short composition, one of the worst we have ever seen.

The Sorrows of Switzerland; a Poem, by the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles. 4to. pp. 24.

In this highly animated and beautiful poem the author pathetically deplores the miseries which have been undergone by Switzerland from the irruption of the French revolutionary armies into that country. The poem opens in a bold and striking manner, and the effect is throughout well supported. The verse has a variety and harmony of pause rarely to be found in rhimed poems.

Tales of the Devil, from the original Gibberish of Professor Lumpwitz, s. u. s. & c. a. c. *in the University of Snoringberg.* 4to. pp. 57.

These tales are evidently written for the purpose of ridiculing the Tales of Wonder, and other stories of the same kind. For this purpose they are well adapted, as they copy with great effect the phraseology and versification of the originals, and degrade them by an application to the most ludicrous subjects. The most valuable part of this pamphlet, is the engravings, which are from the pencil of Bunbury, and are irresistibly laughable.

The Minstrel Youth, a Lyric Romance, in Three Parts, with other Poems, by W. Case, Jun. Small 8vo. pp. 48.

The "Minstrel Youth" is a simple story, told in spirited and flowing verse. In the beginning of the

second Canto, we notice a palpable resemblance of one part of a tale which was published some few years ago in a periodical publication. The coincidence is too exact to be casual, though it is probably the effect not of design, but of memory. One or two of the lesser poems in this pamphlet are not unpleasing. The author seems to possess a correct ear, and a taste unvitiated by those meretricious ornaments which too commonly disfigure the poetry of the present day.

The British Parnassus, at the Close of the Eighteenth Century; a Poem, in Four Cantos, by Alexander Thomson, Author of Pictures of Poesy, &c. &c. 4to. pp. 84.

LAUDABLY anxious for the reputation of the present age Mr. Thomson contrasts the writers of it with those of an era usually deemed the most brilliant in English Literature, and draws a comparison in favour of his own times. The conduct of the Poem is ingenious, and the verse, which is that of the Bath Guide, is supported with spirit. To one or two of the author's decisions we must give our dissent: his implied comparison of Peter Pindar to Shakspeare, and the abundance of praise lavished upon that writer, it is impossible not to wish to see blotted from the book.

Rodolpho; a Poetical Romance, by James Atkinson. 4to. pp. 30.

RODOLPHO appears to be a serious burlesque upon the present taste for the wonderful, but the humour is not sufficiently obvious. The versification is very unequal, and the story excites little interest.

Jacobinism; a Poem, by John Clarke Hubbard, A. M. 4to. pp. 30.

THE design of this poem is good, and it is executed with ability. The causes and effects of Jacobinism are touched upon with force and truth. The versification is, in general, at once nervous and musical.

The Genius of France, or the Consular Vision, a Poem, with Notes. 4to. pp. 34.

THE author of the Genius of France is evidently a man of learning and talents, accustomed to writing verse. The topics of his poem are well chosen, and enforced with ability and animation.

Broomholme Priory, or the Loves of Albert and Agnes, a Poem, in Four Books. 4to. pp. 96.

THIS story is very inartificially managed: it consists of more than two thousand lines, and the catastrophe may be anticipated before thirty of them are read. The versification is unmusical, and the language often unpoetical. Some tolerably pleasing

parts, however, sometimes occur, and if the author is young, she may, by the study of proper models, in time produce a poem worthy of notice.

The Dawn of Peace, an Ode: and Amphion, or the Force of Concord, Regulation and Peace, an Ode, by Thomas Noble. 4to. pp. 34.

THE author of these poems is frequently incorrect, and sometimes involved, but he appears to have an ear well attuned to metrical harmony, and a command of language by no means contemptible. Though his present efforts merit no great share of praise, yet, with time and study, he may certainly produce compositions worthy of public approbation.

Peace, a Poem, by Thomas Dermody. 4to. pp. 19.

THIS poem is by no means equal to others which we have seen from the same author. It is a hurried and incorrect performance. Some of the author's compliments we think misapplied, and some of his prophecies unlikely to be fulfilled. An "age of gold," resulting from the present peace, is, probably, more to be wished than hoped. On this point, however, much may be allowed to the *imagination* of the poet: but it would certainly have been better had he poured forth his prophecies in verse less offensive to the received ideas of correctness and harmony.

A Rainy Day, or poetical Impressions during a Stay at Brighthelmstone, in the Month of July, 1801, *by James Boaden.* 4to. pp. 16.

LITTLE can be said in favour of this "Rainy Day." It has few "poetical impressions," but is, in truth, strongly marked by the usual characteristics of an English rainy day, dullness and tediousness. The author might well have spared his contemptuous mention of the sweet poet Goldsmith, and his extravagant praise of the great theorist Buffon: it requires something more than his powers to equal the one, or defend the other.

A Poetical Epistle to Sir George Beaumont, Bart. on the Encouragement of the British School of Painting. By William Sotheby, Esq. F.R.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 37.

THIS little poem does infinite honour to the taste, the talent, and the intentions of its author. Some of its descriptions are worked up with the power of a master. The versification is bold and harmonious. To the principles of the author we must beg leave to express our entire assent.

SATIRE.

The Millenium, a Poem, in Three Cantos. 8vo. pp. 289.

THE Millenium is a spirited satire upon the vices and follies of the present age, delivered under the

disguise of ironical praise. In general the irony is strong and well supported. If we may judge from the general ease and spirit of the versification, this is not the first poetical work of the author. His notes rival in number and variety of learning, those of the author of the Pursuits of Literature. We must, however, express our entire disapprobation of the opinions and sentiments which are to be found in some of those notes.

The Works of Peter Pindar, Esq. Vol. 5, 8vo. pp. 466.

Our opinion of this author has been already given in the review of his "Tears and Smiles." That opinion has not been altered, but confirmed by the perusal of the present volume. Take away the impudent personalities, the daring assertions, and the quaint rambling style of Peter Pindar, and nothing will be left worthy of notice. His stock of wit and humour, if he ever possessed any, is now drawn to the dregs. The passions, the follies, and the vices of the multitude may, for a short time, raise such an author to popularity, but the impartial verdict of time will consign him over to contempt or oblivion.

More Wonders; an Heroic Epistle to M. G. Lewis, Esq. M. P. by Mauritius Moonshine. 4to. pp. 26.

This is an epistle to M. G. Lewis, Esq. on his Tales of Wonder. With considerable wit, and faci-

lity of style, the author ridicules that taste for the marvellous, which has been lately prevalent. Mr. Lewis, as the principal caterer for that taste, receives a principal share of the author's satire. An ode on the Union is added, which, though not unexceptionable in point of composition, displays considerable merit.

The Pride of Birth; a Satire, in Imitation of the eighth Satire of Juvenal, with critical and illustrative Notes. 4to. pp. 37.

THE spirit of Juvenal does not seem to have inspired the author of this poem, though it certainly is not devoid of merit. Had the author been less negligent in his style, and less diffuse in his matter, he might have been read with pleasure. The notes are amusing.

A Satirical Epistle, in Verse, addressed to the Poet Laureat on his Carmen Seculare, containing some Strictures on modern Times, and Characters. 8vo. pp. 46.

THIS seems to be the hasty production of an author who is capable of producing better. The satire in some places is poignant, and well directed, and the notes and introduction are not without learning and ingenuity.

TRANSLATIONS.

The Satires of Juvenal, by William Rhodes. 12mo. pp. 378.

From the number of wretched translations which are forced upon the public notice, it might be believed that the bad poets of the present day have seriously taken the advice which was given by Pope to those of his,

> "All these my modest satire bad *translate*,
> And owned that nine such poets made a Tate."

It would, however, require more than twice nine of such poets as the present translator to make even a Tate. The translation now before us is, without exception, the worst we have ever seen. It violates every law of grammar, versification, and common sense. To add any thing more upon a production so obviously doomed to oblivion would be a waste of time.

Select Translations from the Works of Homer and Horace; with original Poems, by Gilbert Thompson, M. D. Small 8vo. pp. 163.

In these translations the sense of the authors may generally be found, but their spirit has escaped in the operation. The blank verse employed by the trans-

lator is languid and monotonous. The original poems contain few poetical ideas, and are but indifferently versified.

A new Version of the Psalms of David, by Joseph Cottle. Small 8vo. pp. 240.

In this version of the psalms, Mr. Cottle professes to have endeavoured at preserving the spirit rather than the letter of his original. For this purpose he has thought himself authorized to leave out some passages, to dwell upon others, to transpose, and to paraphrase at will, and to drop the abrupt pause and sudden transition, which, as he himself says, are "undoubted excellencies in the writings of David." This we conceive to have been an improper liberty. He ought to have translated the inspired monarch faithfully, or not at all. Instead of being called the Psalms of David, this translation ought to have been called the Psalms of Cottle. Though the author has indulged himself in such unbounded liberty, his version is not the more poetical. The measures are in many instances most injudiciously chosen, and the verse is, in general, feeble and inharmonious.

A Poetical Version of certain Psalms of David, by Richard Cumberland, Esq. 12mo. pp. 113.

The merit of some of these psalms excites our regret that Mr. Cumberland should not have favoured the public with a complete version. This volume

contains only forty-nine. The versification is varied, but is always appropriate and dignified.

Ancient Ballads, from the Civil Wars of Granada, and the twelve Peers of France, by Thomas Rodd. Small 8vo. pp. 199.

THESE translations will be read with considerable interest by those who admire the unaffected simplicity of the ballad style. They sing of martial sports, of love and war. The translation is, what it ought to be, unaffected and perspicuous. It is dedicated, in an elegant and complimentary little poem, to Lady Georgiana Cavendish.

Herman and Dorothea; a Poem, from the German of Goethe, by Thomas Holcroft. Small 8vo. pp. 211.

HERMAN and Dorothea is a long and tedious poem, which requires some share of patience to read to the conclusion. In Germany it is said to have received the most unbounded applause; but in England it seems likely to meet with a very different reception. Little interest is excited by the subject itself, and the verse in which it is clothed renders it still more irksome. The metre of the translator is, in the highest degree, unpoetical. It is impossible for any reader to tolerate such rugged and incorrect lines as compose by far the greatest part of this poem.

Translations of German Poems, extracted from the Musical Publications of the Author of the German Erato. 12mo. pp. 199.

Among other celebrated names in this volume are to be found those of Schiller, Burger, Göethe, and Klopstock. The poems are translated with considerable ease and elegance; a task of no small difficulty, when it is considered that, to adapt the translation to the music, the translator has been obliged to preserve not only the number of lines, but the same measures and accentuation of syllables as the originals.

The Rural Philosopher; or French Georgics: a didactic Poem, translated from the Original of the Abbé De Lille, entitled L'Homme des Champs, by John Maunde. Small 8vo. pp. 208.

In the difficult task of presenting to the English reader a spirited and faithful version of the Abbé de Lille's beautiful poem, Mr. Maunde has acquitted himself very successfully. With the exception of some few gallicisms, his translation has all the ease of an original poem. His versification is, in general, flowing and correct.

Poems from the French of Madame de la Mothe Guion, by the late William Cowper, Esq. with original Poems not in his Works. 18mo. pp. 132.

The poems in this little collection bear internal

evidence of their having been translated and written by the virtuous and lamented Cowper. They are strongly marked by the peculiarities of his style and manner. The translations are executed with great force and freedom: they have an air of originality, which is seldom found in translation, and can only be given by the hand of Genius. The originals are few in number, but are worthy of their author.

ANTIENT POETRY.

Specimens of the early English Poets; to which is prefixed, an historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the English Poetry and Language: By George Ellis, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1203.

THIS elegant work was originally published in one volume, in the year 1790. In this new edition it is greatly enlarged and improved. The series of writers, from whom extracts are given, begins with Sir Thomas Wyat, and ends with Sir Francis Fane. It includes the works of 124 authors, who wrote in a period of nearly 200 years. The selections are made with great taste and judgment. The Historical Sketch, which contains an account of 22 English and Scotch writers, is a comprehensive and elegant history of the English language and poetry for more than three centuries.

NEW EDITIONS OF EMINENT ENGLISH POETS.

The Poetical Works of John Milton in Six Volumes, with the principal Notes of various Commentators: to which are added, Illustrations, with some Account of the Life of Milton. By the Rev. Henry John Todd, M. A. 6 vols. 8vo.

THIS edition of the works of Milton will, if we are not greatly mistaken, be considered as the standard edition of that poet. To the accuracy of the mere commentator, Mr. Todd joins the elegance of the man of poetical taste; two qualities rarely found together in an editor. His illustrations are peculiarly happy, and evince at once the extent of his reading and the acuteness of his mind. It is to be regretted, that he has not given us more of his own illustrations, and less from former editors. The life of Milton is drawn up with impartiality and judgment.

THE DRAMA.

UNACTED PLAYS.

The Tragedies and Poems of Frederick Earl of Carlisle. 8vo. pp. 302.

THE greatest part of this volume has been long before the public, and has received that share of approbation which it deserves. It evinces at once the taste and the talent of its noble author.

Dramatic Poems. Leonora, a Tragedy; and Eitha and Aidallo, a Dramatic Poem. 8vo. pp. 163.

IN an elegant and well written dissertation, the author of these dramatic poems, has candidly confessed, that the characters of his tragedy are not strongly marked, and in confessing this, has anticipated nearly all that can be said in objection. The fable of Leonora is well constructed, the interest is kept up throughout, the sentiments are appropriate, and the language is poetical. Eitha and Aidallo, is a pastoral drama, which, if it cannot rank with the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido*, must at least be allowed no mean share of praise. The remarks upon Tragedy and Pastoral, are those of a writer conversant with his subject.

The Maid of Lochlin, a lyrical Drama; with legendary Odes, and other poems, by William Richardson, A. M. *Professor of Humanity, in the University of Glasgow.* Small 8vo. pp. 124.

MR. RICHARDSON is already well known, as the author of a volume of poems, and other productions. The drama, which he has now published, will not lessen his reputation. It is a correct and spirited performance. Some of the lyrical pieces with which it is interspersed, have very high merit. The legendary Odes, and other Poems, are pleasing.

Mary Stuart, a Tragedy; by Frederick Schiller. Translated into English by J. C. M. Esq. 8vo. pp. 224.

FROM the pen of Schiller, we were led to expect a much better tragedy than the present on the subject of Mary Stuart. The story is a violation of historical truth, the character of the heroine is wantonly degraded, and the whole is forced and unnatural. Some sentiments are beautiful and dignified, but they are not to be found in any great number. The language of the translation is harsh and unpoetical: it seems to be that of a person who has not been in the habit of using his native tongue.

Mary Stewart, Queen of Scots; an Historical Drama. 8vo. pp. 172.

THOUGH frequently incorrect in composition, and defective in dramatic effect, this Tragedy is not with-

out some claim to praise. The sentiments are often energetic, and suitable to the characters by whom they are expressed, and the author in many places evinces a knowledge of the human heart.

Emilia Galotti; a Tragedy, in five Acts, from the German of Lessing, by B. Thompson, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 75.

THE language of Emilia Galotti is animated, the characters are drawn with spirit and truth, and the interest is kept up throughout, but the catastrophe appears immoral and unnatural.

Mutius Scævola; or the Roman Patriot, an historical Drama. By W. H. Ireland. 8vo. pp. 90.

MR. Ireland is no less unfortunate in his present avowed dramatic attempt than he was in his former concealed one. The drama of Mutius Scævola has little to recommend it. The language is incorrect, and often ludicrous, the versification feeble, the sentiments trite or forced, and the fable without interest.

Don Carlos, Infant of Spain, a Tragedy, in Five Acts, from the German of Schiller. By B. Thompson, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 172.

THIS Tragedy is highly interesting, but it is much too long, and declamatory; and has many objectionable passages. The author's hatred of Priests and Kings is plainly seen in every page.

Adelaide of Wulfingen; a Tragedy, in Four Acts. Translated from the German of Kotzebue. By B. Thompson, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 82.

THIS tragedy is unnatural and disgusting, in the highest degree. Like the major part of the German dramas, it is of an immoral tendency. Under the specious disguise of attacking superstition and intolerance, religion is, in almost every page, exposed to ridicule.

Zuma, a Tragedy, from the French of Monsieur Le Fevre; translated by Thomas Rodd. 8vo. pp. 57.

THE tragedy of Zuma has little to recommend it to an English reader. It is languid in action, and declamatory in style. The feelings are never interested. With respect to the translation, it is very indifferently executed; nothing can be more flat and monotonous, than the translator's blank verse.

The Happy Family, a Drama, in Five Acts, from the German of Kotzebue. By B. Thompson, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 96.

AMONG the dramas of Kotzebue, the Happy Family appears to be one of the most unexceptionable in principle, and spirited in execution. The characters are drawn with spirit, the situations are dramatical, and the interest is supported to the conclusion.

Rolla; or, the Virgin of the Sun, in five Acts, from the German of Kotzebue, by B. Thompson, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 93.

It seems almost the constant practice of the German authors to hold up to view, as an object of pity or admiration, those characters who have violated some of the moral duties. The hero of this play is a man who first deserts his country, and then seduces the object of his love; and the heroine is a woman, who has not merely violated the purity of her sex, but has done it in defiance of a solemn vow. Yet, in contempt of every principle of morality, these characters are made happy, and that without their having shown the most trifling marks of contrition! So much for the morality of the piece. As a drama it has considerable merit.

Stella; a Drama, in Five Acts, from the German of Goethe, by B. Thompson, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 50.

Whoever has read the poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, is already acquainted with the story of this drama. To those who have not, it is necessary to say, that the hero of the piece having deserted one wife to marry another, then deserts the second, and on returning, after an absence of some years, finds both wives at once, who in the most accommodating manner, agree to live together, and share the truant husband between them! After this, it is unnecessary to say any thing about the sense and morality of

" Stella." The dialogue has some brilliant parts, but is generally insipid.

ACTED PLAYS.

Julian and Agnes; or the Monks of the Great St. Bernard; a Tragedy, in Five Acts, by William Sotheby, Esq. F. R. S. and A. S. S. 8vo. pp. 53.

THE tragedy of Julian and Agnes, has too little incident and character for the stage, but it may be read with pleasure, as a beautiful and highly finished poem. The sentiments are just, and the diction is poetical.

Alfonso King of Castile; a Tragedy, in Five Acts, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. 8vo. pp. 111.

WITH the addition of a single word, Mr. Lewis has prefixed to his Tragedy, as a motto, the laconic prologue which is to be found in Hamlet; and we are disposed to believe that its request of a " candid hearing" will not be denied. Of all Mr. Lewis's dramatic productions, the present is certainly that which has most claim to favour. The characters are forcibly delineated, the fable is interesting, and the diction is splendid and poetical. Some passages are forced and incorrect, but they bear only a small proportion to those which are of a contrary nature.

The School for Prejudice; a Comedy, in five Acts, by Thomas Dibdin. 8vo. pp. 84.

It would be paying but an indifferent compliment to Mr. Dibdin to say, that his Comedy is not inferior to those which are often received on the stage with approbation. It is, indeed, of superior merit to most of them. The characters are supported with spirit, and the dialogue is lively and humourous.

Deaf and Dumb; or, the Orphan, an Historical Drama, in five Acts, from the German of Kotzebue, by B. Thompson, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 60.

There are many good sentiments and many pleasing passages in this drama; but, notwithstanding it has been received with applause on the English stage, we must think it has no pretensions to high dramatic merit. There is very little in it either of character or incident. In the acted play some alterations have been made, and a new act introduced, but the play itself remains substantially the same.

Adelmorn, the Outlaw; a Romantic Drama, in three Acts, as originally written by M. G. Lewis. 8vo. pp. 101.

This drama is well entitled to the epithet given it by the author. It is, indeed, somewhat too romantic. There is enough of the wonderful in it to satiate the most extravagant lover of that quality. The dialogue

has in many parts a great portion of wit and spirit, but is, on the whole, incorrect and inflated.

Il Bondocani, or the Caliph Robber, in Three Acts, by Thomas Dibdin. 8vo. pp. 45.

IL BONDOCANI, is a name assumed by the Caliph Haroun Alrasched, when under disguise in his rambles. From this circumstance, arise several ludicrous mistakes and whimsical situations, which compose a pleasant opera.

The Sea Side Story, an Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, by Mr. Dimond, Junior. 8vo. pp. 59.

THE "Sea Side Story," is said, in the title page, to be performed "with the most general and distinguished applause." If this be true, it is certain, that to gain popular applause, requires no superior talents. To wit, this piece has not the slightest pretension, and its merits as to character and language, are nearly of the same kind.

Netley Abbey, an Operatic Farce, in Two Acts; written by Mr. Pearce. 8vo. pp. 37.

NETLEY ABBEY, is one of those pieces, which may be tolerated on the stage, but can have no charms for the closet. The characters are such as have been seen in fifty pieces of the same kind, and the dialogue is below mediocrity.

St. David's Day, or the Honest Welchman; a Ballad Farce, in Two Acts. By Thomas Dibdin. 8vo. pp. 32.

St. David's Day is a lively and entertaining farce. Though it has little character, it is free from the glaring absurdities which are to be found in many pieces. Some of the songs are pretty.

CATALOGUE*.

Beauties of Modern Poetry, 12mo.

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A Poetical Epistle to Count Rumford, by Peter Pindar, Esq. 4to.

* The whole of the poetical publications of the year 1801, are included in the Review and Catalogue.

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Poetical Biography.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. CHAPONE *.

So may some gentle Muse,
With lucky words favour my destined urn;
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair Peace be to my sable shroud.

MRS. CHAPONE, who died at Hadley, in Middlesex, December the 25th, 1801, in her 75th year, has long been known to the public, as an elegant and highly moral writer. The first productions of her's, which were given to the world, were, the interesting story of *Fidelia*, in the *Adventurer;* and a Poem, prefixed to her friend Mrs. Carter's Translation of *Epictetus*; but her name only became known on the publication of a deservedly popular work, *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, addressed to a Young Lady.* This was printed in 1773, and will long, it is to be hoped, maintain its place in the library of young women. It is distinguished by sound sense, a liberal, as well as

* This elegant little sketch is from the pen of Mrs. Barbauld, and does such justice to the subject that the Editor inserts it from the periodical publication in which it first appeared, in preference to giving a memoir of his own composition.

a warm, spirit of piety, and a philosophy applied to its best use, the culture of the heart and affections. It has no shining eccentricities of thought, no peculiarities of system; it follows experience as its guide, and is content to produce effects of acknowledged utility, by known and approved means. On these accounts, it is perhaps the most unexceptionable treatise, that can be put into the hands of female youth. These letters are particularly excellent, in what relates to regulating the temper and feelings. Their style is pure and unaffected, and the manner grave and impressive. Those who choose to compare them in this respect with another widely circulated publication, addressed, about the same time to young women, (Dr. Fordyce's Sermons) will probably be of opinion, that the dignified simplicity of the female writer is much more consonant to true taste, than the affected prettinesses and constant glitter of the preacher. Mrs. Chapone soon after published a volume of Miscellanies, containing one or two moral essays, and some elegant poems. The poems, which have the merit of many beautiful thoughts, and some original images, seem not to have been sufficiently appreciated by the public; for they were not greatly noticed, owing perhaps to the mode of their publication. It was not then so common as it has been since, to mix new matter with old.

Mrs. Chapone's maiden name was Mulso: her family was a respectable one, in Northamptonshire.

Her married life was short, and not very happy. She probably alluded to her own nuptial choice, when she speaks in one of her poems of

"Prudence slow, that ever comes too late."

When left a widow, her very limited circumstances prevented her not from enjoying a large acquaintance among the first circles of society, who admired her for her talents, and respected her for her virtues.

She understood and relished conversation. Her discourse was seasoned occasionally with a vein of humour; and having the advantage (for it is an advantage) of associating in early life with the best company, the ease and polish of the gentlewoman accompanied the talents of the writer. Her person was plain: but in her youth she had a fine voice, and always had a strong taste for music. Mrs. Chapone was one of those women who have shewn that it is possible to attain a correct and elegant style, without an acquaintance with the classics. The French and Italian she understood; and from the latter she made some translations. Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montague, and another lady, who stands confessedly at the summit of female literature, and upon a par with the most distinguished scholars of the other sex, were friends and intimates: the two former have left the stage; but their venerable senior still survives to receive the homage of another century. Mrs. Chapone had been declining in health for many years. The

loss of a beloved niece, the lady to whom the letters were addressed, and of a more beloved brother to whom she was united in affection and similarity of taste, hastened the infirmities of age; and for some time before her death, she was laid aside from society. It is not unusual for those, who in some period of their lives have filled a certain space in the eye of the public, if they have been sometime withdrawn from it, to glide silently out of life unnoticed, except by the attendants at their bedside; so was it with Mrs. Chapone—But if there are those of her sex, now happy wives and mothers, who have in any measure been formed to those characters by the early impressions they may have received from her writings, they will drop a grateful tear to the memory of their benefactor, and rank her among those who, in the French phrase, "have deserved well of their country."

Hampstead. A. L. B.

*** *A Sketch of the Life of the Rev.* J. Hurdis *is unavoidably postponed to the next volume, in consequence of the Editor not having received all the necessary information.*

Miscellanies.

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Miscellanies.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE POETICAL REGISTER.

SIR,

SINCE it is your avowed design to receive critical, as well as poetical contributions, permit me to offer the ensuing remarks to your volume *. They chiefly arise from having heard that a distinguished Writer, of this day, purposes to abolish all the established orders of Verse; to commission Poetry, to bid her "suns, and stars run lawless thro' her sphere."

I have read the Poem, which Mr. Southey has written upon this his revolutionary plan, THALABA. It appears to me not to demonstrate the *utility*, but the *mischiefs* of that plan. Variety, in a certain degree, charms the ear, yet the most precise uniformity of poetic sounds, provided they are elegant, is less wearying than variation so utterly chaotic. This opinion proves very general amongst all the People of letters, who have spoken to me of THALABA.

* It was not originally the intention of the Editor to admit contributions of this kind, but he has in this instance thought proper to break through that rule, on considering the importance of the subject, and the merit of the writer. It is by no means, however, his intention to make the Poetical Register a vehicle of controversy. EDITOR.

It seems apparent, that the odd, but highly ingenious, and *original* poem, the ANCIENT MARINER, suggested much of the imagery, and many of the turns of expression in the above mentioned composition; and that its plan, and machinery, are grounded upon the ARABIAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT. The Author, if I remember right, acknowledges the latter source.

Many People of genius find charms in those Arabian Romances, to which I am insensible. Such "*enormous bliss*, wild above rule or art," is no bliss to me; and thus, wanting taste for that species of writing, whether in prose or verse, I find little interest in the events of THALABA, and little sympathy with the feelings of its personages:—Yet am I frequently delighted by those vivid flashes of genius, respecting landscape, and picture, which illuminate the eccentric mazes of its style. My impressive sense of the TERRIBLE GRACES extends only to GHOSTISM, WITCHCRAFT, and prophetic denunciation, the SECOND SIGHT of the Highlanders. I do not once shudder at the odd Gentlefolk of THALABA,

* "GINS, black and huge, who in Dom Daniel's cave
"Writhe their scorch'd limbs in sulphur's fiery wave."

* *Gins*, the eastern name for Genii, vide NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Considering the style and measures of THALABA, as a specimen of the "compleat poetic reform," its Author meditates, surely universal protest should be entered against innovation, thus outraging all the laws of metrical Harmony. It is the JACOBINISM of Verse. In his plan, and in his poem, written upon that plan, he seems the Lucifer of the Muses' Heaven; —a Son of the Morning, it is true, but polluting his brightness with rebellious sin. Let us hope that he will not be able, like his great Prototype, to draw off *other* Powers to his cause.

The *classes* of Verse are sufficiently numerous, to produce every eligible, every graceful variety. All are good, and, in the hands of a genuine Poet, almost *equally* good, provided his choice of them be adapted to the nature of his subject; whether he takes *blank verse*,—the *heroic couplet*,—the *elegiac stanza*,—the *lyric stanza*,—the *legitimate Sonnet*, which unites the graces of blank verse and rhyme;—the spirited *trochaic measure*, of four feet, or that of the *Pindaric Ode*, which involves, but regularly involves all the other classes of metrical Rhyme.

Another class of poetic style, the *lyric stanza, without rhyme*, was, I believe, first introduced by Milton, in his stiff, obscure translation of the 5th ode of the first book of Horace. This new order of verse was adopted, polished, and rendered exquisitely harmonious, by Collins, in his ode to Evening; and it is the vehicle of those impressive, and beautiful thoughts,

from the Author of THALABA, in his ODE TO NEW YEAR'S DAY; than which no composition more interesting ever fell from his charming pen. It is curious that in a note, prefixed to that volume of his poems, of which the ode to New-Year's Day is the *gem*, he enters a most absurd protest, and unjust accusation, against ODES, and calls *that* order of Verse the most worthless, by wich Pindar has maintained, thro' so many Centuries, the second place to Homer amongst the Greek Poets; by which Dryden, and Gray, have rivaled the fame of Pindar, and in which Coleridge has written one of the sublimest poems in our language, his ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR, when the Continent was deluged with blood.

We find it implied, in that very strange note, that Odes have no interest for the understanding, or the heart, tho' it is evident to every unprejudiced mind, alive to the charms of the Science, that such interest results from the thoughts, the feelings, the images, and the landscapes of Poetry, in whatever *order* of verse they are conveyed.

Lord Lyttelton, tho' not a first-rate Poet, chose the form of the Ode, in which to express some of the most natural, touching, and engaging sorrows, that ever excited sympathy in the poetic page. His *genius* soars above its general level in that beautiful monody. The heart, and the imagination, to which it is not dear, cannot be *rightly touched*. Gray's ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE, is amongst

the most admired of his compositions. His CHURCH-YARD itself is not more interesting to the understanding, and the heart.

The purest gem in the poetic cabinet of Cowley is an Ode intitled THE COMPLAINT. It is not wholly free from that quaint abstraction of the fancy, that metaphysic wit, in which his Muse luxuriated; but it is to the understanding, and the heart, as well as to the imagination; it creates our pity, it inspires our sympathy. Poetry *so* operating is valuable, whatever *dress* its measures may wear. Simplicity, and Sublimity are blended in the exordium of this Ode,—thus

" In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
" Beneath a bower, for sorrow made,
" The uncomfortable shade
" Of the black Yew's unlucky green,
" Mix'd with the mourning Willow's careful grey,
" Where reverend Cam cuts out his famous way,
" The melancholy Cowley lay.
" And lo! a Muse appear'd to his clos'd sight,
" (The Muses oft in vision play)
" Bodied, array'd, and seen by an internal light.
" A golden harp, with silver strings, she bore,
" A wonderous, hieroglyphic robe she wore,
" In which all colours, and all figures were
" That Nature, and that Fancy can create,
" That Art can never imitate,
" And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air."

Doctor Johnson speaks of this ode with the same contempt with which he speaks of the LYCIDAS, which is also an ode, and with similar injustice. Both compositions are above the level of Johnson's taste.

BURNS, the celebrated Scotch Bard, has happily imitated this Ode of Cowley's in his poem, THE VISION, particularly in the hieroglyphic mantle of his Muse.

But to resume the subject, from which Mr. Southey's slander upon ODES provoked digression. Tho' just Taste may tolerate *lyric blank verse*, surely it cannot applaud this young Poet, " great Master tho' he be," for casting off all the regulations of metre in his late nondescript Epic,

" With Midas ears committing short and long."

A rage for singularity is his bane. It betrayed him into injustice to the British Character, in his poetically beautiful poem, JOAN OF ARC;—it betrayed him into arrogance in his libel upon ODES, and into utterly unlicensed affectation in the style of THALABA.

If our verse may, at pleasure, and perhaps to its advantage, be *blank*, instead of rhyme, let it not at once " be *both*, and *either*;"—let it not, in the same Work, be measured and measureless! If the Muse chuses to emancipate herself from all the restraints of harmonic numbers, the style of the Orient remains to her, and the sacredly inspired pages of the Old Testa-

ment, and the *poetically* inspired pages of Ossian (whether it be ancient or modern) prove that she may appear in that form, with all her pathos, and in all her grandeur. Much of both must she lose in such a " skimble scamble" shape, as that of THALABA;

" If shape it may be call'd, that shape has none
" Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb."

After all, Southey is a genuine Poet; as such we shou'd hail, esteem, and respect him; but not adopt his capricious systems.

" In purest gems some sullying vein will run,
" And the disk darken where there shines a sun."

In the same spirit, by which his unjust censures and erroneous system are abjured, we may protest against the dogmas of others, which are in a contrary extreme. Some of our periodical Dictators have been long in the habit of asserting, that poetic Writers are in duty bound to submit to restrictions, of which their ablest Predecessors, Mr. Hayley alone excepted, have by their practice, evinced their *disdain*. This critical despotism is exerted on the subject of what are called the *imperfect rhymes*, as *smile*, and *toil*, *eye* and *joy*, *abode* and *God*, *frost* and *coast*, with an infinite number of other words of the same character, in which the chime is sufficient, tho' not compleat.

The English language, abounding in consonants, has great scantiness of rhyme, compared with the Italian, Spanish, and French. So much higher voweled than our own, their number of rhymes far exceeds that which we command, even on the extended scale, on which Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Collins, Gray, and Mason, rhymed; and which modern Censors would most injudiciously contract. The exclusion of the imperfect rhymes, which they demand, must cramp expression; occasion frequent recurrence of the same rhymes, and tempt the Poet to close his lines with words of inelegant sound, provided their *chime* be perfect;—when, after all, the fastidious rejection of every word, which does not *compleatly* chime, produces a sameness of versification, very cloying to the ear. The *occasional* intermixture of lineal terminations not precisely similar, is to Poetry what the skilful blending of discords with the concords, is to Music; the general harmony in each science is improved by the practice.

It is allowed that Pope, and Gray, polished their versification to the utmost degree, in which polish is eligible; yet they as liberally intermix the imperfect with the perfect rhymes, as did Milton, and Dryden. Proof of this attestation rises on almost every page of their writings.

As an instance, let us examine Gray's ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. Its very frequent use of the *less* perfect rhymes, and the

exquisite music of the lines which use them, laugh to scorn the tasteless prudery, which demands their banishment. In that short Poem we find the following terminations,

towers	below	soothe	cleave	bent
adores	brow	youth	wave	constraint
discry	doom	train	beneath	
joy	come	men	death	

and there are nearly as many imperfect rhymes in his CHURCH YARD, which concludes with one of them, viz. *abode* and *God*.

Neither is their free use at all more injurious in the couplet measure. That ear must be of morbid nicety, which finds the ensuing verses inharmonious.

" Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
" And sprightly hope, and short-enduring joy.
" On either side there stood Destruction *bare*,
" Unpunish'd Rapine, and the waste of *war!*"

DRYDEN.

Nor was the work impair'd by storms *alone*,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a *Sun*.
Ah! Wretch, believ'd the spouse of God in *vain*,
Confess'd within, the slave of Love and *Man*.
Full in my view set all the bright *abode*,
And make my soul quit Abelard for *God*.
So Zembla's rocks, the beauteous work of *frost*,
Rise high in air, and glitter on the *coast*.

POPE.

Canst thou bear angry Jove? Canst thou *resist*
The parching Dog-Star and the bleak North-*East*?
Those seats, whence long excluded thou shalt *mourn*,
That gate for ever barr'd to thy *return*.

PRIOR.

Thus o'er the cultur'd lawn, and dreary *waste*,
Retiring Autumn flings her howling *blast*.
So when Elijah mark'd from Carmel's brow,
In bright expanse the briny flood below.

DARWIN.

By soft Parthenia's lonely *tomb*,
By fair Ligēa's golden *comb*, &c.
Far from all resort of *mirth*,
Save the cricket on the *hearth*.

MILTON.

In one of the late Reviews, the varied pauses of the legitimate Sonnet were censured, as making "hobbling prose." Now, if *seldom* to carry on the unbroken sense to the end of the line, through several *successive* lines, if frequently to break them, distributing those breaks in different parts of the lines, as those lines follow each other, be essential to the beauty and excellence of *blank verse*, the same practice cannot injure the harmony of the *sonnet*; it cannot make hobbling prose, under the direction of a

fine ear, though it certainly *does* approximate the sonnet measures to the nature of blank verse. Very desirable is that approximation, to prevent the twice quadruple rhyme from cloying the ear. Thus is the harmony of the sonnet extremely heightened and enriched by impressive breaks and by their varied undulation.

What resemblance to *hobbling prose* can be found by a just ear, in the ensuing Sonnet of Southey? It abounds in *breaks*, and it is eminently beautiful.

SONNET

TO THE EVENING RAIN-BOW.

Mild arch of promise! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair, with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting.—Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee;—for the day,
Changeful and many-weather'd, seem'd to smile,
Flashing brief splendor thro' the skies awhile,
Then deepen'd dark anon, and fell in rain,
But pleasant is it now to pause, and view
Thy changeful tints, of frail, and watry hue,
And think the storm will not return again.
Such is the smile, that piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek, when he in peace,
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the realm where sorrows cease.

The dogmas of periodical criticism on Poetry, should take care that they are not confuted by the contrary practice of our best Poets.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

ANNA SEWARD.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

OF

LIVING POETICAL WRITERS,

ACCORDING TO THE DATE OF THEIR EARLIEST POETICAL PUBLICATION.

Richard Owen Cambridge, of Twickenham, Esq. Author of the "Scribleriad."	1751.
John Home, Author of "Douglas."	1757.
Sir James Marriott, LL. D. See Dodsley's Poems.	
Rev. R. Potter, of Scarning in Norfolk, Translator of Æschylus, &c.	1758.
John Ogilvie, D. D. of Scotland,	1758.
Arthur Murphy, Barrister at Law,	1759.
Dr. Scott [Anti-Sejanus.]	
James Beattie, LL. D.	1760.
Richard Cumberland, Esq.	1761.
John Hoole, Translator of Tasso and Ariosto.	1762.
John Delap, D. D. of Lewes,	1762.
Bishop Thomas Percy, D. D.	1765.
Christopher Ansty, Esq.	1766.
Edward Jerningham, Esq.	1766.
James Woodhouse, Shoemaker,	1766.
H. Downman, M. D.	1767.

Francis Noel Clarke Mundy, Esq. of Marton, near Derby, Author of "Needwood Forest."	1768.
Rev. Edmund Cartwright,	1771.
Earl of Carlisle,	1773.
Henry Mackenzie,	1773.
Rev. Richard Graves,	1773.
William Richardson, F. R. S. E.	1774.
Robert Pratt (Courtney Melmoth)	1774.
Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. M. P.	1775.
John Aikin, M. D.	1775.
Robert Jephson, Esq.	1775.
Capel Lofft, Barrister at Law,	1775.
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Eyles Irwin, Esq.	1776.
Joseph Champion, Esq.	1776.
William Hayley, Esq.	1778.
Henry James Pye, Esq.	1778.
Rev. Robert Holmes, D. D.	1778.
John Bampfylde, Esq.	1778.
John Wolcot, M. D.	1778.
Rev. Joseph Holden Pott, Archdeacon of St. Albans,	1779.
Rev. T. S. Whalley,	1779.
William Gifford, Esq. of Exeter Coll. Oxford,	1781.
Rev. Richard Hole, LL. B. Author of "Arthur."	1781.
Rev. Samuel Hoole, Son of John Hoole,	1781.
Rev. George Crabbe,	1781.
J. T. Mathias, Esq.	1781.
John Pinkerton,	1781.

Rev. William Beloe, B. D.	1783.
Thomas Coombe, D. D.	1783.
Rev. William Lipscomb,	1784.
John Sargent, Esq.	1785.
Rev. Richard Polwhele,	1785.
Luke Booker, D. D.	1785.
Samuel Knight, A. M.	1785.
Rev. H. Boyd,	1785.
Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq.	1785.
John Courtnay, M. P.	1786.
George Canning, M. P.	1786.
Samuel Rogers, Esq.	1786.
H. F. Carey,	1787.
Rev. J. Whitehouse,	1787.
Rev. William Crowe, LL. D.	1788.
Bertie Greathead, Esq.	1788.
William Parsons, Esq.	1788.
Rev. William Lisle Bowles,	1789.
Samuel Birch,	1789.
Philip Bracebridge Homer,	1789.
William Sotheby, Esq.	1790.
F. Sayers, M. D.	1790.
I. D'Israeli,	1790.
Rev. George Richards,	1791.
Rev. W. Windlesham Carr,	1791.
Alexander Thompson, Esq.	1791.
Joseph Richardson, Esq. M. P.	1792.
George Dyer,	1792.

Nath. Drake, M. D.	1793.
Rev. Henry Kett, A. M.	1793.
William Boscawen, Esq.	1793.
W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq.	1793.
William Kendall,	1793.
Rev. George Huddesford,	
Richard Payne Knight, M. P.	1794.
Rev. Thomas Gisborne,	1794.
Rev. James Beresford,	1794.
Rev. J. Bidlake,	1794.
William Preston, Esq.	1794.
William Roscoe,	1795.
William Ashburnham, Esq.	1795.
Rev. Weeden Butler,	1795.
Sir James Bland Burges, Bart.	1796.
Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart.	1796.
Hon. W. B. Spencer,	1796.
John Thomas Stanley, Esq.	1796.
William Drummond, Esq. M. P.	1796.
M. G. Lewis, M. P.	1796.
William Cooke, Esq.	1796.
John Penn, Esq.	1796.
P. Courtier,	1796.
Rev. Jos. Dacre Carlyle,	1796.
Thomas Park, Esq.	1797.
Edward Hamley, of New College,	1797.
H. Tresham, R. A.	1797.
Th. Townshend, of Gray's Inn,	1797.
Robert Southey,	1797.

S. T. Coleridge,	1797.
C. Lamb,	1797.
C. Lloyd,	1797.
J. Cottle,	1797.
Rev. Bryan Broughton,	1798.
Major Gisborne,	1798.
——— Hunter, Esq.	1798.
George Ellis, M. P.	1800.
Ch. Sm. Pybus, M. P.	1800.
R. Bloomfield,	1800.
T. Campbell,	1800.
W. Wordsworth,	1800.
Hector Macneill, Esq.	

LADIES.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter,	1758.
Mrs. Barbauld,	1773.
Hannah More,	1773.
Mrs. Cowley,	1776.
Anna Seward,	1780.
Helen Maria Williams,	1782.
Charlotte Smith,	1785.
Mrs. West,	1785.
Anne Yearsley,	1787.
Mrs. Radcliffe,	1789.
Lady Manners,	1793.
Lady Burrell,	1793.
Lady Tuite,	1796.
Mrs. Montolieu,	1800.
Mrs. Opie,	1800.

Notices of Publications in the Press, or preparing for it.

" Bibliographia Poëtica: a Catalogue of English Poets of the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th Centuries, with a short Account of their Works." This we understand to be the production of Mr. Ritson, whose recondite learning and editorial accuracy are deservedly esteemed by every poetic antiquary.

" Tales of Superstition and Chivalry." These are metrical tales, by a lady, it is rumoured, of high celebrity in the circle of our British Muses.

" The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Charles Hambury Williams, K. B." Many unpublished pieces are to appear in this edition, which is to be speedily printed, with notes of political reference, and comes forward under the patronage of many distinguished characters.

" Nugæ Antiquæ: being a Collection of Original Papers, in prose and verse; written during the reigns of Henry VIII. Q. Mary, Elizabeth, and K. James; by Sir John Harrington, Knt. and others who lived in those times. Selected from authentic remains, by the late Henry Harrington, A. M. and newly arranged, with notes of personal and historical illustration, by T. Park, F. S. A."

" A Selection of Ancient Metrical Romances," of which we do not know the precise title, is proceeding at the press of Bulmer, under the superintendance of Mr. Ritson, whose qualifications for such a charge are certainly unrivalled.

Bishop Percy is preparing, for republication, an Assemblage of all the English Blank Verse (not dramatic) which appeared before Milton's Paradise Lost, in 1667. Under the inspection of the same learned editor, an additional volume is said to be forming by his nephew, the Rev. Thomas Percy, to the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

The Poetical Works of Spenser are to be enriched by the annotations of Mr. Todd, whose judgment, candour, and literary research, have been most honorably displayed in his very valuable edition of Milton's Poems.

Mr. Courtier has in the press, to be published by subscription, a new and much enlarged and improved edition of his Pleasures of Solitude. It will be embellished by engravings from the designs of the celebrated Mr. Porter. This new edition will likewise contain some smaller poems.

" Le Forester, a novel, interspersed with poetry," will be published shortly. This novel, we understand, is from the elegant pen of S. E. Brydges, Esq.

Dr. Darwin has, in the press, a poem, called the "Temple of Nature."

Mr. J. H. L. Hunt is engaged in the composition of a tragedy called the "Earl of Surry."

A poem of the Abbé Delille's, entitled "Le Malheur et La Pitié," is now translating by Mr. Maunde, whose late translation of "L'Homme des Champs," sufficiently testifies his competency to the present undertaking.

Mr. Davenport purposes to publish, in the course of the year, a Volume of Sonnets.

The author of those pieces in the Fugitive Poetry, signed J. N. means, we are informed, to publish a Volume of his Poems.

Messrs. Mundell and Son will publish, in the course of the year, the Miscellaneous Poems of the Author of the Pleasures of Hope. The volume will be ornamented by engravings.

Mr. Campbell intends to publish, by subscription, a splendid edition, in quarto, of his beautiful poem, the "Pleasures of Hope."

The Lives of the Scottish Poets, with critical observations on their works. To which will be prefixed,

Dissertations on the Literature of Ancient Scotland, and on the early Scottish Drama, in 2 vols. 8vo. by David Irving, A. M.

The Ancient Romance of Sir Tristram, ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer, will shortly be published in an elegant form, from the Auchenlech MS. in the Advocates Library, with a preliminary dissertation and glossary, by Walter Scott, Esq.

Messrs. Mundell and Son have, in the press, a Volume of Verses, Social and Domestic, by George Hay Drummond, A. M. Prebendary of York.

The Poetical Works of Grainger, containing those pieces hitherto published, together with several inedited poems, will shortly appear in two volumes, small 8vo. to be published by Mundell and Son, of Edinburgh. It is sufficient to say of this work, that it is edited by Dr. R. Anderson, of Edinburgh.

A new and complete edition of Drummond may also be expected from the same gentleman.

THE END.

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